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THE

WANDERINGS OF LUCAN AND DINAH:

A POETICAL ROMANCE, IN TEN CANTOS.

By M. P. KAVANAGH.

WITH A PREFATORY VIEW OF THE POEM BY

M. M'DERMOT, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "A CRITICAL DISSERTATION ON THE NATURE AND PRINCIPLES OF TASTE." &c. &c.

"This Poem has certainly a claim on the candid attention of the public."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

"It is not among the least extraordinary circumstances attending this Poem, that, on its first appearance, it comes before the public with the imprimatur of a gentleman of known critical talent, who places Mr. Kavanagh in a rank superior to Spenser. The Poem contains fully as much nature as the Faery Queen, and is scarcely inferior to it in simplicity or force of imagination. Many of the passages are of singular poetic force and beauty, and his descriptions at once correct and animated."—*Literary Chronicle.*

"Of all our modern productions, 'The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah' is the most original, both in style, manner, conception, and treatment of character."—*European Mag.*

"This Poem contains the germes of future excellence. He who can write such a work need not be diffident of strong and original powers of mind; his representations are by far more natural than those of Spenser; he has no personifications of mere attributes; and, finally, he possesses pathos, the greatest, if not the only source of the highest order of poetic genius."—*Gentleman's Mag.*

See also *The Literary Gazette, &c, &c. &c.*

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Me all too mean the sacred Muse areads,
To blazon 'broad emongst her learned throng—
Fierce Wars and faithful Loves shall *moralize* my song."

The Faerie Queene.

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PREFATORY VIEW

OF

THE POEM.

THERE is in some men a portion of natural fire which nature has denied to others; and where this fire is once illumined, neither misfortune nor circumstances, though they may tend to moderate its ardour, can ever extinguish its flame, or defile its purity. Of this the author of the following poem, if I be a judge of its merits, is a remarkable instance. Born to no inheritance, though of respectable parents, he seems to have cultivated the Muses from the moment science began to dawn on his infant mind—from the moment perception and observation began to unfold to him the charms of nature, and the consecrated pleasures of

sympathy, purity, and refined emotions. Fortune, however, proved less favourable to him than nature, and he had to struggle against evils, which it required physical as well as mental strength to surmount.

Whether from that vanity which makes every author an admirer of his own productions, or from a total ignorance of the publishing system, he imagined, or rather was firmly convinced, that he could have no possible difficulty in disposing of his Poem. Accordingly he set out from a remote part of Ireland for this city, but soon found his mistake ; for instead of meeting with a publisher to purchase his production, he could not even find one who would take the trouble, or incur the expence, of having it examined. This, indeed, is not to be wondered at: his apparel and his Poem were completely at variance, and publishers frequently determine the merits of a production by the dress of its author, when he happens to be unknown in the world of letters. He remained accordingly in London, unnoticed and unknown, until he was nearly reduced to

his last shilling, when a mere accident introduced him to me, or rather to the gentleman by whom he was introduced. I perused his Poem, and recommended its author to a private gentleman, to whom the first and present edition of "The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah" owes its existence, having had it printed at his own expence, for the sole benefit of the author, who is also indebted to him for many subsequent acts of favour. It now rests with the public to complete what individual patronage has so happily begun. Public liberality, however, will principally depend on the merits of the Poem itself. It is to draw public attention to these merits that I have given the following brief outline of the Poem, and of the history of its author; for, as the gentleman, at whose expence it has been printed, solely trusted to my opinion of its merits, I feel it my duty to take the most effectual means of giving these merits publicity. The author could say little for himself, without being charged with egotism; I cannot say too much for him, provided I say

nothing but the truth, as I can claim no merit to myself for the beauties I point out in others.

"The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah" is the production of a young man to whom Nature has been more favourable than Fortune. But Fortune is the blind creature of Chance—Nature the result of inevitable necessity. He who possesses genius cannot help possessing it; its seeds are coeval with his existence, and are found slumbering even amid the ruins of his superannuated powers; but fortune is equally the prize of the wise man and the fool, of the dolt and the philosopher. In the lottery of fortune, Mr. Kavanagh has been very unsuccessful, and the consequence has been, that he has laboured under all the disadvantages arising from the absence of that glow of feeling which is chilled by adversity; or—if in spirits of the first order there can be no cold, platonic emotion—from the absence of that intensity of feeling and rapidity of perception which cling to genius when suffered

to move in its own career, uncontrolled by circumstances. He had also to surmount the disadvantages arising from the want of a *classical* education. By perseverance and industry, however, he succeeded in forming an acquaintance with the poets of other nations, without having recourse to a translation. To his own native and unaided powers of mind he therefore owes whatever portion of acquired knowledge he possesses; and it will be found from the following Poem, that however little this portion may be, it has been sufficient to raise him above Burns and Bloomfield, and that it has enabled him to soar above the dull realities, ordinary events, and common-place images of low life, to breathe the pure and ethereal air of the sublimer Muse. He continued, however, only to sport with the Muses, until necessity obliged him to devote his poetical genius to a more useful purpose, and "THE WANDERINGS OF LUCAN AND DINAH" is the result of this necessity.

It is written in the stanza of Spenser, who is our poet's favourite author. There is the same character of romance about both, and in every thing but the pathetic, they would seem animated by the same spirit. Spenser excelled in simplicity and imagination alone—he was the pure child of Fancy; his mind was never at home, never entered into itself to examine its own nature and propensities, never suffered itself to be won by the feelings or affections of others. He knew love only by name, and accordingly his characters, so far from speaking the language of real, unaffected passion, speak of love as of something which they have heard spoken of by others. They are stiff, formal, and approach each other with as much ceremony as a courtier does his sovereign. They have not a particle of real nature, of real affection for each other. But in "THE WANDERINGS OF LUCAN AND DINAH," the characters speak as they really feel; they assume no manners that are foreign to them; their hearts and soul seem to be upon their lips, and their lips express only what the breathings of the heart,

and the emotions of the soul, either suggest or inspire.

"The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah" must not, however, be taken as a perfect Poem, or rather it has not attained even that approach to perfection (absolute perfection is unattainable) which we would be led to expect from the perusal of the many beautiful passages, which are thickly scattered over the work. But it must be recollected that it is, as our author himself expresses it, "his first, his earliest song," and, it may be added, that it is one of the most difficult kind and structure on which his genius could possibly alight. There are but few who should attempt a poem in the stanza of Spenser, since no poetical composition whatever betrays sooner the insufficiency of an inferior genius, or requires more the varied powers of a master spirit to support it; and if the productions of one or two great men be excepted, we have but little or nothing after this ancient model which will outlive the present century. We must also

bear in mind, that the Poem is a long one, and was composed in the midst of trouble and embarrassment, and in a very brief space of time. Alluding to these embarrassments the poet pathetically tells Zairah :—

And long, too long, perhap, this song hath been—
And it bears sign, *not to its bard unknown,*
Of what his night of sorrow e'er has seen—
For fate had evils o'er his being thrown,
And he has e'er had sorrows of his own—
Nor was it, maid, for him the song to chuse—
What came at first remained as gift bestown
From thee or heaven,—without to change—refuse,—
As fortune ne'er had graced his wild, untutored muse—
And this hath been, &c.

But we have already remarked, that there are many beautiful passages, thickly scattered over this poem; and, it is from these, not from a few inequalities, that we should always estimate the merits of a writer. Who descends lower than Shakspeare? Who is more gross—more prosaic—more puerile—more affected—more remotely removed from truth and nature,

and beauty of sentiment? Yet Shakspeare ranks, and very justly, in the first order of poets, because we perceive, instinctively, that his faults and blemishes do not originate from poverty of intellect, as the inimitable beauties contained in his sublimer passages, could be produced only by a mind of extraordinary mental powers. Some of his faults are the faults of his age: some the result of inattention, and sometimes he fails, perhaps, like Lord Byron, from pure indifference. But let his faults arise from what source they will, we never take them into consideration, the moment we come to estimate the character of his mind and the extent of his genius. If we be governed by the same feelings in determining the merits of "THE WANDERINGS OF LUCAN AND DINAH," we shall find it to be, in point of poetic merit, one of the most successful poems in the stanza of Spenser. Lord Byron and almost all his modern copyists are filled with little more than a train of philosophical observations. We have no character, no plot, no interesting pathetic tale, to steal us on through the fairy paths and

magic bowers of the romantic muse, and leave us ultimately impressed with the delightful, refreshing, and dewy influence of some happy moral.

Mr. Kavanagh has particularly studied to give his Poem all that he could find agreeable and instructive in story or romance, without crowding it with those uncouth phrases, and obsolete terms adopted by the imitators of Spenser—terms which were considered obsolete even by his own contemporaries. He has very justly perceived, that there can be no merit whatever in borrowing the terms of another writer, because if the use of them conferred poetic merit, the greatest dunce might be a poet. It is only he who can think like Spenser, that may safely venture to take him as a model; and it is only when writers attempt imitating him, that the dunce and the man of genius can be distinguished from each other. The former can make as frequent use of obsolete terms as the latter, but when he comes to think like Spenser, to

wander through similar scenes, and breathe similar sentiments, he is immediately spell-bound, unless, instead of thinking like him, he actually borrows his thoughts, in which case he is a plagiarist, not an original poet, writing after the manner of Spenser.

There seems to be no subject more misunderstood than that of imitation, and the degree of merit to which an imitator is entitled. It is universally admitted, that the copy can never pretend to equal the original, and consequently copyists are never placed in the same rank with original writers; but this is a universal mistake, for the copyist may be as original as his master himself, if he has genius, and copies only what he ought to copy. The business of a copyist is to treat his subject exactly as he imagines his master would treat it, without borrowing at the same time a single idea or sentiment from his work. Now, as all the productions of an original writer have a certain relation to each other, which enables us to trace the same operating mind, they may

be all called copies or imitations of each other, and yet they are all original, notwithstanding their resemblance. They resemble each other only in the same mind impressing its own character upon them all. They are then both copies and originals at the same moment, and so consequently will the productions of any other writer be, though they should resemble them. In fact it is impossible to take delight in any particular author without insensibly imbibing his style and manner, and some portion of his spirit and genius; and if this style and manner be the style and manner which are most pleasing to us, and in which we express our thoughts with greatest ease and facility, they form consequently our natural style, and cannot be called an imitation in any sense that may take from its originality. Besides it should be recollected, that when we take a particular delight in any author, it arises from his sentiments and feelings, being in unison with our own, and consequently they are as natural to us as they were to him, and if so, as original. He, therefore, who writes like

another without borrowing his thoughts, that is, who thinks as the other would be apt to think if placed in the same situation, though from not being so placed the same train of thought never entered his mind, is evidently an original writer. It is only the writer who merely imitates another's style, without having a single idea impressed with the same character of mind, except he borrows it from him, that forfeits his claim to originality.

The author of "THE WANDERINGS OF LUCAN AND DINAH" has, in this respect, if I mistake not, a better claim to originality than any of Spenser's followers. Their imitation is obvious and palpable—or, in other words, an unintended travestie of the Faerie Queene; but in "THE WANDERINGS OF LUCAN AND DINAH" we have the mind and spirit of the ancient bard divested of the antique garment in which he was wont to clothe himself. Mr. Kavanagh never thinks of imitating Spenser when he is actually imitating him, because, having once seized upon his spirit, he has made it his own,

and therefore he cannot write differently from him without becoming an imitator, that is, without writing in a style that is not natural to him.

In the pathetic, however, "THE WANDERINGS OF LUCAN AND DINAH" is not only different from, but evidently superior to the "Faerie Queene." Spenser is always cool and collected, and makes his lovers speak the language of reason instead of the language of passion. This, however, was the fault of his age. It produced no writer who excelled in the pathetic. It was an age of stiffness and formality—of pomp and ceremony—of pedantry and affectation. I doubt if a single line can be quoted from any writer of his age, or for half a century after, that breathes the pure and genuine language of love. Shakspeare, it is true, excels in describing the more terrific scenes of nature, and the more violent commotions and agitations of the mind; but is there any thing soft, any thing tender, any thing melting about him? Whoever thinks there is, must

claim no acquaintance with him. Shakspeare had more of mind than of feeling—more of passion than of sensibility—more of roughness than of delicacy—more of the savage than of the gentleman. But let us not blame him: he was as refined as his age would suffer him to be. He could not surmount the influence of circumstances, and therefore, however willing we may be to extol him, we must always bear in mind, that he was a total stranger to the softer affections of the soul, and that he knew as much of sentimental love as a mere metaphysician. I say mere, because a metaphysician may be as well acquainted with human feeling and passion, and all the emotions of the heart, if he has not exclusively confined his attention to abstract inquiry. In the pathetic then "THE WANDERINGS OF LUCAN AND DINAH," differs materially from the "Faerie Queene;" but we must not, on this account, suppose it deficient in the descriptive. The first canto opens with a description of evening, which is at once picturesque and sublime:

Lone even now, with all her custom'd train
Of moons, and clouds, and gath'ring element,
Doth o'er the hills, remote from heaven, lean,
Looking on all beneath with dreariment;
And nature reigns o'er ev'ry plain content:
The wearied stag to far off covert goes;
And the sad bird, that nightly doth lament,
Now grieving in the silent shade uprose,
Invoking all the vales to echo round her woes.

But the following is more picturesque and lovely:—

Bright Phœbus now is high in heav'ns no more,
All wearied low o'er ocean's wave he bends,
And fair the clouds spread heaven's plain all o'er,
And mild the dew of eve on earth descends;
When Dinah from cool shade her journey wends;
There she with Harnol shunn'd the burning ray:
Gay hope new strength her bosom ever lends:
As late, through lonely bow'rs, now is their way;
The flocks play round, the bird of eve begins her lay.

And fair is now the scene of lowly vale:
There silence, and the lily all alone,
Which seemeth for her absent love to wail—
Pale o'er the stream she hangs as grief were known—
Fair too the scene of hill with heath o'ergrown;

The lily pale and silence too are there,—
Save where the gale through some lone shrub has blown,
Or rushes 'long the fern the fearful deer,
To gain his nightly lodge, strong brake or thicket near.

* * * *

And still doth loneliest silence all the while,
Hold every part around 'neath its domain,—
Save when, at times, that bird, which doth beguile
The silent hour of night, with her sad strain,
They hear far down in lonely bower complain;
Or when some stream, which nigh thro' arbours led
Its wonted way, to find the open plain,
Doth break, at times, upon the stillness dread,
As it lone echo were, and answered to their tread.

* * * *

By this they 'gin to see if dwelling's nigh;
But long the plains they wander do in vain:
And now the moon's above in heavens high:
And faint, as tho' all wearied from her strain,
Doth the sad lonely bird of night complain;
While heavy all the flocks around them lie;
Save those that frighted start up from the plain,
And staring stand, as tho' much wond'ring why,
The lonely travellers should, at hour so late, pass by.

Nor is the following description of the rising day less beautiful and poetic.

Fair o'er the eastern hill appears the dawn!
Yet nature is, as night, all silent still;
The drowsy herds lie on the dewy lawn,
Lull'd by the murmuring fall of brook or rill;
But all with Phœbus soon awaken will;
For now old Night her long career is borne,
And doth all wearied climb the northern hill,
While oft behind she throws her look of scorn
Upon Aurora bright, fair goddess of the morn.

I know not a more beautiful description of the noon day sun than is contained in the two first stanzas of Canto the seventh.

'Tis 'bout the tide of noon,—o'er head the sun
Doth midway lean, in all his radiance bright,
As tho' to rest him from his task half done,
That better bide he may his course ere night;
And all the heavens look splendid from his light:
Around red fiery hue th' horizon yields;
And fair above the clouds oft change to sight;
Now like embattled hosts, with spears and shields—
Now numerous herds, wide ranging heaven's airy fields.

Meanwhile 'tis calmness all and heat below:
Beneath the oak the shepherd hath him laid;
And from the plains the flocks do bleating go,
To screen them 'side the wood or valley's shade.

The wearied traveller too has journey stayed;
Close by the way he willing lays him down,
Yet oft looks on the sun still 'bove arrayed,
As tho' from his high place he wished him gone,
Till with fair even-tide he hold his journey on.

Nothing can be more happily imagined than his description of Sirus the magician.

In look he did as simple man appear:
Dim was his eye, and o'er his cheek were spread
Traces of age, as tho', for many a year,
Old time had there a tedious journey led,
And wrought such paths as these by constant tread;
And 'bout his shoulders down did hang his hair,
And one half seem'd as gray, and one as red,
But garment he had none, save girdles drear,
And other secret things, which he did 'bout him wear.

But his description of Currigh, in the disguise of an old magician, I consider inimitable.

The aged man, low bent, moves on behind.
Heedless his step—now turned here, now there,
As tho' he mused much within his mind,
And of his way did take not heed or care.

One humble garb is his, else was he bare ;
Yet seems he not to care for aught the more,
And heedless oft looks to the heavens where
The silent moon her lonely way now bore,
Then mutters some strange word, and wanders as before,—

His heedless step now turned here, now there.

How awfully pensive, and consequently how natural is the following midnight scene: the sound appears an echo to the sense.

'Tis 'bout the mid of night, lone, solemn hour,
When silence is o'er all the world around,
And every aged hill, and wood, and tower,
Look bright beneath the moon, high 'bove them crown'd,
'Mid all the stillness of the heavens profound.
And now is far off heard the river's fall,
As breaking thro' the night with awful sound,
Which echo lone as often doth recal,
And send among the silent hills and valleys all.

The " Ruined Tower," in Canto the Eighth, and the surrounding scenery, are eminently poetic, and the images in perfect harmony with each other.

And now soon do they come by where ruined tower
Stood in its solemn state of early years.
And once, it seemed, dwelt there great lord of power,
But, save the owl, now there nought dwelling bears.
And all the trace of age and ruin wears :
'Bove on its top the aged moss thick grew ;
And high along the walls the ivy rears,
While birds of prey within and 'bout it flew,
And o'er the silence, ever there, shrill screamings threw.

And close behind there stood an ancient grove,
Where mossy oak and blasted fir reared high,
And winding stream did ever grieving rove,
As o'er ag'd crags and roots it way did try ;
And here the screaming owl too e'er did fly,
As tho' well pleas'd the mournful wave to hear,
Or she did think that gloomy night was nigh,
So overhead the trees their branches bear,
And hide from all below the light of heavens fair.

And while they view they see no mortal round,
As tho' none near the lonely place did dwell,
And all did b'lieve it to be fairy ground,
Where none may bide, as early legends tell.

One of the most characteristic traits in "THE WANDERINGS OF LUCAN AND DINAH," is a pe-

culiar tenderness of feeling and sweetness of imagery: the instances are so numerous, that I shall select only the following passage:—

Ah! why awake?—It was a lovely dream!—
More pleasing, Zairah, than thou yet didst hear:—
Methought of fairy form one to me came,
Who did, all willing, 'broad with her me bear;
And thro' lone ways our wanderings sudden were;
Now by dark bower, now wood, now forest wide;
And Lucan great, and Merah chaste seemed there;
And Harnol brave, and Dinah sad beside;
And many others too; and much did all betide.

And sweetest song, that fairy form, the while,
Methought, did pour into my ravished soul,
As tho' she would it quite of all beguile,
So wild, yet pleasing, did her numbers roll,
As o'er my listening sense they witching stole;
And ever of the knights and maids she sung:
Oh, Zairah, ill thy bard may tell the whole,
So much e'er strayed the wanderers among,
And did such meed of praise to all their deeds belong.

And ancient bards, oft too, methought, were near,
E'er pouring forth their wild and tender lays,
Which could my longing soul for ever hear,
So did they sing of knights and maids always,

And did the while their song upon me seize.—
But lo! that fairy form 'gain to me came,—
And, ere I wake, she me all anxious prays,
Of what I saw, to tell thee, maid, the same—
But ill may I,—in sooth, it was a lovely dream!

But however the "Faerie Queene" and "THE WANDERINGS OF LUCAN AND DINAH," may resemble each other in pure description, the latter Poem has certainly more of the tender and the pathetic, more of the heart and its affections, of the soul and its emotions. The author is equally happy, wherever he mingles the pathetic with the descriptive. What can be more beautifully pathetic, more devotedly patriotic, than the following stanzas:—

Then why, fair maiden, thus distracted view?
And why those tears, that from thine eyes do start?
Away the thoughts that can but such renew—
What 'vails it now to wake thy bitter smart?
But no—weep on—O weep! for proud thy part:
Thou weepest thy ruin'd land; thy knight a slave,
And cursed be they, whose more than cruel heart,
Can smile on such—who can from weeping leave,
B'lieving their knight in chains, their native land a grave.

And, Lucan, well thou meritest her tears:
Great art thou in the strife of victory,
When chief thou risest 'midst a thousand spears;
And greater, if in chains for liberty:—
All hail! then, gallant youth of soul thus free!
For thee fair maiden well may wake her woe:
But who, young hero, would not do like thee—
Who 'd prove but to his native land a foe—
For him no maid should grieve, for him no tears should flow!

These two stanzas are in the same class:

And o'er thee too, Killarney, morn is bright,
Though Carmol and his people still are there,
Frowning oppression from thy loveliest height!
But when wert thou, Killarney, not seen fair?
I once beheld thee, and thy woods all were
Then loveliest bloom, and clear thy lake to see,
And bright in heaven their heads thy hills did rear—
Nor then, tho' Carmol did not look on thee
To fling oppression down, wert thou, Killarney, free?

And yet wert lovely!—and thy sons e'en proud,
As tho' they never knew of others' sway,
Or then their country 'neath no Carmol bowed,
Which oft it has,—yes, e'en in happier day!—

Oh tyrants !—here at least ye should you stay !—
This threefold breaks all bound which nature deigns,
'Tis for the cruel of other lands to lay
Thy rights, thy country, and her sons in chains,
But ye, at least, should not oppress your native plains.

Yet there are those who would be Carmol still!

It may be thought, that, from our author's extreme admiration of Spenser, he cannot show his powers to such advantage as when writing in his stanza ; but for my part, I must confess, there is no part of his Poem I have read with greater pleasure than the episode of "LORAH AND CLOUDIN CLIM," written in *ottava rima.*

From our Author's being always placed in difficulties, and hence not having it in his power to choose his associates among the higher classes of society, it might naturally be suspected that much of grossness and vulgarity is to be met with in "THE WANDERINGS OF LUCAN AND DINAH;" but I know of no poem more free from any thing bordering on vulgarity, pedantry, or low wit. He always aims at something exalted : his sentiments are always refined,

generous, and ennobled. He has all the romance of a sublime and elevated nature about him. His afflictions, instead of indurating his love of virtue or the natural feeling of his soul, seem to have refined them to the most exquisite sense of thrilling sensibility. It is true he has frequently laboured under the difficulties of Burns and Bloomfield, but he is as free from the vulgarity of the one, and the low images of the other, as Collins or Gray. In a word, "THE WANDERINGS OF LUCAN AND DINAH" is a Poem which has two strong claims on public patronage—the situation in which the author is placed, and its own internal merits. Perhaps the reader could not get a more faithful outline of his life, and at the same time a happier conception of his feelings, than from his own concluding stanzas, addressed to Zairah. They are, undoubtedly, among his happiest efforts, and form a proper sequel to these prefatory observations.

Zairah has heard—I wake by night no more—
But hold—yet 'tis not so—thy bard forgot—
Foul breach of promise must be sung—then o'er
My first my earliest song—until then—not.—

But must I change, and, maiden, sing of what
Will cause that breast to heave—thy tear to flow?—
In sooth, 'tis hard—too hard—away the thought!
I cannot—would not—Zairah, grieve thee so—
Till now 'twas well—'twere sad to sing thy country's woe.

And long, too long, perhap, this song hath been—
And it bears sign, not to his bard unknown,
Of what his night of sorrow e'er has seen—
For fate had evils o'er his being thrown,
And he has e'er had sorrows of his own—
Nor was it, maid, for him the song to choose—
What came at first remained as gift bestown
From thee or heaven—without to change—refuse,
As fortune ne'er hath graced his wild untutor'd muse.

And this hath been—and in the world alone
E'er has he lived, as not to it allied,
Or he were in it stranger scarcely known—
So has his soul e'er felt itself denied
Of all communion that must, sure, reside
Where friend may friend, or brother brother, find;
And hence his fortune has been to abide,
Alone, unsoothed, woes of heaviest kind,
Which e'er hath heaven sent a burthen to his mind.

But these will now be o'er, or ne'er will not—
Yet should the former hap it will be well—
And he can say he has foreseen his lot,—
For even when the heaviest ills befell,
A dream of days to come his soul would swell,
And tell of something near, and evils gone—
Nor does that cease still oft with him to dwell,
As though it hath not for delusion shone—
But if for such it hath?—why then, ye ills, roll on!—

Zairah has heard—I wake by night no more—
Adieu the darksome wood, the silent shade—
My first, my earliest song, dear girl, is o'er,
And I do cease my wanderings to lead,
Aught more, through lonely part with knight or maid—
Oh, Zairah! deign one smile upon my lay—
And pardon, love, if I have wrongly strayed—
If from that path have turned, at times, away,
Which leads to Fame's great height the bard of later day.

ERRATA.

The reader will now and then meet with some errata throughout the Poem, from the MS. having been incorrectly transcribed before it went to press. Thus the first line of page 313, has *is*, in place of *his;* and the word *tell*, with which the seventeenth line of the same page concluded, is omitted.

THE

WANDERINGS

OF

LUCAN AND DINAH.

ARGUMENT.

Dinah, being now some time in quest of Lucan, that she might bring him to free her father from the tyrant Carmol, whom she herself has but lately escaped, arrives at Marlingate, his native residence.—Her grief on not finding him.—She continues her travels.—Her reflections on leaving Marlingate, and on hearing the name of Ruennah.—She hears a plaintive song at a distance, and sees, at the same time, a knight coming towards her.—Her fears on the latter occasion.—Her resolution.—Her escape.—She hears a second time the plaintive song.—Her reflections on the sorrows of the bard.—She advances towards him.—She turns apart on observing that he is from Brydain,* which is now at war with her country. —He consoles her.—Lets her know the cause of his sorrows.—Three knights, during the conference, seize upon Dinah in the name of Carmol.—The bravery of the bard.—How near being overcome.—He is aided by Harnol, his son.—The defeat of Carmol's knights.

* An ancient name given to England.

TO ZAIRAH.

I.

O THOU ! who e'er amid my troubled night,
Comest in all thy grieving to my view,—
Sad one, for whom my soul has, in despite
Of fate and cruel absence, e'er been true !
Share in whatever to thy bard is due—
Yes, ZAIRAH, if the son of future days,
When I, dear girl, no more can sing of you,
Should deign unto my song the meed of praise,
Oh let him share with thee, whose smile that song could raise !

II.

But ZAIRAH, my love, now long it is since we
Have known that bliss which e'er those lovers know,
Who, near each other's arms, are bless'd to be,
Without, for once, the hap'ness to forego.
Long 'tis since then;—but since did ever glow
Thy bosom, with what bids a soul to change?
Absence might make thee to forget me so;
But absence never can, my love, how strange!
Make me forget my ZAIRAH wheresoe'er I range!

III.

And tho' of Lucan's* constant love I sing,
'Tho' paint, of Dinah fair, the charms, it 's true;
'Tis ZAIRAH, thou, who such to mind dost bring,
For all that 's fair in her I've seen in you.
Then wilt thou hear what did the maid go through,
What ways, to search her Lucan, did she rove?
And still, what ills her Lucan did pursue?
Lucan, who too to find his Dinah strove—
Sad is their tender tale! vouchsafe to hear, my love.

* Lord Lucan, the celebrated Irish General in the reign of James II.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

LONE Even now, with all her 'custom'd train,
Of moons, and clouds, and gath'ring element,
Doth o'er the hills, remote from heaven, lean,
Looking on all beneath with dreariment;
And nature reigns o'er ev'ry plain content:
The weari'd stag, to far off covert goes;
And the sad bird, that nightly doth lament,
Now grieving in the silent shade uprose,
Invoking all the vales to echo round her woes.

II.

When all alone, the hapless Dinah came
On through the silent vale of Marlingate,
Where still, her weari'd ghost doth nightly claim
Sad lovers to the story of her fate.
Beside, if true what ancient tales relate,
Lucan himself doth with the maid appear,
Array'd in all his pride of martial state,
And chiefs, and knights, his old companions, near,
Whose gallant deeds, like his, lie hid since many a year.

III.

In hand a pointless spear she loosely held—
And low her back adown a quiver slung;
But far, far hence, had been its shafts impell'd,
That long did lie her needless bow unstrung:
And great the dangers she had been among,
As each dejected look too plainly told;
His head her gentle palfrey downward hung,
And she no more than could the rein uphold:
Sad prospect, in such case, fair maiden to behold!

IV.

For, fairer maid was ne'er in Erin-land;
Nor braver knight than hers could any see.
The youth, when late to war, did give his hand,
As dearest pledge of latest constancy:
But war was now all o'er, the time when he,
If death, or other ill, had not delay'd,
Was in th' embraces of his love to be,
And vows, erewhile in sight of heaven made,
Be sanction'd on that shrine to which doth Hymen lead.

V.

Wherefore, for now she nothing of him heard,
Killarney's bower sadly would she stray,
Killarney, fairest vale whom nature rear'd,
Where blooming verdure holds eternal sway;
And ancient hill, high up as god of day,
And stately tree, too ever rearing high,
Do o'er the meads around their heads display;
While ever murmuring goes fair streamlet nigh,
And one ag'd lake, the fairest lake beneath the sky.

VI.

But some may guess this Tempè vale I ween,—
Fair Tempê where the gods would come of old;
Yet only Erin-land can boast the scene,
For there mine eyes the wonder did behold—
If there what 's lovely be as wonder told—
Where loveliness her court doth ever keep,
And freedom, too, did once a temple hold;
But now, for rights, that long in secret sleep,
Her val'ant sons, but o'er its hallow'd ruins, weep!

VII.

Then far from all would Dinah wander here,—
Here would in secret for her Lucan grieve—
But lo! the knights of Carmol do appear—
Of Carmol,—he whose dark soul could deceive
What youth, O maid! thee rushes to relieve?
But does he fail? for him thy woes seem great,—
And who but he, Killarney could retrieve?
For here no Lucan doth thy coming wait,—
He 's far from his own vale, from you, lone Marlingate.

VIII.

Then why, fair maiden, thus distracted view?
And why those tears, that from thine eyes do start?
Away the thoughts that can but such renew—
What 'vails it now to wake thy bitter smart?
But no—weep on—O weep! for proud thy part:
Thou weepest thy ruin'd land; thy knight a slave,
And cursed be they, whose more than cruel heart
Can smile on such—who can from weeping leave,
B'lieving their knight in chains, their native land a grave.

IX.

And Lucan, well thou meritest her tears:
Great art thou in the strife of victory,
When chief thou risest 'midst a thousand spears;
And greater, if in chains for liberty:—
All hail! then, gallant youth of soul thus free!
For thee fair maiden well may wake her woe:
But who, young hero, would not do like thee—
Who 'd prove, out to his native land a foe—
For him, no maid should grieve, for him, no tears
should flow!

X.

And Dinah doth again distracted gaze ;
And from her eyes again the tears do start ;
That soon the vale she quits—no more she stays
Where every scene, thus off'ring, strikes her heart,
And brings to her sad soul the heavier part
Of many a woe: for woe it is to see
One's native plains, when only they impart
The thought of what was once felicity,
And what again, alas ! must never—never be.

XI.

This the last night, the mournful maiden cried,
As onward now she sadly grieving went,
This the last night—no more I'll here abide—
Farewell ye shades, where happier days were spent !
Farewell, farewell, since heav'n has nothing sent :
O ! fain would Dinah ever with you dwell ;
But all do now but sorrows represent—
And all do now but cruel anguish tell—
Ye shades, where happier days were spent, farewell,
farewell.

XII.

If chance, some other maid of future day,
Should here begin to love, as I've begun,
O thou, lone spirit, of these shades! then say
How true the ways of love has Dinah run—
Tell her 'tis hard to do as I have done—
In fine, thus let my woeful tale appear:
How loving, I did never love but one—
How grieving, I did waste my tender year—
And sighing, perhaps to heaven, she'll give for me a tear.

XIII.

Or if my knight—but he'll ne'er here return,
And soon these plains shall fall 'neath tyrant's sway,
Which we, alas! as soon shall cease to mourn,
Depriv'd of life with them in youthful day—
But if it be allow'd (and sure it may,)
That ghosts can quit where death his prison deigns,
Then Lucan, we will burst the mould'ring clay,
And in despite of foeman's cruel chains,
Meet here once more, and guard, in death, our native plains.

XIV.

Then warble on, thou lonely bird of night!
For ever thus, thy wild and doleful strain ;
In other days such could my soul delight,
And such in death yet may delight again—
But lo! what voice—who doth with thee complain ;
For near the borders of yon dismal mound,
Some maid, methinks, her nightly walk doth deign ;
For there, the lonesome waste, for far around,
Wakes with Ruennah oft,—in truth an awful sound.

XV.

Some hapless maid, who thus amid the night,
Forth comes like me, to search her Lucan dear ;
And from the summit of yon distant height,
Thus sends her voice abroad, that he may hear ;
But thou hast ceased, nor doth thy love appear ;
And, oh! what anguish must thy bosom fill!
With thee to grieve, then shall I thither steer?
But what new sound? ah, 'tis the distant hill,
That doth for all around, echo Ruennah still!

XVI.

Ere now, the moon was high in heavens crown'd,
And all the stars as wont at midnight shone,
Save Dinah's star,—alone that darkling frown'd,
And lent no ray to guide the friendless on;
It's brighter beams are all to chaos gone,—
Such beams, as smil'd upon her happier day,
Ere cruel fate, with wrath, had look'd upon
Her own dear land, and forc'd her love away,
To rescue native rights, and humble foreign sway!

XVII.

Then hard, nay cruel, art thou destiny:
If aught to loving tenderness were due;
If beauty, such as heav'n might deign to see,
From heaven, e'er yet, of tender pity drew;
Then Dinah, ev'ry star should smile on you;
Should ever see you feel and hope the best:
E'en angels should from highest pitying view,
To lend thee aid, if ought of ill oppress'd,
Such beauty in thy form, such pity in thy breast.

XVIII.

The awful hour, the mid of night, is pass'd;
And sudden drearíment does heaven shroud;
By turns is heard the shrill and sudden blast,
Forth bursting from the bosom of dark cloud;
By turns some lone, some far off stream, that flow'd,
Toward its own vale, adown the mountain' side,
On whose dark heath no star from heaven glow'd,
The sad and wearied traveller to guide,
Who, distant from his plains, now wanders far and wide.

XIX.

This by her seen, more heavily she sigh'd;
And now despair 'gan cause her cruel smart.
On through dark lonely ways she slowly hied
With looks cast down, and sorrowful at heart;
And oft those looks, she angry throws apart,
And oft to heav'n,—but heaven could not see—
Ah no!—too good, too kind, thou ever art—
To look for once, without thy clemency,
On her, who even then, look'd angry up to thee!

XX.

Yes, 'twas thy good, thy ever glorious light
That beam'd now, heav'n, benignant on her mind,
And show'd her how to form her thoughts aright,
And how, mid woes on earth, some peace to find:
Oh 'twas not vain! she calls thee more than kind.
Ah, happy! who thus own thy clemency—
But oh, how hard! how destitute! how blind!
Who would, great heaven! from thy favoursflee,
Or cast, for wrongs e'er felt, one angry look on thee!

XXI.

The clouds have pass'd, the moon is up again,
And ev'ry star looks forth in brighter ray;
The nightly bird, e'en too, renews her strain,
And sends, in tender song, the hours away:
Sure never look'd old night more pleased, more gay;
E'en Dinah too, tho' saddest, now seems pleased—
But lo! a sudden cause of strange dismay—
Afar she hears a song of pity raised—
Then sees more nigh some one on whom the moon bright gaz'd.

XXII.

A thousand thoughts her trembling soul possess:
Alone I am—perhaps so base he be—
But no, sad maid, thy fearful thoughts suppress,—
Sure none could look with base intent on thee:
Thy heav'nly eyes beam love and chastity,—
Such love as but to noble thought gives place:
Beside, is there so void of e'en pity
One breast as gentle maiden to disgrace?—
If so, how void of soul! how frail! how mean! how base!

XXIII.

But lo! the moon's again in darkness lost,
And gath'ring clouds swift sail along the sky,
Nor more, the sounds of grief her ear accost,
Nor more, the sight of aught attracts her eye—
By this, however, she believeth nigh,
Him whom she had, but late, not far descried;
And now she stops, and now she hears him sigh;
Then suddenly, as Mars, when in his pride,
All close at hand a stranger warrior she spied.

XXIV.

At once he stopt, and as one list'ning stood,
When doth he, from its place, his sword swift take;
And oft, he it half raised, as tho' he would
Therewith a search, for all around him, make.
Meanwhile, doth Dinah, in her soul, thus speak:
First come, O Death! let heaven have it so—
If Dinah live, her honour is at stake;
And it to save, e'en life I shall forego—
She said, and seized her spear—he seemed a foreign foe.

XXV.

Wonder, ye maids! who honour never own
To have the power such greatness to awake—
Yes, wonder, ye! if here fair maid is shown
To hazard all,—e'en life,—for its dear sake—
But mark what part herein doth heaven take,—
(O heaven ever guards the virtuous fair!)
Just when the pointless spear she raised to make
One doubtful throw amid the darken'd air,
The knight pass'd on unseen,—she knew not how or where.

XXVI.

Her soul, howe'er, yet fears not all is past—
For once, the glaring moon looks as before—
And now, a look behind she fearful cast,
And saw the knight a distant plain go o'er:
The sight she lov'd—his sword still rais'd he bore;
On it the moon, as fearful, trembling shone—
Again she looks—he's lost, he's seen no more;
And with him now being all her terror gone,
She gladly, with her lonely palfrey, journeys on.

XXVII.

As some fair vale, on summer's day o'erhung,
By stormy clouds, heaven's great aerial fleet,
Sees darkness range her pleasant bow'rs among,
And all her oaks bend down the shock to greet;
But if far-faring winds the squadron meet,
Them, straightway, do they lead to other skies;
And soon the vale, escap'd such ruin great,
All joyous seemeth—fair her oaks uprise,
And light through pleasant bow'r, in place of darkness, hies.

XXVIII.

So glad the maid t' have 'scap'd impending ill;
But now, not farther on her way, she goes,
When just close near, and near the distant hill,
Again the tender song of pity rose.
Sweet was the strain, as ever strain of woes;
Of griefs it seem'd to tell—such as possess
The soul whence ever bitter anguish flows,
Without one hope to even have it less,
But e'er to 'bide in such—Oh height of wretchedness!

XXIX.

"Sad is the song of grieving in the night,"
Then Dinah said, touch'd with the mournful tale!
In truth, ag'd bard, thou seemest in sad plight,
A friendless here, far from thy native vale,
Assail'd by all which may the sad assail,
If I guess right.—Oh fate! less hard thy hand,
When half thy ills o'er half the world prevail,
Than when thou doest but one alone command
T' oppress the friendless distant from his native land.

XXX.

By this, unseen, nigh to the bard she drew,—
No more doth coming ill her soul presage;
But where the sound at once her eyes she threw,
And him she 'spies near lowly hermitage—
But sudden starts,—for in that look of age
Something she saw—around her soul it clung
As nature's self.—He's silent—thoughts engage
His troubl'd mind,—now oft his hands he wrung
As in despair—now as in hope, his eyes upflung.

XXXI.

And, Dinah, what meanwhile thy ruling thought?
O great! worthy the fairest of her kind!
Whene'er his soul, with heavy grief, seem'd fraught,
Then grief, through thine, did too a passage find;
And when he glad, then gladness fill'd thy mind:
Than this, fair maid, what better to attest,
That thou of greatness hast a sense refin'd?
For what of ev'ry noble soul the best?
To feel the joy or sorrow of another's breast.

XXXII.

Now towards the bard the maid as joyful goes;
No dread is hers;—" how mild the look," she cries,
" Of him who is not of our country's foes!—
Who is not come from Brydain's land, which tries
How all to ruin here"—she says,—but flies
Sudden apart,—for one of Brydain's land
She now beholds the bard—He quick espies
Her, as she sought a thicket close at hand,
And follows straight, as tho' perforce to make her stand.

XXXIII.

What can the maid?—her wearied palfrey fails,
And from her grasp down falls the pointless spear,
And now the bard is just at hand—he hails
The frighted wanderer—at first, her ear
Believes from him the threat of death to hear—
But 'tis not so—he cheers the troubled maid,
And soon her soul doth banish ev'ry fear—
The ag'd did follow but to lend his aid,
T' allay the woes that he saw in her looks display'd.

XXXIV.

Hard by, quoth he, there is a dwelling lone;
On thee, to thither hie, may I prevail?
Not here, hath heaven better me bestown;
For far the dwelling of my native vale.
Then come, and though no costly wines regale,
Though pompous show doth not with me reside,
You'll find, perhaps, what better may avail—
'Tis how with patience evils to abide;
For Heaven hath lent me that, tho' fortune hath denied.

XXXV.

Thither, with heart of hope, she with him goes;
It was but where she saw him just before:
Behind an ancient yew all lonely rose;
In front a winding stream his wanderings bore;
And all the roof with moss was cover'd o'er,
And all the ground about with leaves was spread.
The bard now opens to the maid the door;
She enters, and the moon too entrance made,
Her brightsome beams of other light serving instead.

XXXVI.

You find, young maid, no doubt, Fortune too hard;
O where the breast, that doth her not so find!
This aged breast, at least, exclaim'd the bard,
Can call you, heavenly maiden, too unkind—
My son, my hope, distracted in his mind—
O where thy strength—thy valour—greatness—where?
Hast thou all lost? or hast thou grown so blind?
Or through the weight of heaviness or care,
That thou would'st rush to self-destruction through despair?

XXXVII.

This night, young maid, this night that 's not yet pass'd,
I sat me down behind yon ancient tree;
The moon, as now, her light around me cast,
And all was silent, as it now may be;
Nought living did I hear, nought living see,
Until my Harnol came in silence by;
My hero held his sword as carelessly;
Howe'er, around he throws his watchful eye;
And oft to heaven a look he sends, and oft a sigh!

XXXVIII.

So did he long, nor me the while he saw—
But now, the fire of wrath comes from his eyes;
The sword he trembling towards his breast doth draw,
Nor more he looks to heaven, nor more he sighs.
I hasty rush—he hears my frantic cries—
The sword all trembling, from his grasp down fell;
A dagger, which he has, its place supplies—
I stop his arm—I beg him straight to tell
What evils, what misfortunes, have him late befell.

XXXIX.

He answers not—he trembles—he would run—
I clasp him in my arms—I wildly cry,
Would'st thou, my Harnol dear, would'st thou, my son,
Thy sire thus ruin, of ev'ry bliss deny?
Thou would'st, if thou to wild destruction fly.—
At this I cease,—on me his looks are mild,—
He sees the tear gush from my aged eye,—
He clasps me in his arms—he cries thy child
Shall not thee ruin, in rushing to destruction wild.

XL.

Before my step, he hither homeward went;
I follow after, weeping forth my joy;
My Harnol will, I cry, for all repent,
Nor will he more, his father's peace destroy.
Such thoughts alone, dear maid, my mind employ,—
My fears, my sorrows, all I left behind.
I enter in—but where my darling boy?
He is not here—I rush—I no where find,—
Then can't this breast, at least, call fortune too unkind?

XLI.

Oft have I wander'd here since youthful days,
And no such ill as this, did me befall;
Oft since Bourdin, who on my love did seize,
Beneath this arm upon the coast did fall.
But why the days of youthful deeds recall?
O! why the time, when Constah, maiden true,
Gave to my arms two infants bleeding all!
And one was, Bolden, lost, brave friend, with you,
And one was lost this night,—O maid! what shall I do!

XLII.

At this he wept, at this his hands he wrung—
But sudden ceasing, NO,—he boldly cried,
And straight his manly looks to heaven upflung,
As one who all the pow'rs of heaven defied—
Yet no—his hope, his soul on heaven relied,
But 'neath him, he doth deem it to condole;
And should'st thou now, hard fortune, in thy pride,
Come, and thy dreadest ills before thee roll—
Thou could'st not, even then, shake Harmond's steadfast soul!

XLIII.

Then cries the maid, "sad is thy tale, O bard!
But art thou sure, the crime so very great,
Which we, when cruel fortune presses hard,
Sometimes commit our woes to terminate?
If so, then I, sad maid, in what a state!
But heaven forgave me when I would the deed;
I heard it loud my trembling soul intreat—
Nor was it vain—I rais'd my voice with speed,
And prais'd thee, heav'n, t' have look'd upon me in such need."

XLIV.

And cried the bard, could ever maiden deign
An action to commit, so vile, so base;
O! should, at least, the virtuous refrain
From that which e'en the meanest can disgrace!
But you had woes, and to them you gave place!
O! where the breast so strong but might so do!
But you had, maiden, too, of heaven's grace—
You felt it, and hence own'd what by you due;
O thus it is, kind heaven! that all should act with you!

XLV.

But what, O maid! could urge you to commit
So base a crime?—"O father! it was woe—
Nor other woe, sure in the world, but it,
Could make me, heaven, to forget thee so!—
My Lucan went to fight his country's foe—
The wars are o'er, yet he doth not return—
Proud Carmol comes—he doth my sire o'erthrow—
From his embrace, by one brave youth I'm torn,
And 'scape to search my knight upon the world forlorn!

XLVI.

Long now I've search'd, and long I've search'd in vain.
My hero is, I know, in foeman's chains,—
There are who say, he is in battle slain,—
Behold, O bard! at best, how great my pains!
In slav'ry then, my country e'er remains;
For who, but Lucan, could my country free?
And this is what my sinful soul constrains
To do what heaven is ever shock'd to see—
O! teach me, holy sire, t' avoid th' impiety!

XLVII.

The bard would speak—but now, just nigh, he hears
The foot of one that wandered toward the cell—
Sweet hope, he cries, my aged bosom cheers—
Tis Harnol comes—O maiden, all is well—
Thus scarcely had he said, when, strange to tell!
Three nights, in Carmol's name, on Dinah seize.—
The aged Harmond would the foe repel—
His trembling grasp on Dinah's spear he lays,
Recalling to his soul the deeds of younger days.

XLVIII.

Abroad they are—the moon looks on the fight—
The aged Harmond, with his spear, o'erthrew
That foe who had the first opposed his might,
And from his grasp the trembling Dinah drew—
But now what can the aged hero do?
The moon quick hides her from a sight so dread—
And 'gain the bloody contest doth renew—
A stranger knight does round him terror spread—
'Tis Harnol, whom, from far, the shouts have hither led.

XLIX.

Ag'd Harmond knows his son's brave sword in fight,
And all the transport of his soul arose;
Swift now, ye cowards, swift, he cries, to flight,
Weak is your strength against my Harnol's blows,—
Why, fearful moon, not now your light expose?
O could I see how doth his sword destroy!
Hold to, my son; weak, trembling, are thy foes—
But just the cause which doth thy arms employ—
Hold to,—they fall—they yield—well done, my gallant boy!

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

ARGUMENT.

Dinah, at the request of Harnol, relates her tale. Harmond's reflections when she has concluded.—He encourages her, by promising that he and his son shall accompany her while in quest of Lucan; and, afterwards, under the sole pretence of passing away the time until morning, but more especially for the instruction of Harnol and Dinah, relates the episode of Ruennah.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

Thou 'st travell'd now, bright moon, across the sky,
Hast quit thy own high tower in heavens above,
Whence all the night thou didst sad Dinah spy,
And view the fight when aged Harmond strove.
As tho' to hear what did the maiden prove,
What woes to bear, hard fate did her compel,
Now dost thou lowly in the heavens move;
Harnol, the brave, requests the maid to tell,
Then hear, who will, all what, ere now, to her befell.

II.

" How fair, Killarney, are thy groves and bow'rs!
How fair, the summit of thy ancient hills!
Nor yet, less fair thy lovely fields of flow'rs,
Nor yet, less fair thy lovely streams and rills;
However, to look on thee, Killarney, fills
Sad Dinah's breast with nought but heavy care;
No more, to range the grove, her fancy wills,
No more, the lovely fields of flowers so fair,
For such recall the day ere Dinah knew despair.

III.

" The wars are o'er, and Lucan's absent still;
O great the cause! alas, I fear to be!
For he did say, save death or heavy ill,
Nought could, Sir Knight, withhold him long from me;
Then, lovely vale, how can I look on thee!
For all thy loveliness doth but recall
The day when thou didst Lucan with me see;
And when that heavy thought, 'tis sadness all—
Then think I on what too did Erin land befall.

IV.

" 'Tis on thy ruin, I think, Erin land!
Behold it!—all my boding soul doth see—
There stalks pale desolation 'long thy strand,
There bend thy generous sons to slavery,—
And ev'ry eye with tears doth look on thee;
(And where the breast which might such scene withstand?)
Even the brave amid the enemy,
Refuse to rear 'gainst thee oppressive hand;
So lovely, in her grief, doth seem my native land.

V.

" But where is Lucan? see him there alone!
The hero's soul is beaming in his eyes—
I hear now for his land the heavy groan—
I see his sword all bloody now uprise—
Alone he 's still, yet all the host defies—
See how they stare—he rushes mid the throng!—
The mighty squadron on before him flies—
It wheels—it gathers round in thousands strong;—
And now he falls in blood, or 's led in chains along."

VI.

Thus would I, in Killarney, native vale,
My days of grief and loneliness pass on;
And one fair morn, (O morn of bitter wail!)
As forth I went, as soon as morning shone,
My eager look I hasty threw upon
That hill which last I saw my Knight go o'er;
But, scarcely now, my eyes have thither gone,
When, on its other side, I hear the roar
Of hundreds, who them hasty on its summit bore.

VII.

At once my thought is on my Knight's return,
And all the youth that follow'd him to war;
And now, I cry, Killarney, cease to mourn—
Thy knight and all thy youth returned are—
The maids would rush to meet them—and yet far
The knights are from them, when they stretch their arms
O, maidens! then how evil was thy star!
From stranger's glance now swift you turn your charms—
They rush—ye fly—and all the vale is in alarms.

VIII.

One eve thus in Killarney did I see,
Of fearful deer, a solitary few,
Who, on a mountain's fair declivity,
Did sport, as deer at eve are wont to do;
A flock of wolves, at distance far, they view,
And thither hie, as they a herd of deer,
Nor yet perceive the foe till near they drew,
When, wheeling all around, in wild career
They fly, and gain their herd, and scatter 'mong them fear.

IX.

So here does gloomy terror seize on all.
The strangers come to where my sire doth dwell,
For whom their haughty chief doth loudly call,
And thus his high behest unto him tell:
" From Carmol, by whose sword proud Lucan fell,
I hither come; and me these knights he gave,
Thy only daughter, Dinah, to compel,
For him, this day, her native vale to leave—
Consent, or with her die—'tis so doth will the brave!"

X.

He said, and straight Killarney all convenes—
But who are those, lone vale, that call them thine?
Thy youth have fall'n all on bloody plains,
And few the sons of war that do combine.
I sigh—I weep—the cause is solely mine;
For they would not me yield to Carmol base,
To coward Carmol, whose ignoble line,
And viler actions ever should disgrace
The last lone offspring of old Hermon's generous race!

XI.

The aged knights fast gather round my sire;
(Their feeble limbs, by this, in steel they 've clad;)
To battle on he leads them, and doth fire
Their souls with what in younger days they had.
The maids would join, but Hermon it forbade;
From sight of all apart we 're made to go;
And there we sat to mourn our fate so sad—
At times we hear the shout and dreadful blow—
At times a dying groan, or hero's overthrow!

XII.

As when, devouring wolves, the shepherds spy,
Descending from the hills upon their care;
The fleecy flock apart they cause to lie,
And stand alone the dreaded shock to dare—
It 's now begun, and nought but clamour drear,
The hearing of the fearful fold doth fill;
Now, do they hear a knock, a gnash, or tear,
Or now, a wolf all howling at full will;
Which nigh, the tim'rous herd, with terror great, doth kill.

XIII.

So hear Killarney's maidens now the fray;
Ah! 'twas not so ye us'd to hear, sad maids,
When, at the long'd for close of summer's day,
The lute would call you to the well known shades:
Here now no youth, the dance so wish'd for, leads;
Here now no song, nor tale of love goes round;
But dread the din that still the ear invades!
'Tis as when thunders o'er Killarney bound,
And all her hills re-echo to the awful sound!

XIV.

How many, Lucan, now do wish for thee!
" O send us Lucan!" all the maidens cry!
" His arm it is that could us quickly free—
He ne'er in death 'neath Carmol's sword did lie—"
'Twas so the maids believ'd,—but, alas, I
Did b'lieve my knight by Carmol's sword laid low!
I thought I saw his form before me fly,—
I thought I heard him call me, and say, " how
Can Dinah live, and her own knight in cold death now!"

XV.

" More dreadful soon, than yet, the shouts arise;
We all believe Killarney's fate is past;
Our fathers fall," each maiden sadly cries—
" We 'll with them fall,—behold our doom at last!"
We sudden pause,—we stare,—we look aghast,—
Then shrieking fearful, towards the noisy plain
We rush, we fly, as wild, as dread, as fast
As herd of kine, when summer's heat doth pain,
Sweep down the scorching hill the wood or marsh to gain.

XVI.

" We 've reach'd the plain—away with all our dread—
Unto the foe our fathers do not yield;
But they before our noble fathers fled!
Who now have with them cover'd all the field!
We shout—each maid a stranger's sword doth wield;
And great the joy that every bosom fires—
Heaven, we cry, the injur'd ever shield;
See how around the haughty foe expires!
Our native vale shall rise—long live our noble sires!

XVII.

" By this the foe are to the mountains driven;
And on the field of fight we cast our view;
Like to a fallen grove it seemed, whom heav'n,
With all her oak and stately fir, o'erthrew.
And now we look to where our sires pursue—
But strange! another sight to us appears,—
Adown the hills an armed body flew,
Awakening all the valleys with their cheers,
And shaking high in air their swords and threat'ning spears!

XVIII.

In front, their haughty chief, all dreadful, came;
High shake his nodding plumes above the rest,
And bright his lengthen'd spear 'neath heaven's flame,
And broad the mighty shield before his breast!
He stands; his people hear his proud behest;
O then it was, I Lucan thought to see!
"'Tis he," I cry, "behold his well known crest!
And that his spear, and noble shield must be"—
I then fly toward the knight, but, Lucan, not toward thee!

XIX.

Ere I arriv'd, the chief had ceas'd to speak;
And now he rushes toward his aged foe,
Dread as that flood, which toward Killarney lake,
From down the noisy hill, doth rapid flow:
In him soon ev'ry one doth Carmol know;
And then what horror seizes me all o'er!
He did, I cry, my noble knight o'erthrow,
And these, his arms, as victor's prize, too bore—
I faint—the fight's renew'd—I hear, I see no more!

XX.

And so I do, sir knight, long while remain ;
But when I wak'd how dreadful is my fright !
The field is cover'd with the aged slain,
And gallant Hermon bound within my sight.
Carmol looks pleas'd, and proud in all his might.
Close by his side a younger chief doth stand ;
I had not seen the youth before the fight ;
Stately his form, his eyes full of command,
And all his nodding plumes tell him of Brydain's-land.

XXI.

How can, I cried, a youth so seeming brave,
So generous of look, and young in age,
Like Carmol, have a heart that would deceive,
That would 'gainst innocence oppression wage !
But such thou hast ; with him thou didst engage
To do the ills which he this day has done ;
Such ills as nothing ever may assuage !
Then sure, thou wrongly hast, O ! Brydain's son !
To gain thee worthy meed of hero brave, begun

XXII.

So were my thoughts upon the younger chief,
When Carmol bids my sire to prison strong,
Then rushes where I am, and in my grief,
Leads me, thro' all his multitude, along;
My eyes are wildly cast amid the throng—
"All 's over," in my soul, I heavy sigh—
But no—great heaven look'd upon my wrong—
The youthful chief of Brydain 's standing nigh;
He draws—I read the mighty purpose in his eye.

XXIII.

Carmol, the maiden yield,—wrong is thy cause!
In her defence my soul 's resolved to die—
He said, and from his grasp me boldly draws,—
Proud Carmol lifts his mighty sword on high—
The strife is terrible—in haste I fly—
Behind the shout and clash of bucklers are,
Dread as when thunder breaks from out the sky,
And sends his loud and wrathful voice to far,
That all the angry elements at variance are.

XXIV.

Not far 's a grot where once some sage did dwell,
But since so many ages by have flown,
That where the lonely grot, now few may tell,
So thick by wood and shady bow'r o'ergrown;
Howe'er it doth not rest to me unknown;
One morn I found it as I chas'd the deer,
And now me there, unseen by all, I've thrown;
And hence the shout of Carmol oft I hear,
And hence, at times, the dreadful contest doth appear.

XXV.

Oh youthful chief! I cry, thy soul is great!
But fall amid the mighty throng thou must!
O! if could Dinah now share in thy fate,
Her soon, amid thy angry foe, she'd thrust;
But thou, proud Carmol, base-born Carmol, dost,
Not life, from sad, and wretched Dinah, seek;
I never shall forget the day, when first
Thou would'st me from my native valley take,
But soon thee Lucan met,—thy strength, 'gainst his, was
weak!

XXVI.

Ere long fair Phœbus' light in ocean 's lost,
And night, in all her sable garb, draws near;
The flying clouds are 'long the heavens tost,
And 'gins the lonely star of night t' appear.—
The fight has ceas'd, no more the shout I hear;
And now my thoughts are on Brydain's young chief;
He fell, I cry, and for him shed the tear,
For him awaken all my soul to grief;
Then do I weep my sire, now lost to all relief.

XXVII.

And so I grieve until the mid of night,
When horror sudden seizes me all o'er;
Methought I saw, before my trembling sight,
An aged form, whose locks were long and hoar,
And great his height, as he of sons of yore;
His beard, e'en too, down to his girdle clung,
And in his grasp a mighty staff he bore,
Leaning on which, o'er me he mournful hung,
And thus unto me spake—meanwhile the cave all rung.

XXVIII.

" Arise, young maid, arise, thy foe 's asleep,
And long the weary way thou hast to rove,
And many the bitter tear thou hast to weep,
And many the heavy ill thou hast to prove;
Arise and go to search thy own true love;
'Tis he alone who can Killarney free,
And he alone who may thy ills remove,
But distance long divides him now from thee
Then haste, arise and go while sleep thy enemy.

XXIX.

" To-morrow, ere the sun may ocean leave,
Carmol, and he whom Carmol late did send
To take thee in despite of Hermon brave,
And all beside who should the knight befriend,
Will swift to top of yonder hill ascend,
(Leaving below Hermon in chains to mourn,)
And with their knights there bide, for they intend
Not hence to ever move till thy return,
When thou away by them art hasty to be borne.

XXX.

" Then rise, young maid, arise, thy foe 's asleep,
And long the weary way thou hast to rove,
And many the bitter tear thou hast to weep,
And many the heavy ill thou hast to prove ;
Arise and go to search thy own true love;
'Tis he alone who can Killarney free,
And he alone who may thy ills remove,
But distance long divides him now from thee,
Then haste, arise and go while sleep thy enemy."

XXXI.

" In haste I rise—my palfrey I do find,—
These arms, from where they fought that day, I bring
But oft I fancy, in my troubled mind,
That Lucan has been slain and 's not living.
That night, howe'er, I spent in wandering ;
And since, in vain, how many did I spend !
Me far through silent valley did I fling,
And over lonely mountain without friend,
That, should I tell thee all, my tale would never end !"

XXXII.

Here Dinah ceas'd; and Harmond cries, " O maid!
Great are, no doubt, the ills thou didst go through,
And be for ever bless'd the hero's shade,
Who would befriend the helpless like to you—
But Carmol base that youth of Brydain slew—
O Carmol! thou art false! thy actions foul!
The brave, the gen'rous never could such do—
The youth would save the maid, thy crime controul,—
O bless'd may be in death the hero's gen'rous soul!

XXXIII.

" And Carmol has in chains thy sire so brave,
And he doth watch till thou return again,
When thy aged sire he will of thee bereave,
And thee unto his foul embrace constrain;
But, Carmol, thou shalt not, and 'tis in vain,
That thou, with hopes like these, doest glad thy mind,
For, ere to-morrow Phœbus 'dorn the plain,
We'll hie with Dinah till her knight we find;
To leave fair maiden in such case were sure unkind!

XXXIV.

" And brave, O maiden! was thy love in fight:
I saw him when the wars I went to view;
And you too, Harnol, saw the noble knight,
Many of Brydain's chiefs he overthrew;
But Carmol base never the hero slew,
Though so thou hast not, hapless maiden, thought—
O sad Ruennah! now I think on you!
Fair Dinah has thy fate to mem'ry brought,
Though long the day since first thy tale my fancy caught.

XXXV

" Dinah, and Harnol, ye shall hear the tale,
By that, bright morning will, methinks, appear:
But how may I such heavy woe reveal?
O shed with me, young maid, the bitter tear!
Ruennah now, methinks, I grieving hear;
What heavy anguish doth the maid assail:
And now she starts—'tis Spardin with his spear—
And now she 's on the mound—her soul doth fail—
O hear, young maiden, hear Ruennah's woful tale;

XXXVI.

" The stars are bright, the moon in heaven is high,
And now the night in all her splendour reigns;
But ev'ry splendour doth the night deny
Upon the yonder lone and bloody plains;
And there, e'en now, darkness her pow'r maintains;
And there the ghost of night, in the red stream,
The blood of the self-murderer, now drains;
While o'er the wave the screech-owl's heard to scream,
And ev'ry ghost to yell that mars the nightly beam.

XXXVII.

" And who art thou so lone upon the strand?
Wild are thy looks, and heavy are thy sighs;
Now doth the trembling steel flash in thy hand;
Now doth the fire of rage dart from thine eyes;
And what dread scenes for all around thee rise!
There doth a rock his rugged brow uprear,
And there beneath a hollow steep low lies,
And here are fens, and bogs, and caverns drear,—
Who 'rt thou so lone amid the horrors of despair?

XXXVIII.

" 'Tis, Spardin, thou ; thy arms are on the heath ;
Alone the mighty spear with thee remains ;
But why the spear that trembles for thy death,
That soon must, Spardin, end thy mortal pains ?
Yes, all the rage that in thy bosom reigns,
To be by Bendon's youthful arm o'erthrown,
And all the grief that now thy soul sustains,
Lest should, one day, its foul deceit be known,
Must, Spardin, soon be felt by thee in death alone.

XXXIX.

" But who art thou so bright upon yon plain ?
The glorious light of freedom's in thine eyes ;
Nor doth of dread thy manly soul constrain,
That look doth speak the joys that with thee rise ;
And oh what loveliness around thee lies !
There fairest hills their hoary heads uprear,
And there a stream through flow'ry meadow hies,
And here are groves, here arbours, nature's care,—
Who 'rt thou so bright amid the fields of hope so fair ?

XL.

" 'Tis, Bendon, thou; the well known bower is near;
And now in thought thou doest Ruennah see;
But no, fond youth; 'tis not Ruennah dear,
Thy love has fled the bow'r to look for thee;
For so with Spardin and his banditti,
Thou didst, O youth, in cruel strife delay,
That she, the hour now seeing pass'd to be,
And hearing from afar the horrid fray,
To search thee on the heath, has gone a lonely way.

XLI.

" But has Ruennah right to trust her love,
To wait him, e'en to search him 'mid the night?
Did there ne'er yet young hero basely prove,
Ne'er mar of maiden fair the virtue bright?
There did; nor has fair maid to hazard right
That, which if lost, her worlds could not console;
Howe'er, sure all Ruennah pardon might,
Sure here, at least, might censure save controul,
For who would not her trust to Bendon's noble soul?

XLII.

" ' O where art thou, my love?—but why those fears?—
Away with them—yet no—my hope then yields,
And oft, methinks, my troubled soul still hears,—
Still hears the far off shout and clang of shields—
But no—lone, dreadful silence, o'er those fields,
Now winds, as far from all, his drear career—
But, 'mid the dark, perhaps, some villain wields,
Against th' unguarded breast, the secret spear—
O where art thou, my love? for thee how great my fear!

XLIII.

" ' Could Spardin?—but forbid it to be so—
Could Spardin, Bendon's dreadful enemy,
Have sought, with villains vile, the overthrow
Of him amid the night's obscurity?
But oh what sight!—whom, heavens, did I see?
'Twas like to him—in hand a mighty spear—
And now what thought—but oh! such terror flee—
His shout, amid the throng, late did I hear?
Oh! where art thou, my love? for thee how great my fear!'

XLIV.

" Thus doth Ruennah, on the silent heath,
Give to the night the terrors that her fill;
But terrors vain!—thy love fell not beneath
Proud Spardin's arm—O maid, he liveth still!
But Spardin and his people would him kill;
In night they fought—you heard the strife from far—
Spardin fled—of Bendon's armour he had, till,
When thy love low, he would thy virtue mar,
But free, O maid, from his embraces, now you are!

XLV.

" And now him hear alone upon the waste:
' O hell of pain! has mortal such e'er felt?
Some respite—! ah one moment's ease at least,
Will not heaven?—but I, whose soul has never knelt,
Save in deceit, at heaven's holy shrine;
Whose pride has mis'ries to his country dealt,—
I cannot call on what is heav'n,—divine,—
O Bendon! that my soul was great, was just, like thine!

XLVI.

" ' 'Tis thou, not I, who canst on heaven call;
Thou to thy friends, thou to thy country true,—
Religion, honour, brav'ry, justice,—all
That's great in man, O Bendon, 's great in you—
But hold, my soul—why sink? art thou not too
In semblance such? and do not all believe,
As he, thee great? alone thyself dost know
How thou, thy friends, thy country doest deceive,—
O fool who all his trust on semblance fair would leave!

XLVII.

" ' But can my soul remain for always hid,
May never justice o'er deceit prevail?
And shall, what late attempt this night I did,
No mortal ever to the world reveal?
Accomplices are base, rewards avail,
Where neither honour, nor religion 's found,
And now, at length, me justice may assail;
But no,—e'en now, I justice shall confound,
Though guilt, though proof,—though all encompasses me round.

XLVIII.

" ' Then come, O steel ! compleat the wish'd for task ;
On half, at least, thou canst my crimes impose ;
For when the time shall come, that fools will ask
Why chose I thus my wond'rous day to close ;
'Tis thus (as I foresee) the answer goes,
' Himself he slew, touch'd by his country's cries,'—
Or thus,—' when rais'd to madness by her woes,'—
But wrong—I fall in hoping to disguise
All which, ere long, in justice should before me rise.

XLIX.

" ' But wrong—I fall in hoping to disguise—
So thrice through night his falt'ring voice he sent—
Then hasty doth the trembling steel uprise,
And near the throat, a vital part, it went—
He falls ;—so falls a blasted yew uprent—
One look, one dismal sigh to heaven he gave,—
The night ghost o'er the stream his body leant,
Then pour'd his gushing life blood to the wave,—
So dies the coward, the base, but never so the brave !

L

" Now hath Ruennah rang'd the plains around,
And now hath long the mid of night gone by;
When she her near a lonely desert found,
With hills, and rocks, and precipices nigh;
All was light; the moon look'd down from high;
And cross a drear, and solitary waste,
That near, in all its loneliness, did lie,
She hears the foot of one, as tho' in haste,
Whose mail in silence rings, whose step has often ceas'd!

LI.

" ' O art thou he, art thou my love!' she cried?
' Now it is late; the moon has wander'd high;
One half her stars already from her hide,
And soon will morn awaken all the sky;
O! art thou he?—O to my bosom fly!
Proud Spardin's people thee, I fear, pursue,—
My love, I fear, they doom this night to die,—
You 've stopt—I hear no more—ah now I do!
O hither to my arms!—O let me die with you!'

LII.

" By this more nigh the wanderer has made;
And now he stops, now sighs,—Ruennah hears—
' O thou art not my love !' the maiden said,
' My Bendon has not sigh'd ! how great my fears !
And who if not?—but 'tis—he now appears !
Behold his plume ! behold his noble shield !
But where the spear that he for always bears ?—
Does other, than my Bendon, now it wield ?—
Speak, love—approach—hast thou been conquer'd in the
field ?

LIII.

" ' For thee how have I sigh'd ! how wander'd all the night !
Yonder the strife.—I heard the clang of steel—
Proud Spardin's shout I thought amid the fight,
Then how Ruennah's soul did for thee feel !
But come, my love, come from the tyrant,— we'll
To far off land, where fate may better shield,
And where no more, in night, in secret he'll,
Against my Bendon's breast, the dread spear wield,—
Speak, love—approach—hast thou been conquer'd in the
field ?

LIV.

" ' Yet no—thou doest not come—thou doest but start,
But fill thy soul with strange, with dreadful thought,—
Ah! why that hasty look to yonder part?
Say thence what ill that thee afrighten ought?'
She ceas'd—he spake—her soul 's with terror fraught—
'Twas not her love—' he's slain,' the stranger cries—
' Near yonder dark and lonely plains we fought—
He fell—I bear his armour as my prize—'
He said, and looking back, swift from the maiden flies.

LV.

" O how, sad maiden, now thy constant soul!
All hope is gone, alone distraction reigns;
From heaven to earth, her eyes alternate roll,
Now toward the flying knight, now toward the plains
Where told in death her own true love remains;
Nor from those eyes one tear to flow is seen;
She forward 'gainst a rock in silence leans,
As though in death her living soul had been,
So sad, so wild, so fix'd, so ghost-like is her mien!

LVI.

" And long ere from her silent grief she woke,
Long ere one accent fell, or tear did flow,
But when,—'twas then her soul to wildness broke,
Then show'd, in plaints and tears, how great her woe!
' Whither,' she cries,—' alas I do not know!
My sorrows now, at least, will ne'er be o'er;
If to the end of worlds my wand'rings go,
Nay, even there, they 'll fly my soul before!
Then sorrows like to mine has bosom ever bore?'

LVII.

" She paus'd—a dreadful thought is in her breast—
Upon the rocks and steeps her eye she throws—
' 'Tis hence,' she cries, ' my only hope of rest,
In death alone my soul can find repose—
Again she paus'd—another thought arose'—
Afar the beast of night, the enemy
Of him in battle slain, now howling goes—
' Away,' she cries, ' thou to thy desert flee,
And leave, in death, at least, my own true love to me.'

LVIII.

" So said, forth from the rock she sudden springs,
Her bent is now to reach the plains afar,
And thitherward as light her way she wings,
Filling with fright the wilds that round her are ;
As when at mid of night a lonely star,
Across the heavens in fire doth dart its way :
Old night beholding from her dusky car,
The sight, is fill'd with sad, with strange dismay,
Nor looks up more to heaven until the come of day.

LIX.

" So fled the maid—and now arriving where
She h'd heard ere while the shout and clang of arms,
Around she throws her look of wild despair,
And wakens all the night with her alarms—
Why fly, ye wolves ? Ruennah not you harms—
She seeks her lover slain, and he's not here—
O must you, savage death, receive those charms !
Mark how she shrieks ! how dreadful doth appear !
O cease, ye wolves, awhile ! cease that her love may hear !

LX.

For not beneath the later knight he fell—
But he no knight—ne'er brave in battle he;
Pale cowardice alone did with him dwell—
He'd fly, as death, the sword of enemy:
And 'broad, as pilfering elf, he chanced to be
This night, when Bendon's armour he did view,—
And where the coward so base but might it see?
There Spardin left it, ere himself he slew,
Lest it should lead that night to what his soul would do.

LXI.

Slow the coward advances, trembling all;
Cautious his step, his look on ev'ry side;
He starts at ev'ry leaf that haps to fall,
At ev'ry breeze that passes, gazes wide;
And in such wise he doth long while abide;
At length, b'lieving his breast some courage hold,
He in the steel his trembling limbs doth hide;
Then rushes o'er the plain as hero bold,
Telling to all what he has to Ruennah told

LXII.

Then cease, ye wolves, cease that her love may hear;
Three times he now has wander'd to the bow'r,
And there not finding his Ruennah dear,
Has b'liev'd her safe within her father's tow'r,
And puts their meeting to another hour;
But when, sad lovers, shall ye meet again?
Great the ills that Ruennah overpow'r;
Distracted on she flies from plain to plain,
Seeking her love in death, and seeking him in vain.

LXIII.

"Ye've borne him to your woods," the maiden cries,
"O stay, ye wolves! and bear me with you too—
But why me fly? what 's dreadful in my eyes?
Bendon them lov'd, and love not Bendon you?
Then stay—I will the deed—heaven, pardon do,—
But 'tis thy will, however great my care,
All my long life to bear it willing through—
Hence never shall I yield to fell despair—
My soul is fix'd—great heaven will teach me how to bear."

LXIV.

So spoke the maiden, till she reached, at last,
The lofty summit of an ancient mound,
And here she stopt, and here she wildly cast
Her hasty look o'er all the gloom around;
" It was near this," she cries, " his death he found—"
She paus'd—the dreadful thought her soul o'ercame—
It's done—not swifter flames from heavens bound—
The night ghost bears the shatter'd body to the stream—
And since that steep re-echoes to Ruennah's name."

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

ARGUMENT.

Lucan returning home from the wars.—His reflections on the state of his country.—He is benighted.—What occurs from his meeting Timerdin.—Sisserah invites him to her dwelling.—Her artifice in endeavouring to entice him to live with her.—Why he rejects her offer.—His reflections.—He frees Merah, whom Timerdin and four other Knights are bearing off to Carmol.—She conducts him to her father.—He is grateful to Lucan.—Relates to him how Merah, but a short while before, was sought for by Carmiline, and how obtained by that Knight; her unexpected deliverance by a Knight of Brydain; who he happens to be; his marriage with Merah.—The unexpected appearance of Sisserah.—Her conversion, and to what she acknowledges.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

When cruel Mars, now satiate with war,
Forsook the ravag'd hills of Erin Land,
And desolation spread his banners far
Along the borders of her bleeding strand ;
Then Lucan, who did long such scenes withstand,
Dejected sought his Dinah's native vale,
His country leaving 'neath Brydain's command ;
Brydain, the dreadest that might foe assail,
Her sons long time for deeds, renown'd in ancient tale.

II.

Since order superstitious there found day,
Since pride of Roman chiefs did her oppose,
Many a hero ever own'd her sway,
And trembling bow'd 'till Corsicus arose;—
But, thou, too sure, sad prince, hast fallen with those,
Though great, as who erst 'sieged Dardanus' shore,
Or he who prov'd the chief of Roman foes,
And sorely toiled the Alpine summits o'er,
Yet found, like thee, at length, not happier fate the more.

III.

So true that fate regardeth line of none;
The monarch, highest in imperial state,
Or chieftain, who dread fields and realms won,
As lowest wight, impartially she'll treat;
What then behoves it to be brave or great?
Since she, who dealeth woe and bliss to all,
Bestoweth thus her gifts with even rate;
The lowest raising now to monarch's call,
Or now portending haughty monarch's wished for fall?

IV.

But thou, O Corsicus! hast felt her rage;
To all, save fame, at length thou bidst adieu:
So 'twas with Lucan, knight of former age,
When fortune frown'd he felt not less than you.
Killarney hills he now in thought doth view,
And 'gins his breast to feel that killing pain,
Such as the breasts of heroes ever do,
When they return where liberty did reign;
When see what once was theirs, and not be theirs again.

V.

"Fair seat, adieu!" the hero sadly cried;
"Some foe, perhap, will claim thee now his own;
And thy own Lord may n't near thee more abide,
But pass to country distant and unknown,
'Mid deserts there to seek a dwelling lone,
And learn to bear what fortune doth decree:
Ah! cruel'st they who have those ills bestown!
Who have, by wrongful strife and tyranny,
Brought desolation on a land of liberty!

VI.

" 'Tis, Brydain, thou who of it art the cause—
But no—'tis wrong thee, Brydain, thus to use—
Thy king, O Erin land ! such evil draws
Upon thy plains, for he did rights abuse—
O ! curse upon the prince, whose partial views
Would force his people justice to demand !
But, injur'd brave, my country loudly sues
For mercy now at thy all conquering hand ;
Nor, Brydain, vengeful look upon a fallen land.

VII.

" But fixed the sacred ordinance of Jove,
Then vain to hope, or long for happier state,
What's sanction'd by that awful will above,
Below we own, and call unbias'd fate,
Which earthly born ne'er may extirpate ;
All hail ! then, mighty hand of destiny !
Thus willingly we bow beneath thy weight ;
And grant, if yet thou bind posterity,
It may as freely own, and bow as now do we."

VIII.

So spake the hero in his troubled soul;
And now he has the day in travelling past;
No more doth Phœbus through the heavens roll,
His fiery wheel behind that hill is cast,
Where he doth 'bide as long as night doth last;
And now the wearied herd sleep on the plain,
And all the drowsy clouds are gathering fast,
To where their lodge in heaven each night they deign,
Till fair Aurora wakes them on the sky again.

IX.

And now all wearied he's from travelling far,
And his light steed's unable more to go;
Beside him close fair groves and bowers are,
And just before a tower itself doth show,
On which the silent moon her light did throw;
And now the doubtful thought is in his breast,
If he, straight to the tower shall hie, to know
If it can give an inn to knight distress'd,
Or if unto the bow'rs,—when lo! a warrior's crest.

X.

" A noble knight," quoth Lucan, " doth he seem !
His spear how long ! himself how great in height !
He is, if I not wrongly do him deem,
A guard upon this lonely tower to night;
It well hath chosen one of seeming might"—
No more he said ; the stranger doth him spy ;
And Lucan from his weari'd steed 'gan light ;
And been to him, who seems on watch, drawn nigh,
Demandeth who doth dwell within the tower hard by.

XI.

The gloomy stranger nought to him replied,
But raised at once his long and mighty spear ;
Nor is hereat brave Lucan terrified ;
Also, with his uprais'd, he draweth near ;
And when the stranger sees him not to fear ;
" O wrong !" he cries, " on you my wrath to wreak ;
I vengeance never against a stranger bear ;
Thee for a dreaded foe I did mistake—
In sooth great fault of mine—but knight, what wouldst
thou ?—speak."

XII.

" I ask," quoth Lucan " then, who keeps the tower;
For now all wearied is my faithful steed,
And long fatigue me too doth overpower—
Without repose not far I may proceed."—
" Hard is thy case," the stranger cries, " indeed!
Fatigue, me, too, did often times possess;
When heroes by my sword in fight would bleed,
Or when I far the flying foe would press,
I and my faithful steed were often in distress.

XIII.

" And many fell beneath Timerdin's spear!
And many has he often put to flight!
My soul, strange sir, has never known of fear,
My body ne'er has bow'd to mortal wight.—
" Oh!" Lucan cries, " thou 'rt sure a noble knight,—
But, pray, who in the tow'r hard by, doth dwell?"
The stranger loudly cries, " Yes, Sir, I might,
Who dwells within the tow'r hard by, thee tell,
But does he live who may this soul to it compel?"

XIV.

" Sir," Lucan cries, " if thou couldst understand,
That I through threat did aught of thee require,
Thy pardon I should readily demand"—
" Pardon !" exclaims Timerdin, all on ire,—
" Too late it is, Sir, pardon to desire ;
Fall at my feet—be ever hence my slave,
Or soon thou shalt beneath this arm expire"—
Lucan in wrath, aside his steed 'gan leave—
Timerdin takes to flight, no battle he doth crave.

XV.

The knight much wonders at his swiftness fleet ;
And now he hastens toward the tow'r alone ;
And, when just at its portal, he chanc'd to meet :
A beauteous maiden, making there sad moan ;
" What grief," he cries, " has one so lovely known ?"
The mourner startled when the knight she spied,
And her fair looks, that to his eyes were shown,
All swift beneath her silken veil did hide,
As modest maid, who might not strangers look abide.

XVI.

" O ! art thou, Sir, she cries, a stranger here ?"
(After to have long while the knight beheld,)
" I am," he cries, " and 'tis fatigue severe,
To seek a night's repose, has me compelled ;
From near, this tower I saw, and thought there dwell'd
Therein some one, who night's repose might give ;
And wrong, perhap, my star has me impell'd —
But tell me, beauteous maiden, why you grieve ?—
Is he, that wrongs thee, near? who in the tow'r doth live ?"

XVII.

" O glad I am ! sir knight, to have thee met !
Well hast thou 'scap'd, indeed, vain Merah's power—
Hence ! hence ! as death, Sir, let you hasty get,—
Dread the contagion of that hated tow'r ;
Not yet, in sooth, has pass'd a single hour,
Since here four foolish knights did enter in ;
And Merah now with crime doth them o'erpower,
I hear them,—e'en to revel they begin,—
O well ! hast thou, sir knight, escap'd such grievous sin.

XVIII.

" But wert thou too with them, more great my moan,
For cause more great should then my woe awake,
As 'tis, sir knight, for them I grieve alone,
He is not near who wrong to me doth make:
Then quit this sinful place for dear maid's sake:
I live within the grove you yonder see,
And, if thou wilt, I shall thee thither take,
There from ill hap at least, thou canst be free;
Our way lies through these bow'rs; knight, wilt thou
come with me?"

XIX.

" O fair and virtuous maiden!" cries the knight,
" How great the debt of gratitude I owe!
I'll, sure, what I possess may it requite,
A life of thanks full little is, I know;—"
He said, and did consent with her to go;
And now they have far from the tower past,
And in the bowers they wandered to and fro—
Now does the moon her beams around them cast,
And, darkness, now them hid,'mid all thy gloom, thou hast.

XX.

And long it was ere they did reach the grove ;
And she the knight through many ways long brought ;
Now would they far through lonely arbours rove,
And now through ways that man had never sought :
For she a maid of base desire, who thought
To bring the knight to her fell passion slave ;
And oft with love for him her soul seems fraught ;
But, maid, thy wiles for meaner bosoms leave,
'Tis not for them to sway the soul of him that's brave.

XXI.

Her dwelling was far in the lonely grove,
And circl'd round with many a shady tree,
Which so o'er head their spreading branches wove,
That ne'er the moon the lowly house could see ;
And not a soul doth in it dwell but she.—
The knight leaves in the grove his faithful steed ;
And now, all wearied, entered in they be,
When straight the courteous maiden doth proceed
To get her guest some fare, which he so much doth need.

XXII.

And much of costly meat and wine she brings,
And all that wakes a wish for pleasure vain;
And while he sups a tender song she sings,
Or tells a story sad of lover's pain:
Now how a maid did of a youth complain;
Now how a youth did call on cruel maid;
And all the while within doth silence reign,
Nor aught without disturbs the lonely shade,
Save when, at times, they hear the wearied steed to tread.

XXIII.

And now the youth doth tell all he has past;
Of Dinah's love and many a cruel fight,
And weary journey long, until, at last,
She found him near the lonely tow'r that night;
And all the while he does the tale recite,
The maid for him did tenderest pity show:
Now would from her fair eyes, so shining bright,
Adown the sparkling tear be seen to flow—
And now she'd heavy sigh, as maid who grief did know.

XXIV.

And, she would cry, " not thy ills pass'd I grieve,
For one more great than all thou 'rt doomed to bear:
Thy Dinah is—O who could it believe !—
But I will, sir, the heavy tidings spare."—
The knight much wondering bids her all declare;
But she, nought answering, shows him to his bed,
Where scarce he has him flung, now filled with care,
Than he doth hear her cross the chamber tread,
And, as he were asleep, thus grieves she at his head.

I.

" Sleep on, and happy if thus sleep
Would never fly the couch of thee,
But thou, alas! art born to weep,
And thus shalt wake by night like me.

II.

" When thou wilt see thy love no more,
And be by tyrant's law oppressed,
And hope of future fame give o'er,
What then may lull thy soul to rest?

III.

" O Carmol! didst thou not betray,
Constant remain she ever might,
But since thou hast her borne away,
No more she thinks upon her knight.

IV.

" And hence, when he all day in woes,
Oppress'd perhap by tyrant s chain,
Who shall each night his griefs compose?
Who, in her tears, divide his pain?

V.

" Ah Dinah! it must ne'er be you,
For thou art in another's arms,
And thou hast been to him untrue,
Who could alone deserve thy charms.

VI.

" Then sleep, and happy if thus sleep
Would never fly the couch of thee,
But thou, alas! art born to weep,
And thus must wake by night like me.

VII.

" For I shall hence by night awake,
And while you far off grieving be,
I here alone my plaint will make,
And grieve the live long night for thee.

VIII.

" But wouldest thou not from me depart,
No grief my night should ever know;
Nor ought affliction touch thy heart,
For here thou couldst be free from foe.

IX.

" And here no Carmol ever would
Intrude to bear me from thy sight;
Nor is he under heaven, who could
Make me forget my noble knight!

X.

" Each morn we'd rise at early hour,
And wake the grove with our alarms,
And when the day in hunting o'er,
I'd lie all night within those arms.

XI.

" But why with this relieve my woe ?
To-morrow ere the sun arise,
The hero will far from me go,
Unconscious of my tears and sighs !

XII.

" Then shall I hence by night awake,
And while you far off grieving be,
I here alone my plaint will make,
And grieve the live long night for thee."

XXV.

At this she ceas'd; the knight did troubled hear—
'Tis darkness all,—and still the maid is nigh ;
Oft on his cheek doth fall her burning tear,
And o'er his breast he feels her heavy sigh :
And all the while his proud heart did defy
The maiden's plaint, and tears, and sighs, and charms ;
For when he thought upon his actions high,
Then fled base thought, and all its foul alarms,—
O ! who would not be, like to Lucan, great in arms !

XXVI.

And, ye, who pride you of a valiant soul,
Ye, who would be, as mighty Lucan, great,
Ever, like him, avoid what's basely foul,
And hold a heart of virtuous pride elate;
And ye shall rise to hero's glorious state—
But is there who would have such worthy fame,
And yet would not brave Lucan imitate?
O such be still! or let him hide for shame,
For he doth merit not the hero's noble name.

XXVII.

"Fair maid," he cries,—she startles when she hears,—
"Fair maid, I've heard the plaint which thou didst tell,
And I have felt your sighs, and felt your tears,
And I may know how much you love me well—
Fortune's to me undoubtedly cruel,
And long it may me yet oppress with care,—
But though it should, O maiden! me compel
To know what could drive all e'en to despair,
Still would this heart of pride, unshaken, bid me bear.

XXVIII.

" Dinah, if thou hast been to me untrue,
If thou the path of virtue fair didst shun,
'Tis not for me alike to basely do,
And mar the splendid glories I have won—
Still be great, my soul, be as thou hast begun ;
And though the tyrant doom to slavery,
If I can say to thee, ' thou hast well done,'—
Then 'tis not tyrant's chain, 'tis liberty,—
And I can say, my soul, thou art than his more free."

XXIX.

" O hold ! great youth," she cries,—" I'll tell thee all,"
Not more she could ;—they hear a mighty shout ;
Mighty, as though the grove to earth did fall,
Or shook her ancient oak and fir throughout.
The knight wond'ring looks for his arms about ;
And now nought but his sword and shield he minds ;
And been with these, swift from the maid, gone out,
Tall Timerdin, before four knights, he finds,
Loud as that angry god, who comes before the winds !

XXX.

And, in the mid of all, a maid he saw—
Wild were her looks, dishevelled her fair hair,
And her sad heart, seemed so oppress'd with awe,
That she did go she knew not how or where;
And all the while the knights do shout and swear;
But none seems like to Timerdin in might:
He shakes his mighty spear aloft in air;
And now he boasts his strength, and now his height;
And oft he strikes the trees, and oft he calls for fight!

XXXI.

Lucan, ere now, by all the knights is seen;
First comes Timerdin, shaking high his spear;
But ere the sword of Lucan drawn has been,
The watchful knight flies swift away for fear:
Thus from the hunter's javelin 'scapes a deer;
From out the brake, across the plain it flies;
He grieveth much to miss a prey so near,—
And looking after, oft admires its size,
And now its stately horns, and now how swift it hies.

XXXII.

So did Timerdin Lucan 'scape thro' flight;
Which soon three other knights do imitate;
For ne'er before saw they their chief at fight,
And deemed his valour of the highest state,
And hence, much feared who put him to retreat;
But he who 'bides did well Timerdin know;
He doth not think Lucan a knight so great;
And now, tho' lone, hoping his overthrow,
'Gainst him the spear to hurl, doth bend his body low.

XXXIII.

It comes aloft, and Lucan does him bend;
But ere it reaches where the knight doth stand,
It so unwieldly did the other send,
It meets, in its mid part, a tree at hand,
And broken flies about without command—
The shield would Lucan raise to guard the head,
But ere he might, that part held by the hand
Against his temple with such fury sped,
That on the ground he falls, as knight that had been dead!

XXXIV.

As when some mighty cliff, high up in air,
Hearing the roar of Jove 'long heavens run,
And seeing now his bolt descending drear,
With cloud enwraps his head, the shock to shun—
But late—the havock is already done—
From off a rock it broken did rebound,—
And so apart the cliff's tall frount doth stun,
That groaning deep, he falls upon the ground,
With all his craggy arms in ruins scatter'd round.

XXXV.

So, fallen too, the mighty Lucan lay.
The stranger knight with shouts doth heaven rend,
And turning to the maiden now, 'gan say,
" Behold that man who would thee late befriend!—
How soon my arm him lifeless did extend!"
He said, and call'd for those who from him flew,—
And 'gain he doth a shout to heavens send;
And now his shining sword all hasty drew,
To lop the head from him, that his long spear o'erthrew.

XXXVI.

O ! who, from instant death, may save the brave ?
Heaven alone—but what its instrument ?
'Tis that sad maid whom he would willing save,
'Tis she, to free the knight, whom heav'n hath sent—
And even now she doth the way invent—
Right well she guess'd that he had not been dead,
Having seen how the spear against him went,
And as the sword is rais'd, away she fled—
The knight must needs pursue, so after her he sped.

XXXVII.

Swift towards the closest part the maiden runs,
And thither her the knight as swift pursues ;
But so his grasp, from tree to tree, she shuns,
That much of time he now, in vain, doth lose ;
And oft she shrieks, the fallen knight to rouse—
But could no more—all strength her soul forsook,—
When Lucan hasty from his swoon uprose—
Around, as one in maze, he threw his look —
And where the shriek he heard in wrath him thither took.

XXXVIII.

As comes great angry Jove 'mid cloud and flame,
Loud threat'ning wood or tower to lay low;
So terrible in wrath on Lucan came
Against that knight, who did him late o'erthrow—
As tho' ten arms at once did give the blow,
Beneath his mighty sword adown he fell—
Th' astonish'd maiden wond'ring stands, as though,
From out that gloomy gulph where souls do yell,
She saw her sudden snatch'd, again on earth to dwell.

XXXIX.

Soon calm, as when the storm o'er head is passed,
All present now. The maiden doth regain
Her strength at once, nor looks she more aghast,
As hope in her fair breast 'gan hold his reign—
Upon the knight her beaming looks remain,
And full her heart—this gratitude divine—
Not else she tells what doth her bosom mean;
'Tis so the moon, escaped some storm malign,
Doth silent on the heavens, in grateful wonder shine.

XL.

" Fair maiden," Lucan cries, " I know thy heart ;
Then speak, and tell whence did the knights thee bear."
Words yet she finds it painful to impart,
And looking where the tower did late appear,
She fault'ring cries, her arm in pointing there,
" Thence 'tis, O gallant sir ! the knights me brought ;
And they belong to Carmol base I hear—
For Carmiline, his brother, they me sought,—
But thou, O worthy knight ! hast my deliverance wrought."

XLI.

She can no more—again her heart doth swell—
And 'gain her eyes would tell what she doth know ;
And so she brings him where her sire doth dwell ;
Nor he in words his gratitude doth show :
Adown his aged cheek the tear did flow ;
And seemed he one of ev'ry sense beguil'd ;
And now his look he on the knight doth throw,
And now upon the maid, in transport wild,
Then clasps her to his arms, and cries, art thou my child ?

XLII.

O yes, he cries, my own dear child thou art!
And, Carmiline, thy people's strength was vain!
May e'er be bless'd the youth of noble heart,
Who brought my Merah to these arms again!
But oh! my child, how long canst thou remain?
This knight being gone, who next may thee befriend?
Thy aged sire cannot the strife maintain,
His feeble arm no more the spear can send—
O! where thy own dear lord? he could thee too befriend.

XLIII.

As you, brave knight, he has a gen'rous mind;
Sure never shall my soul forget the day,
When I my Merah saw to woe resign'd,
Without one hope that could it aught allay!
My aged heart, through grief, did melt away—
But I shall, worthy knight, the tale thee tell;
With pity sure affect thy breast it may;
For pity with the hero brave doth dwell;—
He's but a coward at heart, whoe'er may it repel.

XLIV.

" The strife's begun,—three knights lie on the field,—
They 've fall'n, Carmiline, beneath thy hand;
And none durst now the spear against thee wield,—
Methinks, I see thee in thy anger stand,
And hear thee make aloud thy proud demand—
You, Merah, fling to heaven your weeping eye—
My soul cannot the killing sight withstand;
In all my age I run—for arms I cry,
And wish, a thousand times, the days that have gone by.

XLV.

" So felt my soul, great knight, upon that day
When Carmiline would bear this maid from me;
He and his chiefs did mix in bloody fray,
They for my Merah else could not agree;
And none should have the maiden fair but he,
Who, in the strife, all others would excel;
Yet she could not, as wedded maiden, be
And yet, for his embrace, must with him dwell,
In glorious, sure, his death who in such contest fell!

XLVI.

The knights of Brydain only do contend,
They who, of late, my native land o'ercame—
Then is it the proud victor's right to send,
Among the vanquish'd few, dishonour, shame?
Did ever noble victor make the claim?
No,—nor the brave of Brydain it demand,—
'Tis but the base, unworthy Brydain's fame,
The coward, who durst not hero's sight withstand,
That would dishonour, shame, bring on a vanquish'd land.

XLVII.

To me but one sad hope alone they gave,
And soon, alas! that hope is banish'd quite—
It was, if I could find a knight so brave,
Among my own, as could share in the fight,
That they the maid to him would yield if right:
But in his country's wars my son did die,
And well they knew I could not find a knight—
In all my age I run, for arms I cry,
And wish a thousand times the days that have gone by.

XLVIII.

A spear I seize, but can't, alas, it send!
Weak is that arm so strong in youthful days;
Then hope is o'er—to earth I lowly bend,
And thus, in tears, my voice to heaven upraise:
"Oh, power divine! be ever bless'd thy ways!
It is thy will that I should know this pain,
That Carmiline should on my Merah seize,
And 's not for me, thee, heaven, to arraign,
But patient still to bear what you, high throne, ordain!"

XLIX.

Thus what great heaven willed I patient bore;
But now more proud than yet is Carmiline:
Along the field he sends his threatening roar,
And cries, "who will dispute the maiden mine?
But yield, ye brave, and me the fair resign;
The time, that ye can have her, soon may come;
When those bright eyes will lose that ray divine,
And that fair cheek through age will cease to bloom,
For her, no knight, this arm shall send to the cold tomb,"

L.

He says, and moves to where doth Merah stand,—
For hope I look,—my friends lurk from the field,
And I 'm alone—I seize her senseless hand,
And thus do boldly speak as I her yield.
" Go, my own dear child, heavens will thee shield,
He, who sees all, shall keep thy soul from ill;
Against the foe thy sire the spear can't wield,
But, gracious heaven, this is all thy will,—
Then go, my own dear Merah, and be virtuous still.

LI.

" What though you now join in the vicious state,
Heaven who knows how thou art pure and mild,
Will teach thee, even still, maid, to be great,—
Yes, heaven can ever look upon my child;
Black sin, I see already stare thee wild,
And ev'ry vice that brings chaste bosom ill,
But I too see thy soul yet undefiled,—
Nought has disturb'd thy pure, thy constant will—
Then go, my own dear Merah can be virtuous still."

LII.

I pause—her looks are wildly on me fix'd—
To her base hearted Carmiline doth speak;
His cruel word with bitter soothing 's mix'd,
And her fair arm to kiss he would uptake,—
But ere he can, he must the maid forsake—
Behind the herald's trumpet loud 'gan blow,
And on the plain 's a youth of noble make—
High 'bove in air the wind his plumes doth throw,
And bright his arms of steel,—methinks I see him now.

LIII.

Come with the knights of Brydain too was he,
But since the fight apart he stood from all;
And seem'd a knight yet young in arms to be—
Slender in make, as Carmiline as tall—
Loudly his voice doth for the battle call;—
"Come, Carmiline, come to the strife," he cries,
"And send to the cold tomb a knight withal;
That ray divine still 's in the maiden's eyes,
And still the bloom unfaded on her fair cheek lies.

LIV.

" And let them, maid ! 'tis not for me to seek
Whate'er may dim that lovely look of thine;
Long may the bloom be fair upon that cheek,
And long that eye in all its beauty shine !
And should, O maid ! the victory be mine,
Proud Carmiline shall not obtain his will;
Thee to thy sire unblemish'd I'll resign,
Where nought may offer thy chaste bosom ill,
But where his own dear Merah can be virtuous still."

LV.

He said, and Carmiline call'd to the fight,—
My friends return—my fall'n soul doth rise—
We shout—we praise—we bless the youthful knight,
And all around re-echoes to our cries:
As when dark clouds o'erspread autumnal skies,
As round a field mature the reapers throng,
Their hearts are low, they cheerless lift their eyes,—
Till Phœbus coming wakens hope ere long,
And all the fields resound with praise and grateful song.

LVI.

So rais'd our hopes, and echo'd all around :
Proud Carmiline has nothing in reply ;
His heavy mail more fast he on him bound,
And sullen moved, his spear uplifted high ;—
Fearless the youthful knight is drawing nigh,
And now, when each as near as meet arrives,
At once their lengthen'd spears together fly,
And strike in air,—our knight's the other drives,
And tops its foe's proud casque, and it of crest deprives.

LVII.

Our eager shout swift for the youth ascends—
They hasty met—their shining swords they drew—
And soon, by turns, 'neath heavy blow each bends—
The angry points have pierc'd their armour through—
But now, proud Carmiline, what canst thou do ?
Thy step is yielding backward on the green—
Nor more aloft thy wrathful arm we view ;
Beneath the blow it bends—thy danger's seen—
But thee yet fate preserves—the knights do rush between.

LVIII.

Our joy is great, the knight we loudly cheer
O never shall my soul forget that day!
None durst advance with shout or threatening spear,
In silence all slunk from the field away:
Ten days the knight consents with us to stay.
He asks my virtuous Merah to his bride—
I grant the blooming maid without delay—
But he should first some days away abide,
Should go to seek his sire, that far off did reside.

LIX.

But many days, alas! have since gone by,
And yet no tidings of the knight have we;
Hard fate perhaps did evil on him try,
Nor more we may the youth of Brydain see;
If so, what, Merah, shall become of thee,
Who but in weeping canst the hero name?
With him alone thy soul can happy be,
Yet what if fate denies thee, maid, thy claim,
And thou art ne'er to see young Harnol, knight of fame?

LX.

The Sire has ended scarce, when in the hall,
Where he the while the tender tale did tell,
A maid appeared, till then unseen by all,
Tho', since the knight came in, she there did dwell.
Her looks were sad, and 'fore them all she fell,
And loudly cried, " will ye, as heaven, forgive
A sinful maid, that did 'gainst both rebel?
'Tis I who in the grove at hand do live,
And I it is who cause ye all this night to grieve."

LXI.

She said, and all Sisserah b'lieve to know,
Yet scarcely can, so chang'd she now appears;
Her look no more doth leer seductive show,
But beauty to itself unknown it bears—
Such as the look of virtue only wears—
O heavenly beauty! beauty without art!
Such to itself the soul of all endears;
Tho' other charms low souls may lead apart,
'Tis virtue's look alone can touch the noble heart.

LXII.

Sisserah in such loveliness is seen—
Yes, heaven's purest light within her glows,
By Lucan's greatness touched her soul has been,
And now how lovely virtue is well knows;
Before her breast had never felt repose,
But there now purest peace doth make abode—
O great, thou art, fair maid, and great are those,
Who shun, like you, the evil ways they 've trod,
To know what virtue is, what heaven, what their god!

LXIII.

At once they all the weeping maid forgave,
And thus she 'gins to tell without delay:
" 'Tis I," she cries, " who Harnol, knight so brave,
Have caus'd far from his Merah long to stay;
For I him letter sent upon that day,
(As though his constant Merah had it sent)
When from this tower he went to far away;
For him reproach, and foul dislike it meant,
And did him, from returning here again, prevent.

LXIV.

" And, Merah, I thee ever envy bore :
To him who knew thee not I would thee paint,
As sinful maiden, this a hated tower,
That could the breast of virtue even taint.
When, Lucan, you first heard this night my plaint,
I grieved to see the knights that were herein,
And that pure love I seeming had was faint ;
For in this breast did ever habit sin,
And where that is pure love may never enter in.

LXV.

" Nor, Lucan, is thy love to thee untrue,
For nought could ever change her soul divine ;
From Carmol her brave Harnol rescued too,
As, Merah, you he did from Carmiline ;
And I am told that she doth grieve and pine,
And fate, to search thee, knight, has far her driven—
Now ye all know how great a fault is mine,
Yet pardon'd I do feel my soul by heaven,
And am I too by you ?" they all exclaim,—" forgiv'n !"

END OF CANTO THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

Dinah, now accompanied by Harmond and his son, continues her journey in quest of Lucan.— Her peace of mind, and grateful acknowledgement to Harmond.—The bard's origin of despair and hope.—What effect the episode of Ruennah has had on Harnol.—Who the knight that rescued Dinah from Carmol, as related in canto the second. By what means Carmol obtained authority in his native land.—Gellimus, King of Brydain, does not know of his cruelty.—Who the knight that Dinah met in the night time, immediately before she saw Harmond, as shewn in canto first.—The appearance of morning.—They travel until noon.—The combat between Harnol and a strange knight.—The defeat of the latter.—Their reconciliation.—They are entertained by the knight.—The episode of Constah by Harmond.— They repair to rest —Night approaches, and Lucan, accompanied by Merah, is represented going in quest of Dinah.—Why the maid accompanies him.—Sisserah follows them at a distance—Their reception at the house of Narrenna.—Her guests.—She endeavours to make Sisserah change the resolution she has formed of living virtuous.—What her design on not having succeeded.—The issue of her design.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

Fair o'er the eastern hill appears the dawn!
Yet nature is, as night, all silent still;
The drowsy herds lie on the dewy lawn,
Lull'd by the murmuring fall of brook or rill;
But all with Phœbus soon awaken will;
For now old Night her long career is borne,
And doth all wearied climb the northern hill.
While oft behind she throws her look of scorn
Upon Aurora bright, fair goddess of the morn.

II.

And now fair Dinah leaves the lonely cell,
With Harnol and the bard new ways to stray,
Till tidings of her knight she may hear tell,
Whom now she b'lieves proud Carmol did not slay;
For fell Despair is from her heart away,
And Hope, with all her pleasing dreams, is there,
That like the dawn, her looks fair light display,
Fair light, that long lay hid by night of care,
And many a heavy ill, too great for maid to bear.

III.

" O, Harmond! now I feel of hope," she cries,
" I feel of peace, that long my soul has fled,
But you, it is, O bard! who bid it rise,
And have the peace long flown, 'gain to me, led;
Hence never shall my gratitude be dead!—
O heavenly Hope! how fair of mind art thou!
Why is not ev'ry bosom with thee fed?
Did e'er yet fell Despair of good bestow?
Did e'er yet tell his wretch to find of comfort how?

IV.

" No,—thus thou never didst, O fell Despair ?
Then why the wretch, possess'd by thee, so mad,
If he did ever know how Hope was fair,
To shrink beneath thy base dominion bad ?
Roll on, ye evils ! be ye e'er so sad,
By fell Despair I'll never be possest ;
Too mild, I'll cry, the reign 'neath Hope I've had,
To list, proud tyrant, now to thy behest,
Thou, who, with madness e'en, canst sway the wounded
breast !"

V.

" All hail ! great heaven," exclaims the holy bard !
" 'Tis thou alone who canst protect from ill,
Weak is the soul itself from ill to guard,
If thou didst not, O heaven ! of strength it fill—
Then call on gracious heaven, O maid ! which will,
If thou demand, when evils at thee stare,
Its light of strength within thy soul instil,
That well may teach thee how the shock to bear,
But else what may oppose the demon of despair ?

VI.

" He erst from Chaos, gloomy dwelling, came,
His sire, erewhile, too from like region sprung,—
And the nocturnal hag his mother dame,
Who ne'er had been the sons of day among ;
Deep in the breast by cruel sorrow stung,
Tyrannic would he ever hold his reign,
And cares, and woes, and fears are round him clung,
E'en death doth oftentime a visit deign,
Then such is fell Despair, such Hope's destructive bane !

VII.

" But Hope the drear abode of darkness shuns,
Her birth she found beneath a brighter sky,
Where ever gracious stars and cloudless suns,
Blaze round the great Omnipotent of high .
'Twas thence to earth she first her way did try,
Sent by the sovereign hand of Jove divine,
And ever since she welcomes happiness nigh,
And tells the sad 'tis madness to repine,
And stars that darken now, another day may shine.

VIII.

He said, and Harnol felt all what he said:
" I never shall," the knight within him cried,
" By thee, O fell Despair! again be led,
Though much I feel, my soul shall all abide;
Hence none shall say, that, Spardian like, I died;
But yet, when wakes the bard of future days,
With song to tell of what did knights betide,
Some chief may hear of Harnol in his lays,
And sigh to have, like me, a soul so great in praise."

IX.

Thus Harnol silent; nor yet Dinah knew
That he the knight who her from Carmol free'd,
For, that knight's fate she oftentimes did rue,
As she did think him slain that day indeed;
Yet was he not, but 'neath his sword did bleed,
Of his great foe, full many a haughty knight,
That Carmol caused them all to cease with speed,
He fearing much to be o'ercome in fight,
By Harnol, who could all to Gellimus recite.

X.

For, Gellimus now Brydain's mighty king;
And when he came to war with Erin-land,
His people Carmol to his side did bring,
Hence gain'd he in this country high command:
But if that Gellimus might understand,
That in his native land he was such foe,
He should not longer sway with cruel hand,
But in some dungeon tell his day of woe;
The great can never see the vanquished governed so.

XI.

Thus Carmol fearing, calls the youth no foe,
And hasty sends him off with Carmiline;
But Harnol him for Merah did o'erthrow,
For Merah, maid for whom he now doth pine;
Sisserah, that great fault was solely thine:
No more he hopes to see the blooming maid,
And hence the woes which 'gainst the knight combine,
And hence that fell Despair his bosom sway'd,
But Harmond, by Ruennah's tale, has that allayed.

XII.

And Harnol 'twas, whom, on the night just past,
Fair Dinah met, his sword uplifted high;
'Twas thou, Despair, that then pow'r o'er him hadst,
He little thought, fair maiden, you were nigh.
You fear'd, but lov'd the sight, yet knew not why;
But why, O maiden! ere 'tis long you 'll know.—
Then fare you on, and much you have to try,
But e'er, as now, a noble purpose show,
And thou shalt gain the wise and brave with thee to go.

XIII.

Now Phœbus bright 'gins o'er the hill to peep,
And view how far his journey long ere night;
Nor more the herds upon the lawn do sleep,
They soon upraise them do with his fair light;
And all the world seems joyous at the sight:
Fair wood and grove with grateful song resound,
And all the hills afar are glittering bright;
Nor more in brake the lordly stag is found,
High stands he on the plain, awak'd by early sound.

XIV.

When Dinah finds her through lone ways afar,
Now in dark wood, or now in silent vale,
Where even not the woodman's dwellings are,
But where dread loneliness doth e'er prevail.
And all the while the bard doth him avail
Of many a tender tale to pass the day,
Till 'gins, by this, the sun them hard assail,
From where at noon he throws his burning ray,
When they, at length, descry a house afar away.

XV.

And now the heat to shun they thither hie;
Fair plac'd the dwelling is beneath a hill;
Its stately top did seem in heavens high,
And its broad base below the vale doth fill,
And all about is shade and bow'r and rill:
Much do the knight and maiden of it say,
But Harmond it beholdeth and is still,
His soul to deep reflection all gives way,
As tho' this scene recalled some thought of early day.

XVII.

Just near the dwelling lone they chanced to meet
A goodly knight fair seated on high steed,
Whom he did curb and check, as it is fit
For knight preparing him for warlike deed.
He Harnol spies, and when he doth aread,
That he must be a knight of Brydain's-land,
His mail more fast he on him makes with speed,
And raiseth high a lengthened spear in hand,
And comes against the knight, who doth his coming stand.

XV[illegible].

As some great oak withstan[illegible] ountain flood,
When sudden breaking dow[illegible]ith angry roar,
So Harnol bold unshaken now withstood
That knight, who 'gainst him with great fury bore.
His lengthened spear at first he sends, but o'er
Brave Harnol's head aloft in air it flew,
And falling short, a youthful ash uptore,
Which near in all his bloom of beauty grew,
The forest hear his fall, and sigh his fate all through.

XVIII.

Not so his spear the cautious Harnol sent,
Full on the helmet of the chief it sped,
But false the point—against that part it bent
Which guards in front the centre of the head;
If else, the haughty knight had been laid dead—
But now more dread the combat doth ensue,
Fell rage them on with sword in hand quick led,
And high, with fell design, their blows they drew,
And fire, as of the furnace, from their helmets flew.

IX.

If should two bolts above in heaven strike,
And scatter all their flame and wrath below,
Then even such would Harmond say was like
The dreaded fight that he did witness now.
" My gallant boy!" he cries aloud, " wilt thou
Yield to the foe, thou who didst never fear?
But no: 'tis he that 'neath thy arm must bow,
His haughty strength fast failing doth appear,
Hold to, my gallant boy! thy victory is near."

XX.

He said, and all his words awake new rage.
As loud the blows from off the mail rebound,
As should two bulls, lords of the herd, engage,
And to their strife the plains from far resound.
Their strength alike, as yet, none yieldeth ground,
But so wise Harmond 'gan his son inspire,
That he to gain new might is ever found,
While doth the other fail in strength and ire,
And often, too, a step unwilling back retire.

XXI.

This Harnol sees, and gathers all his strength,
And so it on the stranger knight he plied,
That reeling far, he senseless falls, at length,
Flat on his back, his arms extended wide:
As some high rock, that had the storm defied,
The thunder doth into the deep constrain:
The mariner no longer has his guide,
And throwing on the place his look in vain,
Much wonders what could carry thence a bulk so main.

XXII.

So 'neath brave Harnol's strength the stranger fell—
" Hold, Harmond cries, brave is the fallen knight,
Raise him, my son ! recover'd, he will tell
Why he did bear thee such undoubted spite."
He said, and Harnol would uplift him light,
But quick the stranger doth unaided rise,
As tho' again he would renew the fight,
But no,—to Harmond's son he eager flies,
And clasps him in his arms, and gives his soul to sighs.

XXIII.

" O wrong to bear thee hate, the knight doth cry,
All in thy pow'r, beneath thy arm I lay,
But thou would'st spare,—thy soul could not comply,
To do what should the fearful heart betray—
O, art thou from the land of Brydain, say !
Is it a knight, thence coming, thus could do ?
Hate e'er for Brydain doth my bosom sway,
Her sons, in battle, late our knights o'erthrew,
And hence, sir knight, the hate that I did bear for you."

XXIV.

He says, and leads them to his dwelling fair;
But Dinah, who stood senseless in a shade,
Doth with them go, for long, she knows not where,
So much her trembling heart is still afraid;
But Harmond wise her fright has soon allayed,
And now they with the stranger pass the day,
Their haughty foe their dearest friend they 've made,
And all to joy and friendly mirth give way,
That here, until refreshed, they do consent to stay.

XXV.

And now the day is near already pass'd,
And still do all share in the merriment,
Alone doth Harmond hold his eyes down cast,
As tho' his thoughts are on the days long spent,
And oft his tender look around him went:
" Those walls," he cries, " how often have I seen!
How often hither have my steps been bent,
Since here my Bolden, faithful friend, has been!
O few are now who were as great as he, I ween!

XXVI.

"None, who have here since dwelt, my friend have known;
But here he dwelt when him I last did see;
O truest that could Erin land have shown!
At least I'll ne'er forget how true to me:
To Brydain's son you were no enemy;
When Bourdin with his haughty friends stood near,
You'd with me die, or set my Constah free,
We both were strong, our souls knew not of fear,
Ye sons of later days! a tale of old come hear.

XXVII.

"'Tis night, and we are on the sea alone,
Bolden, Priden, and Harmond, son of song;
The moon at times our enemy has shown,
Before they are, in all their hundreds strong,
Winding their way to Erin land along:
We hear at times my Constah's mournful cry,
And follow to revenge the maiden's wrong;
With her, from Brydain, Bourdin late did fly,
While I was at the chase, and not a friend then nigh.

XXVIII.

"The knight and I ere while did claim the maid,
And did her sire alike regard our claim;
Not so the fair, on me her hand she laid,
And blushing did the son of Brydain name;
Home to my land with her I joyful came:
And now a year had gone already by,
And soon the maid would give this son of fame,
When Bourdin did with her from Brydain fly,
While I was at the chase, and not a friend then nigh.

XXIX.

"Bolden the brave, a knight of Erin land,
O here it was that first our friendship grew!
With me doth take a spear and sword in hand,
The knight of his own country to pursue:
Priden, a knight of Brydain, follows too;
Great was his strength, to me he was allied;
After the foe his shouts tremendous flew,
And when my Constah shriek'd or them he spied,
His single arm alone the numerous throng defied.

XXX.

" But sudden now the moon in heaven is lost,
And all the anger of the night doth rise;
Our slender bark upon the waves is tost,
Nor more the foe we see, nor hear the cries:
The thunder awful roars along the skies,
And all around us gloomy darkness be,
That nought we see but when the light'ning flies,
And then nought save a rock's declivity,
Or waves, wide opening near to swallow us, we see.

XXXI.

" Roll on, ye thunders of the night! we cry,
And open wide to swallow us, ye waves,
Our guiltless hearts are not afraid to die;
None's here who of his right his friend bereaves;
'Tis he whom darkness from our vengeance saves,
Tis he, who doth of bliss his friend deny,
That now, sure, trembling for his life oft craves,
He may not hear the thunders of the sky,
Nor, ocean, see thy tossing waves wide opening nigh.

XXXII.

" And cast us near the trembling foe, ye winds,
Let us, ere death, the injured maiden find,
For this now only sigh our fearless minds,
Be after, if ye will, cruel, unkind—
We have but ceased, when sudden calms the wind,
And the fell thunder its loud roar retains,
While fair the moon looks from her cloud behind,
And shows not far fair Erin land's high plains,
When, all at once, a bay our weary vessel gains.

XXXIII.

" And soon on land, bright in our arms, we are,
And all is now as still as e'er was night:
A hill we see, high up in heavens afar,
And thither hie, to know if yet we might
Find upon land or sea the foe in sight;
But even while we go we deem it vain:
' They have, we cry, at length escap'd us quite,
And heaven t' assist the injur'd does not deign'—
'Tis so we speak, and now the hill afar do gain.

XXXIV.

" But strange !—ere yet the hill ascend we do,
Sudden my Constah's mournful shriek all hear,
Toward the place at once our looks we threw,
And guessed right well the cruel foe were near.
Each knight, with fell intent, fast grasps his spear—
' O now ! my noble friends,' I cried, ' be brave—
But let us come in silence on, for fear,
The enemy us hearing, should them save,
Either by flight on land, or trusting to the wave.'

XXXV.

" I said, and 'gan myself to lead the way,
My friends themselves, close following, prepare,
And soon unfelt we came nigh where they lay—
It was within a valley here and there.
Some do a tent for Bourdin hasty rear;
My Constah stands all mournful by his side—
And ill can I my wrath a moment spare,
Howe'er my friends my eagerness do chide,
And first it is agreed to view them far and wide.

XXXVI.

" And so we 'gan them far and wide to view,
And reckon all their forces o'er and o'er;
Bourdin among full twenty knights we knew,
And just hard by are near three hundred more;
Some on the mountain's side, some near the shore,
Where now at anchor safe their bark doth rest;
And every chief his arms fast by him bore,
Yet at the furling sails, or noise the least,
Each would him start, as he were much by fear oppress'd.

XXXVII.

" All hope to win, howe'er, my soul doth leave,
But yet to fight Harmond cannot deny:
I turn to bid my friends by flight them save,
That one for Constah was enough to die—
But why say friends? ah friends no more have I!
Alone doth Bolden with me now remain,
Priden, through fear, fast toward our bark doth fly,—
And now we see him as he doth it gain,
The moon shines on his mail,—he tugs across the main.

XXXVIII.

" Curse on the coward !" faithful Bolden cries—
" O ! he no hero brave, no loyal friend !
But here is one at least who with thee dies,"—
He said, and 'gan his spear at once extend
It straight among the enemy to send,—
But ere he could, his arm I sudden seize,
And cry, why will the noble Bolden end,
Afar from all, mid enemy his days ?
Our arms against such force, though strong, no hope may raise.

XXXIX.

" Then fly ! and leave me here to fall alone,
For I cannot but for my Constah fall ;
The maid till death for me her love will own,
And future times may yet my fame recall—
This all I said, and thus he answers all :
'Am I,' he cries, ' then from you now to turn ?
Canst thou observe, that fear doth me appal,
Or dost thou hear me like a woman mourn ?
Know, Harmond, that my soul like yours for fame can burn.

XL.

"And future times can too my fame recall,—
Nor may the maiden me so soon forget;
Then vain to tell that I 'mong foes shall fall,
That cannot, tender friend, this soul e'er fret;
Besides, why, Harmond, should I basely let
Be lost that name that I of thee acquire?
No, Bolden, be the friend of Harmond yet,
Thou never shalt, as Priden base, retire,
Shalt not, to save thy life, witness thy fame expire."

XLI.

He ceased: the tears are starting from my eyes,
And wilt thou fall with me, great friend, said I?
O yes! my Harmond, he all loudly cries,
We will together for the maiden die,—
He said—the foe him heard,—but did not spy,
And great, no doubt, they thought our strength must be,
For ere our spears among them 'gan to fly,
Through terror great, away they hasty flee,
Some toward the mountain tops, and some on towards
the sea.

XLII.

By turns we shout, but keep us hidden still,
Till but ten knights with Bourdin now abide,
And they below, and we upon the hill,
Them viewing staring round both far and wide—
They towards us come—and we no longer hide,
But, all at once, our spears among them throw;
When straight a knight doth fall on either side,
Nor holdeth there, but swift does tumb'ling go
Headlong adown to where still Bourdin is below.

XLIII.

Nor do we after rush, but calmly stop
Until their charge the eight remaining deign,
And then we crouch, and in the mountain top
Their lengthen'd spears are all deep sunk in vain,
When furious we do on them rush amain,
And ruin is—some dead, and some alive,
Are tumbled senseless to the vale again—
As when two mountain floods before them drive
Or rock, or oak, or what else might of way deprive.

XLIV.

Thus fell, beneath our strength, tall Bourdin's men;
He too foresees his fall, and 'gins to fly,—
But ere he 's far a rock I seize, which then
Lay sunk in earth and aged moss hard by—
It angry went—it met his helmet high—
Nor yet he falls, but senseless looks around,
Until he gains the sea coast, then just nigh,
Where reeling oft, he tumbles to the ground,—
Loud rings the shore—his people fearful hear the sound.

XLV.

As when an oak upon the mountain's brow,
A cliff, high fallen from above, doth meet—
Beneath the shock it doth at first but bow,
Until at length, with all its heavy weight
Of mossy boughs, and trunk, and body great,
Rough tearing from its roots, it tumbleth down.
The oak, for all around, behold its fate,
And, loudly groaning forth, do trembling own
All pow'rful that which has such mighty force o'erthrown.

XLVI.

So Bourdin fell, and all do with him yield,—
We shout for joy,—loud echoes all the sea—
Alone doth Constah rest upon the field,
And where she is we hasty bend our way,—
Thoughtless of ill,—but on the ground she lay,
With two fair babes,—to them she now gave birth—
I tender speak,—a word she cannot say,—
Her cheek is pale—her hand as cold as earth—
She 's dead, I cry—adieu to all my days of mirth !

XLVII.

Yes, she was dead, and we, the live long night,
Did mourn there all alone the blooming maid,—
But liv'd her babes ; they wak'd with morning's light,
And oft to find her snowy breast essay'd :
My friend begs one,—Harnol to my breast I laid.
Then raise we Constah's tomb upon the strand,
And with his babe each to his home now made—
To Brydain I, and he to Erin-land,
Where tidings often since I did of him demand.

XLVIII.

But all demands since for the knight were vain;
It must that he 'neath Bourdin's people fell,
For they did promise much of gold and gain,
To him who should of noble Bolden tell—
Then, worthy friend, for ever now farewell!—
No hope for thee my soul can longer raise—
O that the friendship which with thee did dwell,
Could as impartial now each bosom seize!
But who can match the friend of Harmond's early days?

XLIX.

The bard here ceas'd, and all go seek repose.
No more the sun is seen upon the hill,
But to his rosy couch now 'neath him goes,
Where he doth rest the live long night, until
Him in the morn Aurora waken will—
Nay all the world wide do go to rest,
Save Lucan, who, as late, is wandering still;
All day he travell'd has, nor ever ceas'd,
That now, through journey long, his steed is much oppress'd.

L.

He doth not longer toward Killarney go,
For Dinah there, he knows, may not reside,
And where she is, he is resolved to know,
And hence that now he wanders far and wide.
But who is she fair riding by his side?—
'Tis Merah's self, who would her lord go find:
Nor can Sisserah from them more abide;
Love for their virtue now doth fill her mind,
And, as unworthy maid, she follows far behind.

LI.

A court at length they spy fair in a vale,
Which doth so throw its rays around it bright,
That all the little birds the radiance hail,
As though it were Aurora's early light;
In haste doth thitherward repair the knight,
To know if 'neath a dome so wond'rous fair,
Refresh them of their journey long they might,
And now arriving, all do enter there,
Nor is there grudge, the hostess all doth welcome bear.

LII.

The spacious hall fair maidens all do fill,
And near each maid a knight himself doth place,
Who, if rich arms could show of force or skill,
Should Lucan far in all such worth efface;
But such cannot when what beneath is base:
Then, fool is he who all his praise can leave
For him who shineth most in gold or lace,
When worth alone it is that such can crave,
And lace may 'dorn as well the coward as the brave.

LIII.

With heedless glance the maidens Lucan view;
Deep dinted are his arms from cruel war,
And perils great, which he has suffered too,
Since he did travel Erin-land afar:
And such, the maidens think, his worth ought mar,
And hence their glance all heedless on him ran;
Oh how deceived!—but ye alone not are,
The world like you, alas! find many can,
Who, from habiliment, appreciate the man!

LIV.

But beauteous maid should not be led astray,
'Tis not on him who shines but in parade,
That she her hope, her love, her soul should lay,
'Tis on the mind of worth it should be laid,—
On him who merits love of beauteous maid:—
But he of show, what doth his soul possess?—
But sure he hath no soul—he 's but a shade—
One somehow got 'tween pride and selfishness,
In sooth, tho' human formed, a being of nothingness.

LV.

Now in the merriment long do they share,
Until, at length, the hour of rest is come,
When, all foreweari'd, they themselves repair,
In grateful sleep to find of quiet some.
The hostess takes Sisserah to a room,
'Tis far from where them any may o'erhear,
And there, as it doth hostess oft become,
She begs that all she knows she would declare,
As last whence did she come, and now how far, and where.

LVI.

And doth Sisserah from the first all tell—
How she saw Lucan near the lonely tow'r,
And how she brought him where herself did dwell,
And all beside which happen'd since that hour:—
As how his greatness did her heart o'erpow'r,
And how he Merah from her foes did free,
And how her sire his gratitude did pour,
And tell the tale of Harnol's bravery,
And what else happen'd had, ere they her house did see.

LVII.

Scarce has she heard, when she at once begins
To urge the maid to change her just design,
And ev'ry way she tries that ever wins
The upright soul from what is chaste, divine:—
"O if," she cries, "my soul were like to thine!
Narenna's soul!—alas, what should I do?
To be in sorrow,—ever to repine!
For what?—for joy or bliss ere while gone through!—
O wretched life, in sooth, for thee, sad maid, I view.

LVIII.

" Then leave thy mad design, and with me dwell;
Nor sorrow, nor repining here will be,
But thou shalt all thy youth in pleasure tell,
Without one hour of woe to ever see,
All day in bow'rs, all night in revelry;
And still with fairest maids and knights of fame:
Yes, leave thy mad design, and dwell with me,
Loud at my breast, thy fate doth pity claim,
And whoe'er could not pity show were, sure, to blame."

LIX.

She said, and thus Sisserah doth reply:
" O did Narenna, beauteous maiden, know
How lovely virtue is as now do I,
She would not pity then, but envy show!
O once my bosom too like thine did glow!
Once did I feel what now can thee entice,
But since another soul did in me grow,
Sisserah since vain joys did sacrifice,—
And, Virtue, how thou 'rt fair! and how thou 'rt hateful,
Vice!"

LX.

Hasty, at this, Narenna from her went,
Ill could she bear to hear fair virtue's praise;
And now where Merah is her way she bent,
Nor, till that maiden fair she finds, delays—
Asleep she is—Narenna sudden stays—
"I will," she cries, "behold how she is fair—
She throws a look—but quick, as in amaze,
That look withdraws, the sight she could not bear,
To her such pain to look on virtue's beauty rare.

LXI.

"Ha! that," she cries, "is beauty fair indeed!
How far can she my fairest maids efface!
Nor art, nor charms affected doth she need,
With her real beauty is,—'tis Heaven's grace—
None such, alas! can with Narenna trace;
Though once, as Merah, virtuous maid, had she
Such sweetness and such loveliness of face,
But long 'tis now since I that day did see,
Yes, long, O sin! since first my soul did yield to thee.

LXII.

" And, Merah, you that now so virtuous be,
May yet too know of sin as well as I,—
Yes, and you shall, thy virtue's ruin I see,
And yours, Sisserah, too—now all is nigh—
Hourdan and Bryardan do sleep close by,
And ye for them will be a rich reward,
When 'neath their secret blows your knight shall die—
If two will not soon vanquish one, 'tis hard;
And when he low, who, maidens, will thy virtue guard?"

LXIII.

She said, and envy doth her bosom sway,
That maiden should be than herself more great;
She goes where Hourdan and Bryardan lay,
Full jealous now of virtue's happy state;
Asleep them soon she found—but not as late,
Fair Merah, virtue's self, in sleep she found—
Pale horror on each visage held his seat,
And ever they with look forbidden frown'd,
And startl'd too, as though within did something wound.

LXIV.

" Ha! there," she cries, " foul guilt, not virtue, sleeps—
Within them now they do some hellish deed,
And hence that gloom which on each visage keeps,
Full glad they will on what I want proceed "—
She said, and 'gan to waken them with speed:
They start, they look,—she doth to them declare
What she would of them have, and, that the meed
They might behold, now hasty leads them where,
Unconscious of all ill, asleep the maidens were.

LXV.

With greedy look the knights do on them gaze,—
But swift Narenna forces them away—
And now their arms with fell intent they seize,
Resolving each a maid to have ere day—
They come at length to where brave Lucan lay:
" Approach," Narenna cries, " behold the guard
'Gainst all thy hopes, nought else frustrate them may,
Be valiant then, since great is the reward;
Sure two will vanquish one, or it is very hard! "

LXVI.

They both advance, their swords uplifted high—
Asleep he is, ere dead, they would him view,
And throw a look, but without knowing why,
That look, all hasty, fearful back 'gain drew—
'Twas that his brow, on which sat valour true,
Did strike with terror great each trembling heart—
And now they shake, and now they cannot do
What fain they would, that much does shame them smart,
And oft they in them cry, " O knight, how great thou art!"

LXVII.

Narenna sees their shame,—she doth them chide:
" Why do ye fearful look upon that brow?—
Where is that valour gone so quick?" she cried,
" Which ye unasked, would ever tell of so?"
Cry they, " defenceless knight we know not how
To basely slay,—it is beneath brave man,"—
To which the maid, " Then will I wake him now,"—
She feigneth such—away they hasty ran,
And cry for mercy dear, and hide them where they can.

END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

ARGUMENT.

Dinah, now accompanied by Harnol only, continues her journey in quest of Lucan.—Harmond, in the meanwhile, accompanied by Architon and Bandon, travels in a contrary direction for the same purpose.—For what end the parties separate.—They are to meet according to appointment.—Who the companions of Harmond are.—The episode of the battle of Bubinda.

CANTO THE FIFTH.

I.

The sun by this is high above in heaven,—
Is where he doth him rest at noontide hour;
And to the shade the herd his flock has driven,
To shun the burning heat which doth o'erpow'r;
When Dinah travelled has through many a bow'r,
And many a lonely way since morning light;
Then she with Harnol brave did leave that tow'r
Where they to rest them stopp'd now many a night,
Since Harmond did the tale of Bolden brave recite.

II.

She with the knight doth search her Lucan still;
Nor with her more the bard now wandering be,
He goeth toward Limercus fair, where will,
Ere long, him Harnol and the maiden see;
For so did they, at parting, late agree;
Then all do wander towards Limercus fair;
For, quoth the bard, 'tis in dividing, we,
To search the knight, a double chance may share;
So did they all divide to search him ev'ry where.

III.

Nor is the bard now wandering alone;
Architon, he whom Harnol late o'ercame,
With him to search brave Lucan too is gone;
Architon's brother e'en, Bandon by name,
Who ne'er would hear of merit or true fame,
Now follows too, by Harmond's counsel won
To love of glory, such as heroes claim,
Who ever do what is ignoble shun,
And bless the soul of him who has e'er nobly done.

IV.

And on they hie until they meet a shade,
By which an aged stream did winding flow;
And there them on the grass adown they laid,
Until the burning heat of noon would go.
Oft o'er the wave the bard his eyes doth throw:
And does his look the while emotion hold;—
" O there," he cries, " I saw brave knights laid low;
Beneath the silent wave now sleep they cold;
Oh hear their tale!—methinks again all to behold.

V.

" On yonder side the sons of Brydain are,
Winding along the strand, a numerous host,
Come from their own high snowy hills afar—
Beside the sons of many afar off coast—
And 'mid them all their chief doth shine the most;
And from fair Gaulus' land afar is he;
Nor with his throng his mighty shout is lost;
Hither it comes amid its enemy,
And calls them on to death, or glorious victory.

VI.

Nor silent Stuart, chief of Erin land;
Amid his host, a numerous throng, he goes,
And ranges all along the noisy strand,
And doth him for the doubtful strife dispose;
And oft, the while, his shout tremendous rose,
As 'cross the stream, at times, his look he threw,
To see where Brydain's chief his station chose:
But he none has, amid his host he flew,
Which wind along the stream as far as eye may view.

VII.

From hence, not far, a town named Norda lies,
Where do for long the sons of Brydain dwell;
And who against all Erin land did rise,
That they accuse of persecution fell.
Stuart, the king such haughty foe would quell,
And 'gainst them late with mighty force he went,
But so did they great Stuart's force repel,
That though he cruel famine 'mid them sent,
In vain, before their walls, long time in siege was spent.

VIII.

Of such great contest Gellimus doth hear,
And Brydain's sons from far he comes to aid—
His powers, methinks, now yonder do appear;
And his the chief that all these powers has sway'd—
The other chiefs behold around array'd
In all their arms of shining steel so bright;
Each hero's soul is in his looks display'd;
They shake their spears, and lift their swords on height,
And call again the sons of Erin land to fight.

IX.

Nor need the sons of Erin land be called;
No fear of fight doth swell their bosoms brave;
They see their foe advance, and, unappalled,
Do rush to meet them in the bounding wave;
As tho' two worlds their seats at once should leave,
And meet with all their mountains on the sea,
So loud the burst of noise that meeting gave
Either proud host—they join in middle way,
And spears and shields at once arise—dread is the fray.

X.

No soul of either host doth dream of flight;
Here nought but rage, and strife, and glory all;
It is who shall be foremost in the fight,
And for his country's sake the first to fall—
And does the weakest on the mightiest call—
But foremost 'mid the throng Lucan appears,
And though half 'neath the wave he still is tall:
Thick all around him fly the glitt'ring spears:
But still he foremost is—no foe brave Lucan fears.

XI.

His country's freedom 'tis—his country's right,
Which now doth sway the hero's noble soul:
Alone hence stands he foremost in the fight,
As tho' he would that all should 'gainst him roll.
Oh valour high!—of greatness this the whole.
But he who war for other nation tries,
Yet leaves his own in bondage to condole,
Did ne'er sure feel true valour with them rise;
Such lost to him who cannot hear his country's cries.

XII.

Next Lucan 's Berwick, Stuart's spurious son;
Than he, no chief has wonders done more great;
He looks behind and calls his squadrons on,
As he alone would Brydain's sons defeat.
Next him is Dorton, chief of soul elate;
Then Nealus, knight long known in Erin land;
And Dungan next, who rushes to his fate;
Death, with his mighty spear, flies from his hand;
Nor knight yet has he met, who may his force withstand.

XIII.

Nor wanteth ancient Brydain knights like these:
Here Gellimus doth 'mid his throng appear;
Next aged Scomberg, who all seeming sways,
With Bergs his son, a knight of youthful year;
Kalmote, Denmark, and Kirk, are fighting near;
Three noble knights all matchless in their way;
Kalmote to send aright the flying spear;
Denmark, how best the warlike steed to sway;
And Kirk to bend the bow, and death at distance lay.

XIV.

But why should I forget my valiant son,
My Harnol, who doth meet the strife with joy?
To lift the spear this day he has begun,
Yet foremost, too, I see my gallant boy;
And near him Carmol doth his post employ;
And next to him his brother Carmiline;
Both lift their spears as ready to destroy
All pow'rs that durst 'gainst Brydain's sons combine,
Though they of Erin land, but of ignoble line.

XV.

Thus all but Stuart combat in the fight;
Another station doth the hero choose;
Aloof he is upon an ancient height,
And thence the battle in its anger views.
Nor he nor Gellimus yet 'gan to lose;
Alike does either mighty host contend;
Here with the dead some chief of Brydain strews
The bloody stream: and here his way doth bend
Some knight of Erin land, and death around him send.

XVI.

And all the while the shouts tremendous rise,
And clang of arms, that nought but discord know;
Man, chariot, horse,—all in confusion hies,
And all with blood Bubinda stream doth flow.
First of great Brydain's chiefs Scomberg doth go,
And with him death, whither he doth him wind;
Knight after knight his arm doth overthrow,
The deeds of old are burning in his mind;
And who durst in his rage the aged hero find?

XVII.

First Arundel would meet the hero's strength,
Tall Arundel! a knight so great in fame!
His spear of yew doth seem a yew in length,
And broad his shield beneath the heaven's flame:
Scomberg him eyes, and wields his fatal beam—
All from around the chiefs do swift retire—
As tho' the mightiest two together came—
Great Arundel alone is all on fire;
He too doth wield his spear, and 'waken all his ire.

XVIII.

" Rebel," he cries, " if others fly, think not
That Arundel like them may also fly;
Thee, as the chief, long in the fight I've sought,
And now, proud warrior, gladly hail thee nigh."
He said, and him askaunt the chief doth eye.
" Vain Arundel, believe him not," he cries,
" Proud rebel who to day would willing die,
That Brydain's persecuted sons might rise,
Proud rebel never in such glorious contest dies."

XIX.

He said, and hurl'd his spear with fury fell;
On through the groaning air it angry sped,
'Till on the globe form'd shield of Arundel
Aslant it came with all its vengeance dread—
If else, the noble knight had then been dead—
Just o'er the grasp it struck the middle part,
And half the brazen round thence with it led;
The knights of Erin land do fearful start,
And even now doth beat proud Arundel's great heart.

XX.

Yet, gathering all his strength, he sends his spear,
And onward with such rapid force it flew,
That ere his shield to ward his foe might bear,
It pierced that plate, which guards the breast, half thro',
Then sudden fell;—now both their swords swift drew,
And each towards each on through the water hies,—
They seem'd as monsters of the deep to view—
One time, for Brydain's chief, the distant cries,
One time, for Arundel of fame, they do arise—

XXI.

At once the shouts do cease—the knights have met;
Now heaviest vengeance in their minds they bore;
And with such wrath each on his foe beset,
That soon with them the contest dread is o'er—
Great Arundel of fame is then no more—
Scomberg on him a blow so furious sent,
That shield and mail, and all that came before
Its matchless force, at once beneath it bent,
'Till deep within the hero's noble heart it went.

XXII.

He falls;—all Erin land doth heave a sigh;—
As when a prop, great guardian of some tow'r,
Against the angry warfare of the sky,
Thunder or storm, or what else may o'erpow'r;
Is met by Jove at length in wrathful hour—
At once beneath his vengeful bolt it lies,—
And now the tower beholding it no more,
And hearing still the anger of the skies,
Does, with his guardian's fall, up throw his mighty sighs.

XXIII.

So fell the knight, and Erin land did sigh;
E'en Scomberg for the brave doth shed a tear;
And now on thro' the host again does hie,
To weet what knight so bold that durst be near;
But none abide, all fly as herd of deer,—
Great Ashton save, who would his force withstand,
But he too falls beneath the chief's dread spear—
Full length he is upon the bloody strand;
And once again doth heavy sigh all Erin land.

XXIV.

Mighty the deeds of other heroes too—
Great Gellimus, Denmark, and Ormond young;
And Kirk, and Bergs, and many others, who,
Where'er they went, pale death around them flung;
But they apart of Brydain's host among,
Remote from where the mighty chieftain fought,
'Tis where the lowly vales around them rung,
With shouts o'er deeds that valiant Lucan wrought,
And more of Erin land who death e'er with them brought.

XXV.

Nealus and Kalmote now meet in the strife;
Kalmote, that best can send the spear aright,
And mighty Nealus, who to-day, of life
Many a hero has depriv'd, in fight;
Either great host doth anxious view its knight—
Th' unerring spear first Kalmote furious sends;
Full on the casque of Nealus doth it light,
Divides it in the front, and angry rends
That part just o'er the pole, and near the neck descends.

XXVI.

For Kalmote loud do shout all Brydain's host;
Nealus in wrath swift flings his spear away,
And runs against the knight with vigour most,
That ere he well has come where he doth stay,
He 'gins with might his blows around him lay!
And loud they do off Kalmote's mail resound—
Not long the valiant knight abide them may;
Headlong he falls beneath a mortal wound,
And loud the murmur of all Brydain's host around.

XXVII.

Brave Berwick and wise Walker next engage;
He is of Stuart great the spurious son,
And this a noble hero and a sage,
Who mighty fame of late at Norda won;
In council and in strife alike he shone;
But now the hero's day of pride is o'er—
Him furious doth great Berwick rush upon,
And all perforce aloft in arms upbore,
Then dashed in wrath adown—for far resounds the shore.

XXVIII.

As some great oak, whose fair broad front uprais'd
Has long withstood the tempests of the sky,
Is by the spirit of the whirlwind seized,
And wrapt, in all his pride of bloom, on high,
Then thence in wrath flung down to fade and die—
The vales resound, fear fills all living kind;
And swift the flocks do to the covert fly—
The herdsman fearful too a shade would find,
And hide him from the angry spirit of the wind.

XXIX.

So 'neath the hero's fall the shore resounds;
And now the shouts for Erin land are great;
Her knights all deal around them deadly wounds,
And Brydain's sons 'gin tremble for their fate;
One time they stand; one time they do retreat;
And all the while great Lucan's shouts arise;
Whome'er he meets at once he doth defeat;
And now where Scomberg is afar he spies,
And toward the knight on through the throng all hasty flies.

XXX.

The hostile host on either side gives way;
Two knights already do 'neath Scomberg fall—
Dead on the strand, Gerald the strong here lay,
And here groans 'neath his wounds Arthur the tall.
This Lucan saw, and on the chief 'gan call—
Tho' far off, Scomberg eyes him presently;
And so on either vengeful comes, that all
The warring chiefs, who here around them be,
Withhold them from the strife, their mighty feats to see.

XXXI.

Ere yet they meet, thus Scomberg has begun:
"Say whence the chief that durst approach me near?
Is he of noble line, and has he won,
As I, great honour at the sword and spear?
No; him I judge one by the king sent here,
With promise great, if I should to him yield;
But mark the sword, young knight, that all do fear!
Ere thou canst meet its edge, thou long shalt wield,
As I, the warrior's spear, and win in many a field."

XXXII.

"Hold, Scomberg," cries the knight of Erin Land;
"Think me not sprung of an ignoble line:
I, too, as you, can fame of birth demand;
Also the honor of the spear is mine:
Nor think it is the king who may incline
My soul, thro' promise, here to make thee yield;
Unbid I come where I do see thee shine;
Nor do I fear the sword that thou doest wield,
Though long I have not fought, or won in many a field."

XXXIII.

He ceased; and each toward each, in wrath, rush'd on;
What were the feats of arms achieved till now?—
At every onset mail or plate is gone,
And each doth bend him to the mighty blow—
So would two mountain floods, on meeting, go;—
But soon a strife unequall'd so doth end:
Lucan, in wrath, a stroke directed so,
That shield or else 'twere madness to extend—
The vengeful steel through all its way did angry rend.

XXXIV.

As shadowy darkness flies across the hill,
When clouds bright Phœbus from the world do hide,
So sadness now all Brydain's host doth fill,
As Scomberg falls, his arms extended wide :
Thus falls a spreading oak in all his pride ;
The flock the tempest of the heavens foresee,
And would them from its threatening wrath to hide ;
Now haste to find their own beloved tree,
But him the blast has thrown,—they know not where to flee.

XXXV.

So Brydain's sons, since their great chief no more,
Now know not whither from the storm to hie ;
And angry Lucan they do fly before,
As herd of deer would 'fore the hunter fly.
Loud Stuart's shout from off his hill hard by ;
Half Brydain's host he sees to Lucan yield,
And his big heart with every hope is high ;—
Three times he seizes on his sword and shield,
As tho' he would share in the glory of the field.

XXXVI.

What knight of Brydain's host the shock first stands?
'Tis Gellimus;—his great soul cannot deign
To shun the strife, and he aloud commands
The flying powers with him to remain—
They hear their chief—the strife's renewed again—
A double ardour Brydain's sons 'gin feel—
To win or fall with Gellimus they mean—
Headlong in death tall knights around do reel—
And loud the shout of war, and dread the clash of steel.

XXXVII.

Now Powel falls—and now great Carlingford—
And Vaudry next, that never foe did fear;
And all beneath great Gellimus' dread sword,
That hasty sendeth death both far and near:
So ruinous flies at night the lightning drear.
The screech-owls of the lonely desert scream—
They see above their rocks the flash appear,
And how it doth just near destructive gleam,
That all would willing hide them from the angry flame.

XXXVIII.

Brave Berwick first doth mark the mighty man.
His soul is bent upon one noble deed—
In all his sounding arms he vig'rous ran,
Where hundreds 'neath great Gellimus do bleed;
Naught can abide him as he doth proceed;
Through all perforce he doth his way compel;
From far does Gellimus behold his speed—
He runs, they angry meet—but who can tell,
The heroes' noble deeds? the son of Stuart fell.

XXXIX.

Many of Brydain would behold the knight,
And 'mong the rest my noble Harnol came.
All wearied is my son from cruel fight—
The blood of heroes 'long his sword doth stream—
He views the fallen chief and asks his name:
"Great was he in the strife all day," he cries;
"Though fallen he, not so his wond'rous fame;
Yes, that shall live—in spite of all shall rise,
And wake in future day him now that lowly lies.

XL.

He said; and now he's with the chief alone;
The others eager do the strife pursue;—
But Harnol stays—he heard the hero moan,
And thought he might his day of life renew:
He lov'd a foe whom he so brave did view,
For all the day, share in the cruel fight:
No coward action did the hero do;
When foes did fall beneath his matchless might,
He would them aid, nor e'er exulted o'er a knight.

XLI.

My son him 'side the cooling stream down lays,
And doth him of his heavy armour free;
And now the evening zephyr round him plays,
That soon again in grateful life is he;
This Harnol sees and to the strife doth flee;—
The strife that even now more dreadful grows,
None idly gaze, all in dread conflict be;
And loud the noisy din of arms and blows,
But louder still the shouts that 'mid the battle rose.

XLII.

Carmol and Carmiline now dreadful go—
Amid the strife, together is their way;
Who, single, durst approach the angry foe?
Great is the knight of Erin land who may.
Carmol marks Lucan far amid the fray—
He fears, tho' aided, to approach the knight:
But nigh a rock of rugged round loose lay;
Its bulk he seiz'd, and hurl'd with all his might,
Nor err'd, broad on the chest of Lucan did it light.

XLIII.

All thoughtless of such blow down doth he fall:—
As some great rock high o'er the boisterous wave,
Doth the loud roaring deep, the storms and all,
That durst oppose in open strife outbrave,
Until some fury of the blast would leave
His proud head low, and doth a bolt on send,
Which comes unseen, and so doth him bereave
Of every strength, that down he doth descend,
And, ruinous on the coast, his rugged bulk extend.

XLIV.

So Lucan now ; and Carmol's shouts are loud ;
The fallen hero's shield he flies to take ;
But Dorton eyes him from amid a crowd,
Of knights, where he fought for his country's sake ;
Away thro' all perforce he soon doth break ;
And now he flies where mighty Lucan lay :
Two knights have seiz'd the shield, but he doth make
Them dearly for the venturous deed to pay ;
In death he smote the two, and bore the shield away.

XLV.

Nealus soon joins, they over Lucan stand—
Carmol arrives—he durst not meet the foe,
But hasty gains the host of Brydain's land,
Shouting aloud great Lucan's overthrow.
With whom apart Nealus and Dorton go,
And leave him breathing life hard by a stream ;
Then 'mid the strife again their anger throw ;
Wrath for the fallen knight doth them inflame—
They rush through Brydain's host, and none but Carmol claim.

XLVI.

But he no more is seen or heard to boast;
It was, that he did hide him 'mong the slain;
Yet still the knights do search him through his host,
'Till they, at length, its rear do wearied gain;
They own their rashness then, and search so vain—
In front the sons of Erin land 'gan yield;
For Nealus and for Dorton they complain,
These hear and from the foe they would them shield,
But cannot now—their spears hundreds around them wield.

XLVII.

This Gellimus, wise watchful chief, had done;
He gladly let the knights to gain his rear;
And now he in the front of battle won;
No chief, that durst approach his pow'rs, is there,
Save Dungan, he, brave knight, the shock would dare,—
But Harnol, youth, 'till now, unknown to fame,
Who ne'er before saw war, or sword did bear,
Tho' single, slew great Dungan in the stream,
All Erin land then fled, hence great was Harnol's name.

END OF CANTO THE FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

The Dream.—It is evening; and Harnol and Dinah are wandering in quest of Lucan.—They travel through lonely parts.—The thoughts and reflections of Harnol.—It is night.—Dinah's fears.—Her reliance on Harnol.—The plaint of Alvel.—His tale.—Harnol frees him from Prejudeek.—Their reception at a strange house.—The song of Museus.—It is seductive.—Its bad effects.—Alvel's reflections.—His song.—Its happy effects.

CANTO SIXTH.

I

Ah! why awake?—It was a lovely dream!—
More pleasing, Zairah, than thou yet didst hear:—
Methought of fairy form one to me came,
Who did, all willing, 'broad with her me bear;
And thro' lone ways our wanderings sudden were;
Now by dark bower, now wood, now forest wide;
And Lucan great, and Merah chaste seemed there;
And Harnol brave, and Dinah sad beside;
And many others too; and much did all betide.

II.

And sweetest song, that fairy form, the while,
Methought, did pour into my ravished soul,
As tho' she would it quite of all beguile,
So wild, yet pleasing, did her numbers roll,
As o'er my listening sense they witching stole;
And ever of the knights and maids she sung:
Oh, Zairah, ill thy bard may tell the whole,
So much e'er strayed the wanderers among,
And did such meed of praise to all their deeds belong.

III.

And ancient bards, oft too, methought, were near,
E'er pouring forth their wild and tender lays,
Which could my longing soul for ever hear,
So did they sing of knights and maids always,
And did the while their song upon me seize.—
But lo! that fairy form 'gain to me came,—
And, ere I wake, she me all anxious prays,
Of what I saw, to tell thee, maid, the same—
But ill may I,—in sooth, it was a lovely dream!

IV.

Bright Phœbus now is high in heav'ns no more,
All wearied low o'er ocean's wave he bends,
And fair the clouds spread heaven's plain all o'er,
And mild the dew of eve on earth descends;
When dinah from cool shade her journey wends;
There she with Harnol shunn'd the burning ray:
Gay hope new strength her bosom ever lends:
As late, through lonely bow'rs, now is their way;
The flocks play 'round, the bird of eve begins her lay.

V.

And fair is now the scene of lowly vale:
There silence, and the lily all alone,
Which seemeth for her absent love to wail—
Pale o'er the stream she hangs as grief were known—
Fair too the scene of hill with heath o'ergrown;
The lily pale, and silence too are there,—
Save where the gale through some lone shrub has blown,
Or rushes 'long the fern the fearful deer,
To gain his nightly lodge, strong brake or thicket near.

VI.

Nor wanteth, too, what 's fair lone wood or stream;
All is, as evening still, both mild and fair,—
But not as Dinah,—her bright looks do beam
What's fairer far ;—'tis beauty, virtuous, rare,—
Such beauty as the looks of maidens wear,
On whom has nature shown her loveliest art :—
The youth sees all—and does he yield?—but where
The youth so strong,—so great of soul, whose heart
Now might not yield, did such as Dinah looks impart?

VII.

Soon do they find them far in lonely bower,
More lonely than their wanderings yet did try ;
There darkness reigns, as it were midnight hour,
And stillness is, as nought were breathing nigh ;
And their thick shrubs, and trees, and shades are high ;
But human foot-track they may not find there,
As tho' none e'er the lonely way passed by,
Or far remote from every home it were,
Or mart, or any place where travellers journey bear.

VIII.

And now more far the wanderers here stray,
But still doth all more lonely to them seem;
Yet, as they cared to find not other way,
Here still they wander do 'side shade or stream;
And often too by arbour dark they came;
Where tufted shrub and tree all plenteous grew,
That ne'er the sun might look into the same,
Nor from without the inpart any view,
So thick o'erhead and all around, their arms they threw.

IX.

And still doth loneliest silence all the while,
Hold every part around 'neath its domain,—
Save when, at times, that bird, which doth beguile
The silent hour of night, with her sad strain,
They hear far down in lonely bower complain;
Or when some stream, which nigh thro' arbours led
Its wonted way, to find the open plain,
Doth break, at times, upon the stillness dread,
As it lone echo were, and answered to their tread.

X.

And doth the while the breast of Harnol know
Emotion strange,—such as ne'er known before;—
Now heavy sigh he in him heaves, as though
His noble heart great weight of conflict bore:—
And Dinah's eyes and his meet evermore —
And still they stray thro' dark and lonely part.—
Oh, does he yield!—and is his greatness o'er?—
But where the youth so strong of soul, whose heart
Now might not yield, did such as Dinah looks impart?

XI.

Yet, as the lightning skims and flies the wave,
'Tis so wrong thought the heart of Harnol flies.—
" I will not yield,"—within him, cries the brave,—
" Arise, my soul, in all thy pride arise;—
If now her Lucan live, how could those eyes
Look on the knight, I meriting control?—
But why speak thus? then if the hero dies,
Is that a sanction to a deed so foul?
Assur'dly no—then why say, ' If he live,—my soul?

XII.

" Tho' Lucan never should behold thee, maid,
Nor any of the world should even know,
That I her, who on me did trust, betray'd,
Yet never will I, in my pride, do so:—
The fame of Harmond's son must nobly grow—
Of him the bard shall not hereafter say,
That he a cloud o'er all his fame did throw,
Did her, who on his soul would trust, betray,—
No, bard, my fame shall rise unsullied to thy day.

XIII.

" Nor shall my sire, the aged Harmond, say,
That I, his son, did mar his generous fame:—
No,—live, ag'd bard, in all your pride, you may,
'Tis not for me that wrinkl'd brow to shame.
O proud, and great, and high, and virtuous flame!
Thus grant you ever may my soul inspire,—
Still teach me how to shun what bringeth blame,—
To live like hero is my proud desire,
But I may fail—O strengthen me, thou heav'nly fire!"

XIV.

He said, and high his heart within him swells,
High swells above the thought of being low;
As when the ocean in his pride excels,
And doth his waves aloft to heavens throw.—
The maiden now and he no more do go
Far wand'ring thro' dark bower and lonely shade;
High open plains a way to them do show,
But lo! 'tis night—the moon's above display'd,
And all the world around,—now deep in silence laid.

XV.

The maid looks on the knight,—within her breast
Now fear doth come—O just, and virtuous fear!
Whate'er may show fair maid, 'tis this that best
Can show her fair,—than beauty this more dear—
But all is gone—her soul of dread is clear—
"I am not with the base," the maiden cries;
"Harnol, the noble son of Harmond's here,
He who did o'er my foe victorious rise;—
No more I fear, my soul upon the knight relies."

XVI.

O youth, be proud ! tho' great thy fame in arms,
More great that fame the maiden thee bestows,—
And you, ye fair, that pride you of your charms,
Be proud, if e'er your soul as Dinah's rose;
If e'er ye fear'd as she, yet trusted those
Whose soul ye noble knew ; but it were shame
That maiden should mistrust the great as foes,
As them, who ne'er on praise could make one claim,
For, all to female honor lost are lost to fame.

XVII.

By this they 'gin to see if dwelling 's nigh;
But long the plains they wander do in vain :
And now the moon's above in heavens high :
And faint, as tho' all wearied from her strain;
Doth the sad lonely bird of night complain ;
While heavy all the flocks around them lie;
Save those that frighted start up from the plain,
And staring stand, as tho' much wond'ring why,
The lonely travellers should, at hour so late, pass by.

XVIII.

Ere long they draw nigh to a flowing stream ;
All lonely on its bank the willow grows,
And fair the silent moon doth trembling beam
Upon its hoary wave, that murmuring flows
On thro' the mead toward where at distance rose
Some height, which did to heaven its front uprear—
With Harnol thitherward the maiden goes,
And, long the stream their way—but as they near
The height do draw, in mournful wise they one o'erhear.

XIX.

" Hail, Bergus ! native stream," the mourner cries,
" Long pass'd the day since we did meet before,
Oh happy day ! why ever did those eyes
Behold thee, blisful time of childhood, o'er ?
No anxious thirst of fame this breast then bore,
My only wish thee, Bergus, to behold
Fair wand'ring thro' thy meads for evermore ;
And then, as now, e'er thro' this mead you roll'd,
And murmuring to me here your sorrows often told.

XX.

" And I, fair stream, would often pity thee,
Yet, in my little anger, too would chide,
I thought no sorrow should with any be,
And why does Bergus murmur, oft I cried?
Does he not thro' green meads for always glide,
And doth he other bliss than that e'er claim?
Each day the sun smiles on him too—beside
Each night the silent moon doth on him beam,
Then why does Bergus murmur? cease thee, lovely stream!

XXI.

" Thus in my youthful day, ere grief I knew,
I often would thee chide, fair Bergus, here;
But now, as Bergus, I do murmur too,
Tho' like to him, thro meads my way I bear,
And on me smiles each day the sun so fair,
And doth each night the moon upon me beam,
Yet still does grief my troubl'd bosom share;
No more I sorrow chide, no more exclaim,
Then why does Bergus murmur? cease thee, lovely stream!"

XXII

Now him the maiden and the knight do see—
He sudden ceased,—cries Harnol, " whence thy woe ?
We've heard thy tender plaint, and great may be
The cause of all the grief which thou doest know."
" Sir knight," the stranger cries, " my griefs do flow
From no great cause, yet great, no doubt, are they—
But since thou wouldst them hear, brave youth, I go
To freely tell thee all, without delay—
But sad my soul,—it swells with thoughts of early day.

XXIII.

" As you, Sir knight, I yet was young in year,
When first began my thirst of fame to wake;
And soon as e'er would morning then appear,
I would me to the silent arbour take,
There all alone my tender song to make,
Of heroes bold, and wand'ring maidens fair;
And often too, I sung for Menah's sake,—
For Menah, who true love for me did bear,
The maid for whom also my heart did love declare.

XXIV.

" And Menah to the arbour oft would hie,
To tell her tender love, and hear my song;
And to the maid my heart would ever sigh,
And breathe its amorous tale the whole day long.
Ah destiny! what did I do of wrong?
That thou, so soon, from Menah didst me part,—
Sweetmond comes, bard to whom does fame belong,
He boasts his worth, and with seductive art,
First gains her sire,—next wins my Menah from my heart.

XXV.

" And dear in Menah's ear were Sweetmond's lays;
Of love he sung, and all its happy hours;
How few it ever feel, and how always
It but the pure and tender heart o'erpow'rs;
And ever did he speak of streams and flow'rs,
And every tuneful bird, that any may
Have heard to sing in woods, or shades, or bow'rs,
That soon, he, with his sweet and tender lay,
Did seize on Menah's heart, and bear it quite away.

XXVI.

" But, Sweetmond, it was not alone thy song
That lovely Menah from her Alvel won,
Fell Prejudeek too lent his aidance strong,
And me in Menah's sight and all undone.—
' Who is Alvel,' he cried ? ' a shepherd's son !'
' And how could he of loves and battles tell ?
Heaven denies such mighty gift to one,
Who is not bred where kings or lords may dwell ;'
So would he speak, and all would b'lieve the tyrant fell.

XXVII.

" My home I leave, elsewhere for fame to seek ;
And I do seek it long with toil and pain,
But ev'ry where still follows Prejudeek,
And renders all my toil and efforts vain :
He still doth say, 'tis not for shepherd swain,
To sing of maidens love, and hero's fight.
And where he comes there none at all will deign
To hear me or of loves or wars recite—
And where does he not come ? O there he is, Sir knight !"

XXVIII.

He said, and straight a haggard wretch appears—
With thought he's bent, suspicion's in his eye—
And high on either side his head, his ears
Are fearful cock'd, and oft adown they lie
Until again he doth them raise on high,
Which oft he does, as tho' his foe were near.—
No sooner him the noble youth doth spy,
Than all in wrath, he lifts aloft his spear—
But ere he strikes, he bids the tyrant fell to hear.

XXIX.

" Base Prejudeek," cries Harnol, " doest thou think,
That if thou swayest those to reason blind,
That I may also to thy terrors shrink?—
No, reptile, here some other doest thou find;
Go to the fool, go to the low of mind,
To those who would it seems have pow'rful heav'n,
In its all good, and gracious gifts confin'd,—
Gifts that impartially are ever given,—
Go, wretch, to those, ere thou, in death, art headlong driv'n."

XXX.

He said, and flung at once his noble spear;
But Prejudeek aside swift from it fled,
And then came eager on, as void of fear,
And aim'd a mighty blow at Harnol's head:
But with his shield the knight aside it led,
And, in such wrath, 'gan strike at Prejudeek,
That he, all wounded, shrieking from him sped;
And darkest glooms and coverts did he seek,
And still, as on he hied, all echoed to his shriek.

XXXI.

As when, from summer skies the southern wind,
Doth scourge loud Boreas to his frozen hill,
Wrathful he goes, and ever leaves behind
His threatening roar, which all the north doth fill.
So Prejudeek did angry fly until
Alvel can hear his shriek around no more;
And now he joyous thanks the knight, and still,
That he him e'er might thank, he solemn swore,
To be his bard, and with him travel evermore.

XXXII

The knight consents, and all together go;
Nor is it long ere they do reach that height,
Which did its bulk unto the travellers show,
Ere Prejudeek and Harnol met in fight;
But 'tis not now, what then it seem'd to sight—
A stately court it is high raised in air,
Where Alvel, and the maiden, and the knight,
Do enter all, to try if dome so fair
Would let benighted travellers 'neath its roof repair.

XXXIII.

And cheerfully it doth them all receive,
For there dwelt joy in which did many take;
Some to the song, some to the dance them gave,
That all the house with merriment did shake—
And now the lord of all doth silence make,
He would that Museus, his bard, might tell,
Of love, some tender tale, which could awake
Sweet pleasing thought—the bard consents, and dwell,
In silence, all, to hear what lovers sad befel:—

XXXIV.

" Night's veil was spread, and 'neath the western hill
Bright Phœbus' car, as wont, each eve did lie,
While rose the moon, and silence ever still,
Sway'd undisturb'd, afar through air and sky—
When 'lone near Bergus' banks came riding by,
A maiden fair, in garment loose array'd;
Her tender bosom heaving troubl'd sigh,
And dismal paleness on her look display'd,
As sorrow, clouded nymph, had there untimely sway'd.

XXXV.

" And fair she was, if youth or beauty rare
Could leave a maiden worthy of the name,
Or virgin modesty, by far more fair
Than all can either youth or maiden claim;
For such her ev'ry glance did fondly beam—
And what tho' sorrow too did then appear,—
Sure sorrow ne'er can youth or beauty shame?
For oft attraction follows with a tear,
When faithful love, and gentle modesty are near.

XXXVI.

" Yes when the blush doth sorrow discompose,
When swells the throbbing breast with woman fears,
'Tis then attraction most the fair one throws,
'Tho' then the gloom of sorrow most appears;
And not when ecstacy the visage cheers,
And all the inly pow'rs of mirth arise;
For then no pitying look, no flowing tears,
Nor sad persuasive plaint, nor tender sighs,
Can urge th' unfeeling youth with her to sympathize.

XXXVII.

" Thus while 'mid woe the fair one's beauty shone,
Distracted thoughts dwell heavy on her mind;
One time her rolling eyes she throws upon
Fair Bergus' flood, and one time far behind;
Crying as oft, Ah, where shall grievance find,
Where try unequall'd sorrows for an end?
O thou! who art to ev'ry pity kind!
Who knowest best for whom thine aid to send,
Now look down grateful here, if here ought can befriend.

XXXVIII.

" But sure all hope, all succour hence is far,
For far, far hence, my knight is doom'd to be,
For whom my woes, my tears, and sufferings are—
O Alcomb ! why did Lenah love but thee ?
Sad maid ! did other win her heart, then she
Might better hope, but 'twas Alcomb alone,
That could do so, and from her arms now he
Is distant far, is in some part unknown,
O ! lead me to my love, or let me ever moan !

XXXIX.

" Yes, lead sad Lenah where her knight may be,
For he did dearest love the lonely maid—
My soul, dear girl, shall ever think on thee,
But death can us divide, he parting said—
And may not be in death my hero laid ?
He may—but if he be, what woe is mine !
Not all thou, Lenah, for the youth hast stray'd,
Nor all thou 'st felt, nor all thou didst repine,
Can equal, woful maiden, then one grief of thine !

XL.

" O ! what a thought ! my Alcomb to be dead !
Alcomb ! who greatest in the hostile fray ?
Who to the strife the sons of Dunmore led ?
Whom fear'd the foe ? Alcomb, he all did sway—
And in the chase ?—but ah ! the chase, why say ?
A thousand sighs are gathering to my soul,
It calls again to memory the day,
When the fell boar 'neath Alcomb's spear did roll—
I'm snatch'd from death—he doth me tenderly console.

XLI.

" Then is my love, my dear deliv'rer dead ?
Is he, who would for Lenah die, no more ?
No, no,—ye pow'rs, who to the strife him led,
Did sure him save amid the dread uproar ;
This soul doth say, his day is not yet o'er—
But whither shall her way lone maiden bend ?
O thou ! who see'st all the ills I've bore,
And knowest best for whom thine aid to send,
Now look down grateful here, if here aught can befriend."

XLII.

She ceas'd,—'tis late—the moon is shining bright—
A bow'r is near—her path on thro' it lay—
She thitherward, when lo! a stately knight
In all his steel, before her fix'd doth stay—
High on his helmet did the moon's light play.
Amaz'd the lonely maid doth frighted stand—
The youth upon her looks, but naught doth say—
Nor can the maiden more a word command,
She too looks on the youth,—he seems from far off land.

XLIII.

" I've heard thy tale, lone maid," at length, he cries,
" Nor fear, for tho' I am thy country's foe,
My sword, in thy defence, shall willing rise,
And I with thee, to search thy knight, will go;
For yet he lives, I did the hero know—"
She hears, and hope and fear are in her heart,
And on the knight her eyes she fixed doth throw—
He takes her hand—at times her soul doth start—
On thro' the bow'r they go, a still and lonely part.

XLV.

"That night's soon pass'd, and now they've rov'd long time,
And ev'ry night thro' shade or bow'r they rov'd—
O! where the maid that has not known of crime?
O where the breast that has not passion mov'd?
Then can I write the wand'rers unreprov'd?
Ah no! the faithful muse must truth recite.—
No more by Lenah Alcomb is belov'd,
He banish'd is the maiden's bosom quite,
She loves but Breston now, Breston, the stranger knight.

XLVI.

" 'And, oh my Lenah!' 'has the youth oft cried,
I'll lead you to my own green fields afar;
Thro' them fair Severn's stream doth ever glide,
And there cool shades and lonely arbours are,
Where nothing our delight may ever bar;—
From when bright Phœbus rises on the sky,
Until again at night his fiery car,
All weari'd 'neath the western hill doth lie,
We'll see our day of bliss in bow'r or shade pass by.'

XLVII.

" He said, and both fly to each other's arms:
'Tis in dark grove, where none behold them might—
Their words are low,—they speak of love's sweet charms,—
And close the maid does clasp her to the knight.
How either feel,—what is their great delight,—
'Tis not for muse of humble bard to tell;
But ever thus, afar from human sight,
The wanderers on their lone journey dwell,
Now through dark bower, now wood or shade, as it befell.

XLVIII.

" At length, one eve, they in thick wood them found,
There darkness is, nor passage can they see—
And soon the storm arises, and around
The thunder's peal is often heard to be.
The maiden's heart is full of dread, and she
Clings to the knight, and often loudly cries,
" O hold, my love! let us not hence to flee—
I fear the angry thunder of the skies,
But when within those arms no fear to me can rise."

XLIX.

" He heard, and press'd her lips with kisses o'er,—
' And does,' he cries, ' fair Lenah love me so?
Then I shall love but Lenah ever more;
Thou, Zellah, mayest give thy soul to woe;
True love for me, no doubt, still doest thou know;
And, Zellah, I true love too had for thee,
But wert thou e'er so fair as Lenah now?
Thy eyes would they as fix'd on Breston be?
O Lenah! lovely maid, but thou art dear to me!'

L.

" He said, and on her lips 'gain kisses prest;
Nor is the maiden coy to share the bliss;
She ever clasps the youth close to her breast,
And often on him too bestows her kiss;
And all the while the thunder raging is,
And often too the lightning passes near;—
But e'er it doth the happy lovers miss;
' Jove's partial,' cries the maid, ' we naught may fear,—
And could you not, my love, abide for ever here?'

LI.

" ' I could,' he cries, ' but lo ! the storm is past,
And far, my own dear love, we have to stray,
Then let us hence, and yet while light doth last,
Find in this gloomy wood some path we may,
That can us guide to fair and open way'—
He said, and look'd around—but what a start!—
One near them was who heard all they did say—
And when he Breston saw he did depart,
As tho' he fear'd, but fear did never know his heart.

LII.

" The maiden wond'ring too doth on him gaze,—
And now on her he throws a look behind—
But what a look ! it on her soul doth seize,
That she all fearful is within her mind.
Ere far he went he stopt, when, swift as wind,
One to him runs, whose looks did beauty beam ;
' And do I here,' she cries, ' again thee find ?
Great seem'd the wrath that did thy soul inflame—
Say why swift after those that enter'd here you came ?

LIII.

" ' Who is the maiden? was the knight thy foe?
Tall did he seem in all his shining steel—
And such the youth for whom this breast did glow
Ere it, brave knight, did for thee only feel—
Where'er he is, he loves me still, but he'll
Me love in vain, thou doest him far excel—
Come in this wood apart, 'tis lone, and we'll
There far from all in tender converse dwell,—
O bliss to be with one that loveth me so well !,

LIV.

" She ceas'd: he answer'd nought, but 's silent still,
As in him he doth angry passion chide—
And 'gain he looks behind,—but horror chill
Doth Lenah seize—' 'tis Alcomb's self,' she cried—
' And O !' cries Breston, ' who she by his side?
'Tis Zellah sure,'—the maid her name doth hear—
She turns around, and on him gazes wide—
At once are in her looks both shame and fear,
Shame too doth Breston show, but most does rage appear.

LV.

"' Tis night at once,—and darkest gloom around;
Nor more the lovers do each other see,
And anger soon seems not among them found,
Alcomb's content, and Breston so is he—
Nor less the maids; so happy now all be:—
And, as before, apart their journey lay:
Alcomb with Zellah hies, fair maid, where she
Hard by a dwelling had—but far away
Breston with Lenah goes—where safe arrive they may."

LVI.

Here Museus ceas'd, and all does wonder fill;
And much they praise the sweet and tender lays,
Excepting Harnol's bard, who's silent still,
As tho' the merit of the song he weighs—
And so he does, nor can he find such praise
Is to it owen,—" Its moral's just, 'tis true,
And sweet, perhap, its numbers too," he says,
" But e'en with these it should be virtuous too,
Else ne'er may happy numbers, or just moral do."

LVII.

So says he in himself, and looks around—
He sees, and sure what all might guess he should,—
Each youth and maiden in loose converse found,
As tho' they b'liev'd them in some lonely wood,
And darkness 'round, where none descry them could;
Nor Harnol, hero of such wondr'ous might,—
Nor Dinah, maiden chaste, it more withstood;
He 'gins to b'lieve him Breston, stately knight,
And she, her Lenah, and both gaze with fond delight.

LVIII.

This Alvel sees, and in himself exclaims,
" Behold the wond'rous pow'r of vicious song!
Alike the breast of all it quick inflames;
Where here the maid, or knight, but 's thinking wrong?
O bard! is this why praise to you belong?
Is it to wake the thought of pleasures vain,
To stir up in the soul loose passions strong,
That you from all such boundless merit gain?
If so, this harp for praise shall never wake a strain.

LIX.

" No—my virtuous harp, be humble still,
Hence bear of all the taunt, as e'er you've bore,
Since raising thee to fame is bringing ill,
O never raise one hope for fame e'er more !
But much it grieves this heart of mine full sore,
To see him who o'ercame fell Prejudeek,
And this dear maiden, too, by passions tore—
Will I to them of vicious folly speak ?
Sure better pleasing tale of virtuous moral seek.

LX.

" Then come, thou heavenly spirit, to my breast,
And kindle there, as wont, thy holy fire,—
Teach me, if not to merit praise, at least
How best I may the soul of all inspire
With love of virtous deed, not base desire,"—
He said, and humbly ask'd would they draw near,
To hear a tale—such anxious all require—
They mark the rays that in his eyes appear,
And leave their joys awhile, and forward lean to hear.

LXI.

" Dark rolls the gloomy night o'er Delhi's lands
Yet great the joy of Gulmaire's tow'r, tho' there
Fair Zunah weeping wrings her lily hands,
And beats her snowy breast, and rends her hair.
She fears the quick return of base Gulmaire,
Gulmaire, whose people have her here confin'd—
For, long their haughty lord sigh'd for the fair—
O hear her now in all her grief of mind—
Her looks are thrown to heaven, her sighs break on the wind.

LXII.

" ' O stay—! O gather here ! ye passing winds !
Rise in your wrath, and snatch me to your skies !
For here, alas ! no hope my bosom finds—
Then bear me hence afar from Gulmaire's eyes—
He'll soon return, nor will he hear my sighs—
But ah ! ye go ! you winds, ye stop not here !
Then cease at least, Arvon may hear my cries,
Arvon the brave, that Zunah loves so dear,
To Delhi's land, he lately wand'ring came, I hear.

LXIII.

" ' Arvon, my love, then are you wand'ring nigh ?
On top of Gulmaire's gloomy tow'r I be—
Ye roar, ye winds, but brighten, thou dark sky!
Brighten! that Arvon may at least me see—
Then heaven is hard, it lends no aid to me—
Th' inconstant winds of night flee every where,
And still with all their angry roars they flee,
And dark the gloom that hangs in heaven's drear,
O! will none save me from the arms of base Gulmaire?

LXIV.

" ' But were my Arvon here, he could me save,
Arvon the brave, not long is pass'd the day,
Since he to Berton's arms fair Bella gave,
Bella, whom Gulmaire too had borne away.
My knight the maid did free without delay:
Hither he came, and all his wrath did fear;
Ten knights beneath his arm did fall, they say;
And Gulmaire too had felt his vengeful spear,
But then, as now, the haughty Gulmaire was not here.'

LXV.

" She said, and cast one wistful look below—
All but the winds are still, naught doth she view,
Save the lone watch, that round beneath did go,
And who, at times, his gloomy look upthrew:
' No hope,' she cries,—' what, heavens, will I do?
How drear is all! 'tis 'bout the mid of night,
The hour that Gulmaire is accustom'd to
Come to this tower,—but ah! what distant sight?
What that amid the gloom? was ever aught so bright?

LXVI.

" ' It hither comes apace—but whither now?—
'Tis lost amid the night—Oh heaven divine!
If thou didst ever send of aught below,
That snowy form amid the gloom was thine—
But lo! 'tis calm, and 'gins the moon to shine,
And all the plains around I can descry—
Again the form—but oh! what grief is mine?
A youthful maid, as fair as evening sky!
But say why comes she near? O hence, lone wand'rer, fly.'

LXVII.

" Again the maid is lost, and gloom appears—
' Thou 'rt gone, lone wanderer,' doth Zunah cry—
But scarce has said, when all at once she hears
The horn to sound, 'tis dread—Gulmaire is nigh—
Nought may be seen,—gloom still hangs on the sky—
' O! not till now,' she cries, ' I knew despair—
He comes apace—I hear his chariot fly!—
The sound is near,—to Zunah it is drear!—
O! will none save me from the arms of base Gulmaire?

LXVIII.

" ' But who thee, Zunah, lovely maid, can save?
Thy Arvon is not nigh, that loves thee dear;
Nor yet so far hence wand'ring is the brave,
But far, too far, alas he is to hear'—
But gone thy hope, now Gulmaire is just near—
The watch him hails, he tells, sad maid, of thee,—
' 'Tis well!' the chief exclaims—but, maid, thy ear
What does it meet? of steel it seem'd to be
The sudden clash,—and now what, heavens! doest thou see?

LXIX.

" It is the strife, in all its wrath below ;
And one of Angel form is mighty there—
The fall of knight is heard at ev'ry blow,
And loud, the while, the roars of base Gulmaire—
The haste is seen of hundreds who repair.
To aid their lord,—but who so bold to fight
Against that form, which seems from heavens fair?
Awhile they gaze, then shudder at the sight,—
And o'er the plains around is heard their hasty flight.

LXX.

" ' O heavens ! ye are good,' exclaims the maid—
Her heart is full, she cannot utter more,
And thrown her look toward him who doth her aid—
But where is he ? he 's gone, and all is o'er—
And now despair as great as e'en before,
Doth on the maiden's trembling soul fast seize—
' O ! did he fall,' she cries, amid the roar ?
' Then I will fall--but lo Gulmaire'—she says,
When doth he in his arms perforce the maid upraise.

LXXI.

" ' O Gulmaire ! thou wilt not be base,' she cries,
He answers naught, but from the tow'r her takes,
And silent 'cross the plains of Delhi flies,
And over all that might him stay he makes,
And oft thro' wood, and shade, and thicket breaks,
Where naught but silence drear and gloom are found ;
Nor to the maid one word, the while, he speaks,
'Tween dreadest hope and fear her thoughts are drown'd
And vain to pray for light, still gloom and darkness round.

LXXII.

" But fix'd to hear her fate at length her mind,
And soon 'tis light—and now he doth him stay—
Just near to thickest bow'rs they do them find,
Where from his arms he doth the maiden lay.
She on him looks,—he cries, ' not far away
We have to go ; that youth has fled for pow'r,
That youth, who did so many for thee slay—
I fear his wrath, and hence do fly my tow'r,
Come, maid, and hide you with your Gulmaire in this bow'r.'

LXXIII.

" She heard,—and wildly threw on him her gaze—
He marks th' appalling terror of her eyes,
And all at once her trembling hand doth seize,
And bid the spirit of her soul to rise—
' I am not Gulmaire base,' the hero cries,
' Berton my name—you know my tender tale,
And told it on the tow'r 'mid all your sighs;
I then was near, and heard you loud bewail,
But did me under maiden's guise the while conceal.

LXXIV.

" ' I came to slay Gulmaire, and you to free,—
For Berton heard his people had you ta'en ;
I'll do, I cried, what Arvon did for me,—
I'll free the maid, or for the maid be slain—
You saw me wait the foe,—it was not vain—
The base Gulmaire and all his people fell—
Then why does Zunah give that bosom pain ?
'Twas wrong to try a heart that loves so well,
I am not base Gulmaire, thy fright, fair maid, repel.'

LXXV.

" He says, and off him Gulmaire's armour takes,
When he, as maiden snow white clad, appears—
' Sure terror now,' he cries, ' that breast forsakes—
But, Zunah, do I yet behold thy fears?
Ah! why that doubtful look? those gushing tears?
Dost thou believe a foe in Berton nigh?
One that a base design for Zunah bears?
And would Berton be such? no, maid, not I,
For all the herds that range the plains of fair Delhi.

LXXVI.

" ' It is the base, it is Gulmaire that would
Betray the maiden of a noble knight,
But Arvon, valiant hero, never could—
Nor shall Berton, he too is great in might—
And heroes, maid, have felt his sword in fight,
And bards 'gin spread his noble fame in song,—
And this alone his pride, his great delight;—
Then would he, by thus basely doing wrong,
Mar all the deeds that to his soul of pride belong?

LXXVII.

" ' He would not, sure,—then from thee terror take—
As Arvon, I do love the faithful maid,
And I did try thee for the hero's sake,
For he did try my Bella' thus he said,
Ere he her to these arms home safe did lead ;
And he did find the maiden faithful too—
O heaven ! of all thou hast of great display'd,
That we behold with highest transport do,
It is that maid whose soul is virtuous and true.

LXXVIII.

" ' Zunah, be such, and banish all thy dread :
No more thy vale its home to thee denies,
Its bounds are near.—The noble hero said,
And leads her on—her soul on him relies ;
Nor false the trust—and soon do Arvon's eyes
Behold the virtuous maid—she gave her hand,
And bless'd the brave ; meanwhile doth mirth arise—
Gulmaire is slain, each maid's exclaiming, and
Soon doth great Berton's fame resound through Delhi's land."

LXXIX.

Here Alvel ceased, and praises all bestow,—
Such praises as to virtuous bard belong:
And great the mind which every look doth show,
No more they feel the power of passions strong,
For filled now all with generous Alvel's song—
It is with what might virtue's self adore—
Harnol and Dinah own they thought on wrong,
And now they praise their bard oft o'er and o'er,
And lower their eyes, and blush at what they felt before.

END OF CANTO THE SIXTH.

ARGUMENT.

It is noon ; when Lucan, still accompanied by Merah and Sisserah, continues to travel in quest of Dinah.—He is separated from the maids in a wood by a storm.—His fruitless search in quest of them.—He meets with a strange knight.—The latter is named Ozmond. —Their mutual conversation and reflections.— How they happen to find Merah.— She relates what has occurred to her and Sisserah since parted from Lucan.—How met by Carmilline, and whither carried with Sisserah ; the great virtue and resolution of the latter ; her death.—At the conclusion of Merah's tale, she and the knights hear Carmilline and his people return, (they had fled previous to the maid's narration, on hearing Lucan and Ozmond approach their dwelling.)—The combat.—The defeat of Carmilline and his people.—The burial of Sisserah. —Lucan and Ozmond, accompanied by Merah, pursue their journey.

CANTO THE SEVENTH.

I.

'Tis 'bout the tide of noon,—o'er head the sun
Doth midway lean, in all his radiance bright,
As tho' to rest him from his task half done,
That better bide he may his course ere night;
And all the heavens look splendid from his light:
Around red fiery hue th' horizon yields;
And fair above the clouds oft change to sight;
Now like embattled hosts with spears and shields—
Now numerous herds, wide ranging heaven's airy fields.

II.

Meanwhile 'tis calmness all and heat below:
Beneath the oak the shepherd hath him laid;
And from the plains the flocks do bleating go,
To screen them 'side the wood or valley's shade.
The wearied traveller too has journey stayed;
Close by the way he willing lays him down,
Yet oft looks on the sun still 'bove arrayed,
As tho' from his high place he wished him gone,
Till with fair even-tide he hold his journey on.

III.

And now it is when Lucan, noble knight,
His way doth from Narrennah's 'bode renew:
And Merah and Sisserah, maidens bright,
As late do bear their wanderings with him too;
And 'gin they lonely part soon travel through:
Now by dark valley's side, now mountain gray;
Where nature's loveliest scenes unheeded grew:
And now thro' woods and wilds, and many a way,
By which the lonely traveller seldom journey may.

IV.

And while they travel do, the heavens began
To sudden change—the sun is seen no more;
And o'er the hills the gathering clouds fast ran—
That all the sky so bright but just before,
They spread soon with their gloomy wanderings o'er.
Nor silent long above is wrathful Jove—
He comes and all the heavens do hear his roar;
And clouds and winds before him angry rove;
Which shouting he pursues, as though his mighty drove.

V.

Hard by the maidens see a shady wood,
And thither hie to shun the tempest drear;
Nor long beneath its wrath brave Lucan stood,
After the maids he swiftly doth repair:
But when he enters all is darkness there;
That 'tis in vain to try the maids to find—
By turns he hears their cry, yet knows not where,
So through the gloomy wood, all unconfin'd,
Loud roaring is the thunder and the angry wind '

VI.

And now he travell'd has that wood long way,
To search the maids, and still the storm doth last;
Nor does he living creature meet that may
Him of them tell for all that he has pass'd.
At length, no more the heavens are overcast;
The wandering clouds go to their hills of rest,
And all the angry winds are ceasing fast;
While Phœbus fair again the world has bless'd,
Broad o'er the wave he hangs, and brightens all the west.

VII.

All doth a change so happy joyous hail:
Tuneful the voice of grove and pleasant shade;
And loud the lowings of the verdant vale,
Where o'er the glittering herb the herds all strayed,
Right glad to be no more in bowers delay'd;
Yet Lucan, generous knight, is sunk in woe;
In vain he even now new searches made,
And wearied from the wood at length doth go,
To weet if of the maids elsewhere he aught might know.

VIII.

And now in travelling is nigh pass'd that day;
And still thro' woods he does his wandering bear,
Yet never meets he one in all his way,
Who of the hapless maidens aught might hear,
Or of his Dinah, maid than all more dear;
And now at length is close of even nigh,
When just before him did a knight appear,
Fair was he mounted on a courser high,
And bright in all his arms he looked as Phœbus' sky.

IX.

Him greeting humbly, Lucan doth demand,
If he no where the maids that eve did see,
And next if he were knight of Erin land,
Or come to Erin land from o'er the sea—
"No where I've seen the maids this eve," quoth he:
"And I am, Sir, a knight of Erin land,
And not one come to it from o'er the sea;
But this day first I've taken sword in hand,
My country's cause to serve and warfare understand."

X.

" Young knight," cries Lucan, " great must be thy heart,
For but the great of heart such minds can show,
Who studies arms first for his country's part,
Sure Heaven shall teach the use of arms to know:
Then wilt thou come with me, young knight, I go
Thro' Erin land to search three maidens dear,
And guard them if I can from cruel foe,
That in our vanquish'd country doth appear,
Filling the aged and fair maids with dread, I hear?"

XI.

" Sir," cries the stranger, " I do willing go,
The maids with thee to search, for it were shame
To see them 'come the prey of cruel foe,
Whom too the aged fear—O! where their fame—
Is it to ruin a land they overcame?
O Ozmond! if you ever conquer do,
Thus, never let disgrace come on thy name:
More great the vanquished who such ills go through,
Than they who conquer when they cause a land to rue!"

XII.

" Knight," Lucan cries, " 'tis not the great of those
Who us o'ercame that so themselves disgrace;
They are, young hero, but the shame of foes,—
Foes, whose dark souls did never yet give place
To one brave thought, and who can never cease
From doing ill.—If Gellimus their great
And pow'rful king knew they were acting base,
They would, no doubt, his heavy wrath await,
For he would not thus, sure, a vanquish'd country treat.

XIII.

" He would not, sure, that cruel Carmol might,
To gain fair Dinah, bind in chains her sire—"
" And is he yet in chains?" exclaims the knight,
As half he draws his sword, with soul on fire.
Quoth Lucan, " I must 'bout the same enquire;
Harnol, I hear, his daughter Dinah freed,
But then did from Killarney vale retire,
So well again in chains may Hermon bleed,
For Carmol base doth ever practise wicked deed."

XIV.

He said, and both now on their journey went,
And highest thought the while their souls doth fill—
But lo! at once they see the even spent,
And night, 'mid all her clouds, upon the hill;
Yet on thro' lonely ways they wander still;
And soon the moon doth fair in heavens rise,
And throw her trembling beam upon the rill,
While from her lonely tower the night bird flies,
And hails with her shrill note th' approach of darkening skies.

XV.

"O!" Lucan cries, "where may the two lone maids
Now wand'ring be? ah! would to heaven that they
Were wandering here, but he who ever leads
The virtuous, sure, too, them also may
Now lead aright, 'tis so—my mind doth say
That they are safe; no doubt, some gen'rous knight,
Friend to the lonely, lest to go astray
The wanderers should, doth in his soul delight
To with them hie, and guide their gentle steps aright.

XVI.

" And let his soul be bless'd whoe'er he be !
Great is the mind that guards the succourless :
And sure, young knight, then great in mind is he,
Who would befriend fair maiden in distress"—
" Yes, great he is," quoth Ozmond, " nothing less—"
" But hold ! sir knight, what that from yonder part ?
The cry of one, if I aright may guess,—
And seems a maid—now sudden doth it cease—
But hark ! it hear again—come on, we may it trace."

XVII.

He said ; and both together do rush on
Toward where, at times, they hear the mournful cry—
A tower they reach, but swift the cry is gone—
Yet did they think it from the tower or nigh :
And silent do they stand awhile hard by,
And often times, too, b'lieve to hear around
The feet of some who did at distance fly—
Whither they would, when from beneath the ground,
And near the tow'r, is heard again the mournful sound.

XVIII.

" O mourn," it cries, " sad maid, for ever mourn,
For hence how great the woe thou hast to bear !
Ah ! why have I not death, as you, too borne—
In such, alas ! now 'twould be bliss to share—
But I must live—and O, how live !———despair !—
They are not near who would me soon defend,—
But where they are, O gracious heaven ! let there
Thy ever bright and guardian ray descend,
And let them hope—Yes, hope at least, Oh heaven ! lend."

XVIX.

She ceas'd, and straight the knights rush to the tower,
And doors and all that might them stay soon break,
Nor do they meet one to oppose their pow'r,
As tho' all did ere now th' abode forsake ;
And ever they adown their way do make,—
For from below did seem the mournful plaint—
A cell is gained—the knights did not mistake—
There they beheld lone maid, as tho' in faint ;
And cross her snow-white arm her beauteous head was
leant.

XX.

And, more apart within the lonely cell,
Doth Ozmond soon behold another maid,
In whose fair look did beauty bright once dwell ;
But paleness now is o'er that look displayed,
And seems in death the lovely maiden laid:
All senseless on the cold ground doth she lie,
And from her snow white breast, where wound was made,
The blood a way adown doth ever try,
Which sure to see might well cause hardest heart to sigh.

XXI.

But now the maid first seen awaken'd had—
Lucan's amazed—swift to his arms she flew—
'Twas Merah's self, to find the knight she's glad—
And now the maiden slain at once all knew.—
Lucan is wroth,—and cries, "maid, tell me who
Thee hither brought, and all which since befell—
Why the base foe the fair Sisserah slew—
And who beside doth in this tower dwell,—
This, Merah, if thou wouldst revenge, me speedy tell."

XXII.

" O ! I will thee, Sir knight, all speedy tell—
But much it grieves this troubl'd heart of mine,
When I think on what thee, sad maid, befell—
Yet would that Merah's fate was also thine—
The storm was o'er, and 'gan the sun to shine,
When we, Sir Knight, did leave the gloomy wood—
Where sought we long, and long too did repine,
That there no tidings of thee reach us could;
And well our fears did tell that peril meet we should.

XXIII.

" But still we strayed long time, yet still none met,
Save the lone herds that wander'd ev'ry where,
O'er flow'ry mead and plain, now glittering wet
From heaven's show'r, which long on them did bear.—
At length is lost in heavens bright Phœbus fair,
And 'gin we feel the dew of night decend,
And hear the screechowl's note above in air,
And see the herds aside the brake them bend,
While doth the mournful bird of night her song, too, lend.

XXIV.

" O where! we cried, may lonely maidens rest?
The wearied herds do bend them 'side the shade,
And with her bow'r the nightly bird is bless'd,
But whither goes the lone and wandering maid?
Alas no where! we cried, and grieving stray'd
On thro' dark woods and silent valleys still—
But soon the moon her nightly orb display'd;
Broad she uprose above the western hill,
And 'gan the world around with her bright radiance fill.

XXV.

" Then we descried from far this aged tower,
And hitherward our wand'ring hasty bent;
But ere 'tis reach'd behold, within a bower,
Is heard the foot of one, who hasty went—
His arms did sound,—attentive ear we lent—
He spake to some,—we thought the voice was thine—
Again he spake, and hope delusive sent
Again the thought—high beats this heart of mine—
I rush to meet thy arms, but thou wert Carmiline!

XXVI.

" At once the knight we know, and all the sky
Doth hear our shriek—his joy is passing great—
And you now love me, Merah, he doth cry,
You, maiden, who for Carmiline, but late,
Did bear such wond'rous wrath and seeming hate—
But all is passed, and thou wilt come with me
To yonder tower, once more of love to treat—
So he exulting spake, and presently
Did force us to the tower wherein you do us see.

XXVII.

" Three knights he had,—they share in merriment;
But he alone doth lead us to this cell,
And faultering words do mark some base intent,
Which now in his base soul doth seem to dwell—
Yon light he rais'd the darkness to expel—
And now he spake as tho' all joy of mind—
' O, how my soul,' he cries, ' doth inly swell,
You, beauteous maidens, here alone to find—
That Harnol knew of it! bear him the news, Oh wind!

XXVIII.

" ' It sure would touch the haughty hero's heart—
Yes haughty he—he would with me contend;
But then did not my people soon us part,
In death beneath this arm quick should he bend—
O that his fate would now him hither send!
In sight of thee I should him instant slay,—
Yes, Merah, I before thee would extend,
In death, that man, who durst, upon the day,
That I would bear thee off, approach me in the fray—'

XXIX.

" ' Hold here,' Sisserah cries, ' vain tyrant, hold,—
Doest thou believe to make sad maidens think,
That in the strife thou couldst meet Harnol bold?
Ah fool! e'en now thy soul would from him shrink—
When ye did meet, thy life was on the brink
Of ruin, till thy knights did thee relieve—
Then, boaster, hold, and do not vainly think,
That thou shouldst him have slain, to make us b'lieve,
No, Carmiline,—in that 'twere madness to deceive.'

XXX.

" She said—and wrath and shame are in his look—
Wrath is, to be by Harnol late o'ercame,
And here to find lone maid who undertook,
Devoid of fear, to tell to him the same—
' In that 'twere madness to deceive'—hence shame
To him arose—he saw his soul we knew,
And fellest passion doth at once inflame,
On either straight an angry look he threw,
And thus then threat'ning speak, his sword holding to view.

XXXI.

" ' Rash maids, ye have my wrath upon you brought,
And shall henceforth in this lone cell abide;
To hold each here, but ev'ry night I thought,
But here now night and day you shall reside—
Yes from the sight of cheerful sun you hide;
Then learn to fear, and know thy angry lord;
If more ye stir his rage, woe shall betide,
A chastisement more dread it may afford,
Then see me in my wrath! and see this vengeful sword!'

XXXII.

" He would still more—but from above one call'd;
Loud was the voice,—it spoke the soul of fear—
And Carmiline it hears as tho' appall'd—
He doth not more as one in wrath appear,—
But leaves the cell,—and now alone we 're here:—
Sisserah cries, ' O let us, maid, be great!
Behold, within that nook, a warrior's spear!
I it can wield— then shall we death await—
'Twere well if, in his wrath, he would us both defeat!'

XXXIII.

" ' O maiden! how thy soul is great!' I cry;
' But strength alas! doth Merah's soul decline;
Then teach her, great Sisserah, how to die,—
Death sounds unpleasant in this ear of mine—
I can no more—we now hear Carmiline—
And for the spear, at once, the maiden flies—
Glorious the light that in her looks doth shine,—
My soul is rais'd—she marks it in my eyes—
And, Merah, thou wilt nobly die with me, she cries.

XXXIV.

" She can no more—now Carmiline appears;—
He troubl'd seems,—yet in his treacherous look
Th' intent is shown that in his soul he bears—
The maid it saw, and straight the spear uptook,
And threaten'd death; his pride could not it brook—
And as in wrath, he did his sword upraise—
Sisserah sent the spear, nor hop'd for luck;
Alone she wish'd that anger might him seize,
And has that wish—in death the noble maid he lays!

XXXV.

" I'm fill'd with dread, and trembling do I shriek—
No hope is left—he has the spear upta'en—
And death on ev'ry side my looks do seek,
But now, alas! they seek for death in vain—
The tyrant tells me I shall not be slain—
' Thou must awhile abide with me,' he cries,
' And here to stop with thee to-night I mean,
This sword ere long shall also sacrifice
Thee to my wrath,—perhaps before thy Harnol's eyes."

XXXVI.

" He said, and one 'gain calls him from above;
It was as tho' e'en fear itself did call;
He troubl'd hears, and hasty doth remove,
Me leaving here oppress'd with dread and all
That could a maid in my sad state appal—
I view Sisserah, she doth breathe no more—
And I'm alone, my heart from strength doth fall,
The lonely cell I throw my looks all o'er,
And black despair 'gain came, and great the pain I bore.

XXXVII.

" O mourn, I cry, sad maid, for ever mourn!
For hence how great the woe thou hast to bear!
Ah why have I not death, as you, too borne?
In such, alas! now 'twould he bliss to share—
But I must live—and oh! how live—despair!
They are not near who would me soon defend,
But where they are, O gracious heaven! let there
Thy ever bright and guardian ray descend,—
And let them hope—yes, hope at least, oh heaven! lend.

XXXVIII.

" Now Carmiline, I thought to sudden hear,
Return with all his people toward the cell;
And straight my soul is seiz'd with greatest fear—
I swoon, and 'cross my arm my head down fell;
But short, methinks, the time I so did dwell:
And it was you, sir knight, I next did view—
The sight doth sadness from my heart repel;
Hence to thy arms it was I willing flew,
And have thee told all what of Carmiline I knew."

XXXIX.

She ceas'd—and Lucan here began to speak,—
When Ozmond cried, " I hear a foot o'er head "—
It all too heard—at once their swords they take,
And, fill'd with hero's wrath, above them led—
For great their souls, and hence had naught to dread—
Six knights were in the tow'r, but all ran out,
Yet seeing two alone pursue, quick stay'd;
And now abroad they are, and soon the shout
Of war is rais'd, and mighty blows are laid about.

XL.

The foe in equal parts themselves divide:
With Carmiline two knights 'gainst Ozmond fought,
And three apart durst Lucan's strength abide;
And loud soon is the clash of arms they wrought—
It was as tho' the angry heavens had brought
The strife of elements upon the shore.—
Not less than death their blows for ever sought—
And brazen arms, so bright but just before,
Are soon lost to the sight, with blood so cover'd o'er.

XLI.

First Mervod, sullen hero, yields his life—
In these lone parts he ever pass'd his days,
And oft he had met in the bloody strife,
But never for his country's sake——always
For some bad end he did his sword upraise;
Hence Carmiline did take him to his gang—
But sudden here doth death upon him seize,
From Lucan's sword the fates did o'er him hang;
'Twas 'neath that chief he fell, and loud his armour rang.

XLII.

Nor young in arms seems Ozmond, hero brave;
He boldly doth withstand the haughty foe;
And death soon from him Clanden does receive,
Headlong he fell beneath a mighty blow—
To Carmiline the knight it sent, but so
That watchful chief did active from it bend,
That Clanden it receiv'd aslant, and low
In death straight fell—one groan he did upsend,
Loud as the angry blast, that doth the north sky rend.

XLIII.

To him it was belong'd the aged tow'r;
And in it now he twenty years has told;
The lonely traveller 'gan to fear his pow'r,
And wand'ring maids, whom he would often hold
Here hid in cell, until some hero bold
Would come, them from his hateful thrall to free;
When Carmiline did of him hear, he sold
All what he had of portion'd lands, and he
Came with him here to dwell with chosen banditti.

XLIV.

But when he now in death the knight doth see,
Tho' strong in arms, his soul is filled with fright,
And from the sword of Ozmond doth he flee,
That now began shine dreadest in the fight—
'Neath Lucan, too, doth fall another knight;
That all with Carmiline from death swift fly,
And hide them in the woods or where they might,
To shun the knights, who after them do hie,
And to the dreaded contest now anew defy.

XLV.

But so them in the thickest shades they screen,
That long the knights search fruitless ev'ry where,
And now return where all the while has been
The lonely maid, half filled with hope and fear;
But when she sees her friends joy doth her cheer
" Ye come, and come with fame, I know," she cries—
" So heav'n would have it—he who lifts his spear
To aid the weak, 'tis said, in fame shall rise,
It never glory to the generous brave denies.

XLVI.

She said, and here they 'bide till morn doth come,
When from the aged tow'r the knights do go,
And raise upon the plain Sisserah's tomb—
Fair by its side a murmuring stream doth flow,
And all around green shrubs and bowers grow,
Where come at noon the flocks from Phœbus' rays;
And where each night the lonely bird of woe,
Amid the shade her tender song doth raise,
Singing of slighted love, and her sad fate always.

XLVII.

And now all from the maiden's tomb do go,
Elsewhere for more adventures new to try,
Or see if they of Dinah aught might know,
Or in their wanderings Harnol brave come by—
And fair the sun 'gan rise, and bright the sky,
That to their way the knights them willing gave;
But oft the tear they see in Merah's eye,
When she looks back to where the stream's blue wave,
Doth murmuring pass by Sisserah's lonely grave.

END OF THE SEVENTH CANTO.

ARGUMENT.

Architon, Bandon's brother, becomes ambitious of fame, from the many tales of adventures told him by Harmond.—He goes about midnight to Killarney, where Carmol still is, in the hopes of meeting with that knight, and having the honour of being his sole vanquisher.—Bandon, in the meanwhile, not less under the influence of the Bard's narration than his brother, grows impatient from waiting so long the return of Harnol and Dinah, that Harmond is at length fain to go with him in quest of them.—They travel many days without meeting adventures, which excites still more the impatience of Bandon; and now from his evincing that he has not yet formed a right sense of what is honourable from the contrary, Harmond relates, as though for his amusement, but more especially for his instruction, the episode of Blanaid.—He is interrupted in the recital from unexpectedly meeting with Alvel and Dinah.—The grief of Harmond on not seeing Harnol accompany them.—Alvel consoles him, and in relating what has befallen his son, gives also an account of Architon's late adventure.—What passes between Harmond and Bandon on the conclusion of this narration.

CANTO THE EIGHTH.

I.

'Tis 'bout the mid of night, lone, solemn hour,
When silence is o'er all the world around,
And every aged hill, and wood, and tower,
Look bright beneath the moon, high 'bove them crown'd,
'Mid all the stillness of the heavens profound.
And now is far off heard the river's fall,
As breaking thro' the night with awful sound,
Which echo lone as often doth recal,
And send among the silent hills and valleys all.

II.

And now the hour when Bandon's brother bold,
Architon named, clad in his arms all bright,
Alone upon the plain his way doth hold,
As tho' resolved on purpose high to-night—
Nor less it is; he would go meet the might
Of Carmol and his gloomy people strong;
For so did Harmond, aged bard, delight,
And win to love of fame still by his song,
That he, and e'en Bandon are filled with it ere long.

III.

But neither Bandon nor the bard has known
The purpose high which sways Architon's heart,
And little guess it is to seek alone
The meed of Carmol's fall he doth depart—
But, warrior, stay, too proud of soul thou art—
Leave for the greatest knight such mighty deed,
And turn to seek thy fame in other part—
But why thus for the venturous soul aread?
Architon too has fame, then may the hero speed.

IV.

Meanwhile do Bandon and ag'd Harmond bide
Nigh fair Limercus, till they Harnol see,
Who, when with Dinah late went wandering wide,
Till he might Lucan find, her sire to free,
Did promise there, by this, with them to be:
But long in vain they wait the knight's return,
That 'gin they think some evil found has he,
And Bandon now, so fame his breast does burn,
Oft begs he may in quest of him and Dinah journ.

V.

And so that aged bard, at length, agreed.
And they now hasten from Limercus fair,
Elsewhere in quest of Harnol to proceed,
And Dinah, who did journey with him bear.
And many lonely parts they travel, where
No tidings of the wanderers they find,
Nor ever meet, the while, adventure rare,
That Bandon is right saddened in his mind,
And often fortune calls all cruel and unkind.

VI.

And oft he cries he secretly will take
Vengeance on those who wrought his country's fall,
Nor does he think hence honour to forsake,
Or that great heaven for vengeance too may call.
And such doth virtuous Harmond's breast appal,
That oft he tells him of high heaven's decree,
Which censures secret vengeance ta'en on all,
And, even tho' in fault th' aggressor be,
It 'vaileth not—just heav'n shall all still vengeful see.

VII.

But ill does Bandon now such counsel heed,
Which sorely doth the breast of Harmond grieve;
And, as they on their way do still proceed,
He often thinks how he may him retrieve
From fallen state, and noble notion give—
But how may he? Bandon will only hear
Of knights who did of old great feats achieve,
Or maidens, who, in wandering every where,
To search their loves, did often meet adventures rare.

VIII.

But even such it is will Harmond tell;
And Bandon ever willing hears his lays;
For he a happy bard who knew full well
To sing of that which, while the soul 'twould please,
Should, too, it high to noble purpose raise—
Oh ye! who tune for other end your lyre,
Know 'tis at best a thoughtless few to seize,
That were apt moral breathes not o'er th' entire,
That song, which else might serve and please, can then
but tire.

IX.

And now soon do they come by where ruined tower
Stood in its solemn state of early years.
And once, it seemed, dwelt there great lord of power,
But, save the owl, now there nought dwelling bears.
And all the trace of age and ruin wears:
'Bove on its top the aged moss thick grew;
And high along the walls the ivy rears,
While birds of prey within and 'bout it flew,
And o'er the silence, ever there, shrill screamings threw.

X.

And close behind there stood an ancient grove,
Where mossy oak and blasted fir reared high,
And winding stream did ever grieving rove,
As o'er ag'd crags and roots it way did try;
And here the screaming owl too e'er did fly,
As tho' well pleas'd the mournful wave to hear,
Or she did think that gloomy night was nigh,
So overhead the trees their branches bear,
And hide from all below the light of heavens fair.

XI.

And while they view they see no mortal round,
As tho' none near the lonely place did dwell,
And all did b'lieve it to be fairy ground,
Where none may bide, as early legends tell;
And oft, the while, doth Harmond's bosom swell;
And in his eye oft, too, doth stand the tear,—
Which Bandon marks as soon and guesses well,
That here doth hang some tale of wonder rare,
And anxious prays the bard that he would all declare.

XII.

But often doth the aged him refuse,
As ill his soul might bear such tale to tell—
And, as he does, again the tower he views,
And 'gain his heart doth seem within to swell,
And in his eye the tear as oft to dwell,
Which ever wakes anew Bandon's desire—
But lo! no more the bard he does compel,
All willing now he takes his tuneful lyre,
That he may tell what doth the knight of him require.

XIII.

" Long pass'd was noon, and, o'er the west sea far,
Broad shone the sun, and seem'd as tho' he gave
His look to where thro' heavens all day his car,
As wont, its golden track of light did leave;
'Neath which, for all around, did beam the wave;
That fair the sight for him who sails to see;
And who on land or ocean does not crave
That such gay tide of day may last, save he,
The chief of yon lone bark, who sighs for night to be?

XIV.

Slack are his sails, nor does he wait the wind,—
To him more grateful now that cooling breeze,
Which comes when thou, fair sun, art gone behind
Thine own bright hill, far off in western seas,
For night then near, which distant yet he sees.
How oft, Menavia, doth he sail thee by!
And, too, how often where thy ancient trees
Above the noisy shore are rearing high,
Throws he, as tho' to all unseen, a searching eye!

XV.

But yet his eye beholdeth not the maid
Who there did promise to be seen with night,—
And he till then would have his bark delay'd,
Would not have come, Menavia, in thy sight,
While it was day, lest from thy land he might
Discover'd be;—but love, which he doth know,
Has forc'd him on, though it was in despite
Of reason's self—Oh Love! who can forego
Thy pow'r when he doth feel within thy fire to glow?

XVI.

Oft o'er this sea did sail the chief before,—
Oft came to thee, Menavia, beauteous isle,
But e'er in night his lonely bark him bore,
Else durst he not behold the maiden's smile—
But, beauty, when may not thy charms beguile?—
In darkness e'en thou madest him thy slave,
Whom proudest foe on earth might not, the while,
Compel one low, indignant boon to crave,
In soul so noble he, and in the fight so brave!

XVII.

Yet blush not, youth, disgrace upon thy soul
Hence does not come—he, who did never prove
The smart of what doth now within thee roll,
Did never feel, I trust, what best can move
The heart that's great, for even such doth love—
But he, whose soul yields to that beastial flame,
Which e'er is wont thro' mind that's low to rove,
May blush, indeed, for such disgrace and shame
Brings on the soul of him who would be great in fame.

XVIII.

And why does Sirus, father of the maid,
Deny to him who's brave his daughter's charms,
For, who more worthy of the fair Blanaid
Than thou, Cuchullin, matchless son of arms?
But Sirus' heart is cold, nothing it warms
That noble is—he seeks the knight whose store
Gains him a name, and not who in alarms
Of war is great—O was man ever lower
Than he whose boast is wealth alone—not more?

XIX.

But Blanaid, beauteous maid, what is thy heart;—
Doest thou too think, as doth thy sordid sire?—
No, worthy maid, more great of soul thou art,
To what is high alone thou doest aspire—
Thou seekest him whom maiden would desire
That nobly thinks—oh great, oh worthy maid!
Let her, who would gain any to admire
Aught of her yet, behold th' insample laid,
It noble is to love, as thou doest love, Blanaid.

XX.

The sun by this is gone behind the hill,
And o'er the wave the nightly breeze soon blows;
And on the rock the seabird rests, and still
Is all the shore—Cuchullin's joy arose—
His bark has moor'd,—to meet the maid he goes—
In arms his people follow close behind—
The part is gain'd where late she did propose
To meet the chief, but lost that hope of mind
Which just arose—he no where there may Blanaid find.

XXI.

And where art thou, O maid? Cuchullin here
This night thou wert to meet—"Come, thou didst cry,
"Come, knight of Erin's land, Blanaid to bear
Thither with thee,—for now her sire doth try
T' espouse her to one rich in store hard by—
But poor,—but low of soul—O cruel sire!
Why doest thou so?—thou doomest me to die;
But once again I will of thee require
A happier fate—till then, young knight of fame, retire."

XXII.

Yes, such her words—he who has hope e'er lost
Need not be told, for he can tell the best,
What now Cuchullin feels—along the coast
He wanders sad, not bearing hope the least,
But feeling all which enters in the breast
Of him who has for her he loves his fears—
His people all at distance stand oppress'd,—
Save one, that seeming is of age, who bears
His pace up toward the chief—solemn the look he wears.

XXIII.

Hear, son of youth, the voice of age, he cries,—
Hear him, who, vers'd in lore of secret might,
Can call the angry spirit of the skies,
And read what hidden is from mortal sight—
All of fair Blanaid I can tell aright;—
Yonder she is in well defended tow'r,
With all her jewels, a costly store,—but, knight,
What mayest thou,—for great is Sirus' pow'r,
His knights all brave,—and he well read in magic lore?

XXIV.

The aged spake, and shook his hoary head,—
He would not more,—but in his solemn look,
What would his word have told, Cuchullin read,—
Of Sirus' strength in secret art it spoke;—
Yet courage not the noble soul forsook
Of Erin's knight:—he cries, tho' I may scan
In thee, ag'd sire, what fearful is, yet shook
This heart ne'er yet at that which oft'nest can
The breast of proudest knight, thro' hidden pow'r, unman.

XXV.

He said, and call'd his many knights around—
His words are few,—he tells them of the foe—
Where Blanaid, and great treasure may be found,—
Then 'wakes he in their breast that martial glow,
Which they erewhile us'd feel, when wont to go
Against th' invaders of their native land—
Their spears at once they shake aloft, and show
Their eager zeal—the chief doth then command
Them to the strife—silent their way along the strand.

XXVI.

As when, at close of eve, from hills afar,
Down to the pleasant mead or pasture green,
Where penn'd at night the flocks of shepherds are,
Come silent on a herd of wolves unseen—
The watchful mastiff on his guard has been—
While yet they distant are he doth them hear,
And loud he bays, that 'gins the shepherd screen
His fold at once, with what may nigh appear,
T' avoid the dreaded foe, told by his guardian near.

XXVII.

So mov'd Cuchullin's people 'long the coast;
The chief is first—how great in arms is he!
Before he bears his mighty shield emboss'd
Of burnished steel—it seems e'en more to be
Than heav'n's broad moon,—for half across the sea,
Wide, in bright orb, its round is shown—a sight
Of wonder great for him who far away
Now sailing is,—he b'lieves to guess it right
Some brazen tow'r on land, beaming the moon's fair light.

XXVIII.

And his long spear now wond'rous to be seen!
One end he wields, and one seems in the skies,
Like to fair pine high up on mountain green,
That doth it so uprear in stately wise,
As tho' to reach the heav'ns above it tries.
When doth the wood man from below it see,
He blesses oft its form and goodly size,—
Then tells for what it best may fitted be,
Whether tall spire on land, or mast of ship on sea.

XXIX.

And of bright steel his lofty helmet wrought,
'Gainst which the moon doth ever throw her beam,
As tho' for it a dwelling there she sought,
So like the blue of heav'n, where wont to gleam
Her purest ray, it then to her did seem.—
Fair too above is seen his tow'ring crest,—
And great his sword,—and strong the mail which came
For all across the hero's manly breast,
Whose high, round shoulders speak the chieftain of the rest.

XXX.

The aged man, low bent, moves on behind.
Heedless his step—now turned here, now there,
As tho' he mused much within his mind,
And of his way did take not heed or care.
One humble garb is his, else was he bare;—
Yet seems he not to care for aught the more,
And heedless oft looks to the heavens where
The silent moon her lonely way now bore,
Then mutters some strange word, and wanders as before,—

XXXI.

His heedless step now turned here, now there.
And after him Cuchullin's knights come on—
Mighty they all in brazen arms appear,
With spears uprear'd,—fair sight to look upon,
While now the moon for all about them shone:
As some ag'd city, rais'd by fairy pow'r,
Shows her bright tow'rs and spires up to the sun
When he is seen in heav'n at noon-tide hour,
Bright gazing down on hill, or grove, or pleasant bower.

XXXII.

So glitter'd brazen arms and lifted spears
Beneath the moon—But who the hero last—
He mighty too in all his mail appears,—
But sorrow, ever dismal maid, thou hast
Some heavy gloom over the warrior cast—
Sad is his look,—he seemeth to recall
Some once lov'd thought, some hope that now is past,
While inly grief doth him the while appal,
Ah! who the mournful knight, the hero last of all?—

XXXIII.

'Tis gen'rous Lay, Cuchullin's faithful squire,
He who did ever 'bide beside the chief
'Mid danger great—true, others might be nigher
In happier hour,—but when the hour of grief
Or peril came, who then would lend relief,
Who then be nigher than the faithful Lay,
That would stand close beside his lord, as if
His fate he thought his own, while far away
Would flee the friend who stood more nigh in happy day?

XXXIV.

But why is now the gen'rous Lay so sad?—
The hour is near when 'side his valiant lord,
He shall 'mid danger be, and will seem glad,—
Then why does aught him trouble now afford?—
But where the breast that trouble has not low'r'd—
Where he that does not know of grief one day,
For hopes long gone?—but such may be restor'd
To some one time at last—but, gen'rous Lay,
Ah! when may be restor'd the hopes gone from thee, say?

XXXV.

Yes, when may Lay accept the maid he loves—
When may fair Blanaid, she for whom his heart
Knows all the heavy anguish which it proves,
Live but for him?—Ah! Love, indeed, thou art
Too cruel god, to fling thy burning dart
Within the breast of him so great, so true,—
Within his breast, who now would sooner part
With life itself, than claim, fair Blanaid, you,
Since doth his lord thee love—Ah soul but known to few!

XXXVI.

" Oh, why," he cries, " did Lay not erewhile know
Cuchullin's love! then had he never thought
On thee, Blanaid,—but shall he not forego
Thought of thee now, and lose what love has wrought?
He shall, for to be great, such do he ought—
Then love, Cuchullin, love,—it far shall be
From Lay, from him whose soul thou doubtest not,
To bring mishap atween thy love and thee—
Love on, and Blaniad love,—ill will, be far from me."

XXXVII.

Now had Cuchullin drawn nigh to the tow'r
Where Blanaid is—bright its broad head appears
Below the moon, and 'tis the solemn hour
When all is still,—but not so here;—he hears,
Just nigh, the foe—arms—noise of swords and spears
Preparing for the strife,—for Sirus knew
Of him at hand—alone the chief now bears
On toward the foe,—unseen to get a view
Of how they lay—meanwhile apart his people drew.

XXXVIII.

Why does he list?—a maiden's voice he hears,
Tis from the tow'r,—"away, young knight," it cries—
"Away from Blanaid's isle, if ill fate bears
Thee hither now—the demon of the skies
And foe in arms, against thee, stranger, rise,
What canst thou then, tho' didst thou never fear?
Hence swift away—leave Blanaid to her sighs,
Thou must not save her now—her sire is near,
A foe too great in power—O stranger, come not here!"

XXXIX.

So warn'd the voice well to the chieftain known,
'Twas Blanaid spake—but terror o'er his heart
Hence does not come—still moves he on alone
More nigh the tow'r, and gains, at length, a part,
Whence can he see, yet be unseen.—The art
Of Sirus thence he views—for all around
A wall uprear'd he has, whose top not dart
Of bow might reach, so high in heavens crown'd;
And but one entrance is, where he, himself, is found.

XL.

In look he did as simple man appear :
Dim was his eye, and o'er his cheek were spread
Traces of age, as tho', for many a year,
Old time had there a tedious journey led,
And wrought such paths as these by constant tread
And 'bout his shoulders down did hang his hair.
And one half seem'd as gray, and one as red—
But garment he had none, save girdles drear,
And other secret things, which he did 'bout him wear.

XLI.

And there was by him in the entrance plac'd
A wheel more strange than might aught where be found,
O'er which to sing strange verse he never ceas'd,
And all the while for far did shake the ground,
And all the while the wond'rous wheel went round :—

1.

" Roll on, roll on, my mystic wheel,—
For thee the desert herb I'll burn,—
Nor arms of brass, nor arms of steel
Shall gain the tow'r while thou doest turn.

2.

But none may force my wheel to cease,
None stay its pow'r while Sirus here,
For, who the elf of night can trace
Thro' all her vales, so void of fear?

3.

Nor may Cuchullin check its force,
With all his knights of battle nigh;
For he cannot the dark wood course,
Nor read the stars as well as I.

4.

Roll on, roll on, my mystic wheel,—
For thee the desert herb I'll burn,—
Nor arms of brass, nor arms of steel
Shall gain the tow'r while thou doest turn.

5.

Nor may Blanaid thy turning stay,
With all her sighs and all her tears—
O hapless maid! now grieve you may,
In woe full soon shall roll thy years.

6.

And soon thy knight shall know his fate—
All pale before those eyes of thine,
I will him hold, or fling elate,
A mangled corse, thro' aid maligne,

7.

Roll on, roll on, my mystic wheel,
For thee the desert herb I'll burn,—
Nor arms of brass nor arms of steel
Shall gain the tow'r while thou doest turn

So Sirus sung, while his tall knights all shone
In arms close by, and heard the awful sound,—
To them his cautious word is oft too gone,—
And still he bids his mystic wheel roll on, roll on.

XLII.

Cuchullin all has heard, and all has seen—
Dismay flies for an instant 'cross his soul:
" Oh! why," he cries, " hast thou not, Sirus, been
Some hero great, then should'st thou with the whole
Of thy tall knights before Cuchullin roll—
But now too great thy pow'r—'tis more than force
Of mortal man —but why thus in controul
Of aught am I?—were even all still worse,
Would not Cuchullin, 'void of fear, abide its course?

XLIII.

He would—then why thus show aught of dismay?
Come on, dread man! Cuchullin's soul is high—"
He said,—and spake aloud—his people stay
Not more to hear, but hasty onward fly
To where their chief—Lay first is seen—his eye
Searches the foe,—and soon the foe is found,—
And soon is heard the clash, and soon the cry
Of thickest war,—in night a dreadful sound—
And all the while just near the awful wheel went round.

XLIV.

And 'side that engine Sirus ever stands,—
But 'mid the fight his voice is often gone—
And oft his num'rous people he commands
With dreadful shout;—while ever and anon
He bids his mystic wheel roll on, roll on—
Cuchullin toward the sound directs his way;
All terrible in fight the hero shone—
And close beside him is the faithful Lay,
Whom none, amid the strife, can from the chieftain stay.

XLV.

But where that aged man, who, ere the fight,
Cuchullin told of Blanaid in the tow'r,
And of great Sirus' formidable might,
In strength of arms, and strength of magic lore;
Where he?—Now not amid the battle's roar,—
But wandering alone by mountain side,—
And gazing on the moon, and mutt'ring o'er
Strange word, as tho' he in him ever tried
T' obscure, thro' his dark pow'rs, yon lamp of heavens wide.

XLVI.

Yet no, fair moon, he tries not to obscure,
Thro' his dark pow'rs, aught of thy beauteous beam—
Else does he muse—and he would now procure
Such spell as may—but ill it doth beseem
Me here to tell on what the sage doth dream,—
Go, aged, wand'ring by thy mountain side,
And let thy look a glance too upward claim—
I shall not say that thou hast in thee tried
T' obscure, thro' thy dark pow'rs, yon lamp of heavens wide.

XLVII.

By this the fight is in its dreadest rage ;—
Shouts after shouts tremendous rise—as when
O'er head the angry elements engage,
And roar of thunder winds along the glen.
The wild boar of the wood makes for his den ;
The tow'ring eagle leaves the troubled sky,
To search the thickest shade—and guilty men,
Too, for a shade to screen them now, would fly,
As tho' the dissolution of all earth were nigh.

XLVIII.

But where Cuchullin now?—'mid in the field
The warrior is.—Behind his people move,
Nor few their deeds—the foe now to them yield,
And now come furious on, as tho' they strove
At once to win—meanwhile in heavens above
The moon doth change,—'mid fire she now seems crown'd—
And now 'neath gloomy cloud doth darkling rove,
When sudden stillness comes,—save where the sound
Of that dread wheel is heard, which all the while goes round.

XLIX.

And thither still Cuchullin forces way;—
But round him gather numerous his foes,—
Yet does he onward gain;—but, warrior, stay—
What wouldst thou in thy wrath?—that man oppose,
That man, to whom e'en face of heaven shows
'Bedience at times—Oh! doest thou, chief, not hear
That awful sound where his dread engine goes?
It bids the soul of mortal man to fear—
E'en o'er it heaven is dark—Oh knight! approach not near.

L.

But what may stay the man from venturous deed,
Whose noble soul with life would sooner part,
Than live and see that one he lov'd to bleed,
Thro' anguish,'neath some one of cruel heart?
He heedeth not the threat of mystic art,
Or aught beside which doth a dwelling find
Within the breast where fear can dread impart—
And who so lost to thought of noble kind,
That would not be like him—thus proud, thus great of mind?

LI.

Then move on, warrior, against thy foe,
Since it is great that thou shouldst peril share
For Blanaid's sake—the maid belov'd—but lo!
The throng is now already pass'd, and there
Thou art, great warrior, at last—art where
Is seen go round dread Sirus' awful wheel—
Oh where the one that does not b'lieve thee near
Thy doom at last—thou rushest in thy steel—
A shriek comes from the tow'r—thy people terror feel—"

LII.

Here paused the bard—for now they sudden hear
The plaint of one who drew high were they were,
And soon the mourner did to them appear—
Fair maid it was, who seemed great woe to share;
And by her side a bard his step did bear,
Who never ceas'd her bosom to relieve—
One time by tender tale, to banish care—
One time by counsel wise, just thought to give,
But all may not avail, for still the maid did grieve.

LIII.

They now have joined, and Harmond first doth hail:
"Whence is the aged bard of song," he cried—
"And whence the maid? but why would she conceal
From me her look?" at once he ceas'd and sigh'd
Within him deep—he knows who now would hide
From him her look—"'tis Dinah"—he doth cry—
"And where Harnol? Oh has the hero died
Beneath his foe? he has, I know, that I
Shar'd in his fate! did with my boy, my Harnol, die?"

LIV.

Silent he is—his heart's o'erpow'r'd with grief—
And first the faithful Bandon would him aid,
And next the stranger bard would lend relief—
Alvel he is, he who so lately stray'd
By Bergus' flood, when Harnol for him made
Fell Prejudeek so swiftly take to flight,—
Nor unreturn'd the good,—the bard allayed,
By song, what after Harnol and the maiden sway'd.

LV.

And now no sooner he did 'gin to learn
That Harmond was brave Harnol's aged sire,
Than his kind heart did greatly in him yearn,
And much he did with cheering hope inspire,
The soul of him that doth but death require—
And now he bids him hear the tale of all—
It Harmond and Bandon fear'd to desire,
They could not bear to hear of Harnol's fall,
And though he bids them hope, still fear doth them appal.

LVI.

" 'Twas morning fair, the clouds of night were driven
Far from the golden throne of early day,
And fair bright Phœbus' car above in heaven,
Began to wind, as daily wont, its way:
When Harnol and this maiden fair did stray,
To meet thee, aged bard, from Bergus' tow'r—
I, too, them join, and often tune my lay
To send unheeded on the tedious hour,
And kill the woes that weary travellers oft o'erpow'r.

LVII.

" Nor yet far have we on our journey gone,
When plaint of maiden sad doth reach our ear,
And soon we have her seen—she looked upon
Great heaven's sky, while in her eye the tear
Hung sad and wild, as she would say severe
Great heaven was, for willing her such woe.—
Now Harnol to the mourner sad draws near,
And soothing oftens, blames for grieving so,
And begs the cause of her undoubted pain to know.

LVIII.

" But soon the maid doth not with him comply,
As she of sorrow were too much oppressed—
But when he tells her of sure aidance nigh,
If such from stranger knight she may request,
Hope seems at once to come within her breast,
Nor more is seen hang sad and wild her tear;
And, as now all her hope on him did rest,
She thus 'gan tell what woes her breast did bear,
And how they first arose—in sooth, sad tale to hear.

LIX.

" But long it were, too long thee, bard, to tell
All what the maid did of her grievance say,
Let it suffice to give what her befell
In fewer words—One eve she's borne away
By Ozzavel, he who e'er spent his day
With Carmol base—and now dark night is near,
And thro' the loneliest ways their journey lay—
It was where Carmol then did dwelling bear,
With all his people fell, far in Killarney fair.

LX.

" And now the maid is filled of every fear,
And stillness is, and dark o'er head the sky—
But lo! the moon doth in the heavens appear,
And soon Killarney hills are seen close nigh,
O'er all their woods and vales uprearing high—
What can the maid?—from her all hope is gone—
But lo! a warrior strange they do espy,
Swift toward Killarney vale he hurried on,
And bright upon his arms the moon's beam trembling shone.

LXI.

" He says him Carmol's friend, and asks the way
To where the chief, and much of him beside;
And Ozzavel tells all without delay:
Now who those are that do with him reside;
And then who those that wander far and wide,
To search fair maids, and them away to bear;
And, now, he tells that Lando, knight of pride,
And three of his own people wandering were
To find young maiden, Zainah named, of beauty rare.

LXII.

" Then tells he of Belzairah, the said maid
Whom he this eve did bear from her own vale,
And whom he now, perforce, doth with him lead
Where Carmol bides—but here doth end his tale,
For now the stranger knight did him assail—
And boldly does the foe in wrath defend,—
That dread the fight—but Ozzavel doth fail—
And glad the maid, for she hath found a friend,
And all the fears so late possessed now see an end.

LXIII.

" And she doth love the knight who did her free—
Ah why love him ! with her he is no more—
He would go Carmol meet, but victory
Fell not his share, and th' angry foe him bore
To dungeon low, where all his hopes are o'er—
And there now, too, is Harnol, knight of fame :
For much the maiden's tale did grieve him sore,
And he would free her love, who was the same
He with his sire late left—and Architon his name.

LXII.

So Alvel spake, and Harmond did him hear—
At once his look is fix'd, and sad, and wild,—
But is not long—at first a joyful tear,
And next a smile is seen—he now is mild—
And proudly cries, of what am I beguil'd?
Of Harnol—son so great in soul and might—
But all must fall, and why not too my child?
But he has glorious fall'n, 'twas honour's right—
But wrong—he lives, he 's fam'd, my soul, with joy be bright.

LXIII.

And, Bandon, thou, also, at heart, be glad—
Great is the glory that Architon gains —
O youthful knight! would that such fame you had!
But such you shall—it now to thee remains,
O Bandon! to be brave!—when morning deigns
Upon the east her early beam to throw,
All of us shall go from Limercus' plains,
Lucan anew to search—the haughty foe,
Bandon and he shall meet—yes, heaven, have it so!

LXIV.

" Yes," Bandon cries, " I for the two will fight—
All shall be free, or all in dungeon thrown—
But why should I seek Lucan, noble knight?
I will, O bard! go meet the foe alone,
And have at once the fame of all, or none—
If else—what would the song in future say?
Lucan would have his meed, I be unknown—
Then let me, bard, go to the vale—I may
O'ercome who guard the tow'r, and mighty Carmol slay."

LXV.

Quoth Harmond, " he who would acquire of fame,
Should not through rashness it expect to find;
So Harnol and Architon are to blame,—
E'en, at the least, their strength should be combin'd,
And they should still great fame acquire—but blind
Through eager love of that, they were to all—
Hence they did not succeed, but were confin'd
In dungeon drear, where they, no doubt, recal
To mind their rashness now, and leave on it their fall."

LXVI.

He said,—and Bandon shows all difference meet:
" O aged sire, forgive thy son," he cries,
" If he has urged of aught for him unfit—
'Tis not for me to say, thou art not wise—
Thou who hast taught my fallen soul to rise
From what it was, to be that which 'tis now—
O never shall I, bard, thy word despise!
As late, thy virtuous counsel still bestow,
I feel it's heav'nly light now in my bosom glow.

LXVII.

He said, and aged Harmond heard content,
Heard as the soul of him doth ever hear,
Who has, as he, upraised to high intent
A fallen mind—O fame! wert thou more dear,
E'en than thou art, yet light thou wouldst appear
For meed of him, so much is ever due
Of praise to all, who like to Harmond rear,
By counsel wise, a mind to noble view—
Sure, such the proudest feat that mortal man may do!

END OF THE EIGHTH CANTO.

ARGUMENT.

Alvel, still mindful of the service done him by Harnol, accompanies and consoles Dinah while in quest of Lucan. Harmond, agreeable to the desire of Bandon, continues the episode of Blanaid.— Its good effects.—Alvel and Dinah, during the narration, kept some distance before Harmond, as in mutual conversation.—They are met by a knight.—He and Dinah embrace.—Harmond and Bendon, from the distance alluded to, between them and Alvel, cannot say who the knight is.

CANTO THE NINTH.

I.

'Tis night once more; the clouds hang over head,
And darken every plain and vale below;
And gone the sun, while fair the moon instead
Breaks in the west, as wont her lamp to show;
And now doth all the world soon silent grow:
The herds go rest, the birds do cease their song—
Save that sad one, which, ever filled with woe,
Whether the lonely shades or woods among,
Tells, as to silence, her sweet plaint the whole night long.

II.

And now it is that Dinah and her bard,
Who, since late freed from Prejudeek's fell sway,
Doth ever lend his aidance as reward,
Do 'gain, in quest of Lucan, bend their way.
Nor Harmond and Bandon more from them stay,
But follow, as in mutual love, behind;
And oft, the while, they hear sweet Alvel's Lay;
Who never ceased to cheer sad Dinah's mind,
Either by pleasant song, or counsel good and kind.

III.

And Bandon doth of Harmond now require,
Again the tale of Blanaid to renew,
For he would know what happ'd when, as on ire,
Cuchullin 'gainst the mighty Sirus drew;
Beside, what had that aged man in view,
Who told of Blanaid in the tower confined,
And of the mystic lore which Sirus knew—
Full soon the bard did call the tale to mind,
And thus 'gan tell, to banish cares and woes unkind.

IV.

" Still night hangs o'er Menavia's isle—the moon
Is seen above, dim gazing from her cloud;
And now the strife has ceased around, and soon
Is heard the moan of those o'ercome—while loud
The victors shout—Menavia's chief is proud,
For he hath won; and Blanaid saw her knight,
As tho' in death beneath her sire he bowed—
But 'twas not so—his people saw his plight,
And snatched him from the tower, from Sirus' secret might.

V.

" Oh! who may tell how great is woman's love!
How strong the feeling is of her whose heart
Is mov'd by what fair maiden best may move—
The soul which claims thro' life a noble part?—
Sure none!—Then who can say what is her smart,
Her hill of anguish when she b'lieves him slain—
Him that she loves!—O thou, whoe'er thou art,
That such wouldst tell, doest little know how vain
To guess at then, what woman's feeling,—wha her pain.

VI.

" Sad on the tower the maiden stands—her look
Is wild, yet fixed—alone her fair blue eyes
Do beam as wont: as tho' bright joy forsook
Not her mild breast—Thus when the tempest tries
Its gloom o'er heaven, and threatening winds arise,
If far, 'mid all, two lonely stars appear,
The mariner doth bless their native skies,
As he would b'lieve the tempest's wrath not there,
They 'mid the gloom of night do look so bright and fair.

VII.

" So beam fair Blanaid's eyes, while all her soul
Is overpowered by what may well o'erpower;
And paleness now doth o'er her fair cheek roll,
And dim what's there.—Thus blast in evil hour,
Ranging fair vale, or grove, or pleasant bower,
Doth meet a lonely rose, the wood-nymph's care,
And mar its hue—The maid beholds her flower,
She calls to mind when late it was so fair,
And cruel names that which could dim such beauty rare.

VIII.

" 'Tis so now paleness mars fair Blanaid's cheek—
She sighs, and Sirus hears her from below,
Where still he guard close by that wheel doth keep,
Which all the time is heard its round to go;
While awful verse he sings portending wo—
But now he ceas'd and flung his look above,
Where Blanaid sighed—O sire! how canst thou throw,
Thy look on her?—the sight doth thee reprove—
Yes tell thee thou art one whom nought on earth may move.

IX.

" The maiden flings her look adown on him—
It met his gaze—at once the guilty man
Recoils from such a sight his visage grim;
He could not bear what at that instant ran
O'er his dark soul—'twas pain, and such as can
But ill the wicked 'bide—a killing pain
Well known to him of guilty conscience, an
O'erload of crime, that doth so heavy lean,
As tho' to own his guilt it would its wretch constrain.

X.

" And Sirus' crime?—Oh, it was fellest crime!
The forcing of fair maiden, virtuous, bright,
To one of wealth, but one who thought sublime
Yet never felt—in sooth, the lowest wight
That breatheth life, tho' claiming every right
To what is high—Ah! foolish claim, indeed!
Know, wretch, that if thy wealth reached heaven's height,
But yet thy soul or worth, or truth to need,
Then all could not thee gain, save from the fool, one meed.

XI.

" And is there one who would be Sirus now,
And would yield Blanaid to the wretch whose store
Is deemed his worth?—Alas! there is—all know,
E'en many such—creatures of wealth, not more—
And such with them is matrimony's lore—
But what avails it, how this realized,
And that it spreads the earth for ever o'er;
'Tis only by the low of soul still prized,
And is, at best, but prostitution authorized.

XII.

" The maiden flings her look adown on him—
It met his gaze—O maid! what then thy thought,
Didst thou guess why recoiled that visage grim?
Ah no! thy soul with innocence is fraught,—
It ill could tell what pain then guilt had wrought
In Sirus' breast; for innocence believes
All as itself, and ne'er thinks ill of aught;
'Tis he most far from it who ever gives
Best guess to all which does the man who guilty lives.

XIII.

" Hence Blanaid knew not then what Sirus' pain—
Nor didst thou, Sirus, know what felt the maid;
But know for thee, as well as him thought slain,
It was she felt.—O high ensample laid
For all who would be great as you, Blanaid;
For Sirus, tho' he acted cruel, ill—
Was yet thy sire—O name! revered—obeyed—
E'en when tho' owned by one of basest will,
There's something in thy sound which claims affection still.

XIV.

" And so does Blanaid still behold her sire;
And 'gain he looks, and 'gain he met her gaze—
And e'en once more he doth recoil—and ire
Is at his heart—and on his visage plays
An angry smile; while thus he in him says,
(As turned from the maid,) ' what came across
My soul just then?—was it remorse?—always
I feel such pain when avarice doth force
Me on, as now, in crime—then may it be remorse?'

XV.

" It may be—and it is—but why should I
Shrink at remorse?—is Sirus one that's grown
Upright of soul— and is he leaving by
What crime he knows, and all that he has known?
It is not so—then this is favour shown
By heaven kind—it lets me feel what state
Of crime is mine, that hence I may atone—
But what would it?—that I beg,—pray—intreat—
Avarice and all renounce—give Blanaid to the great.—

XVI.

" This, this, too hard—heaven, then I make not claim
On favours thine—I am, and I will be
What still I am—let those who fear the name
Of heaven, claim from heaven what to me
It offered has; for none shall ever see
Great Sirus change—But will not punishment
In death o'ertake? ah! that I fear—but stay—
Is there a heaven—a god to punish bent?
Sure no,—such told but man to hold in government.

XVII.

" Then care I not in crime, my soul, roll on!
This here is heaven—nor other heaven beside—
And it is good—Fear, and Remorse, begone!
Not more ye shall in Sirus' breast abide—
Go to the fool—to him whom ye can chide.
But, Avarice, Pride, Wealth, and all that feed
The mind with bliss, come, ye, e'er to reside
Within this soul, for such, a heaven, indeed,—
Nor shall I other claim—more Sirus does not need.

XVIII.

" He ceased—and Blanaid's soul, by this, is reft
Of every hope—she flings her look around—
None, save Menavia's people, nigh are left—
Their foe seems fled; and Sirus soon is found
Thoughtful apart—But lo! a distant sound!
At once Menavia's people them prepare—
Their arms are up,—and 'gain the wheel goes round,
It is the foe—they see their spears in air—
Brightening beneath the moon, that doth above them glare.

XIX.

" Who foremost comes?—it is that aged man—
He who Cuchullin warned of Sirus' skill
In magic might—and he has told he can
O'ercome the same—yes bring him 'neath his will,
Or make, within short space, his wheel be still—
But lo! what he, as reward, doth request,
(And it Cuchullin promised to fulfil,)
Of all the jewels in the tower placed,
To let him have that one which he should deem the best.

XX.

And this Cuchullin deem'd an humble meed
For service high—behind the ag'd he moves,
Right glad at heart that 'gain he could proceed
To meet the foe, and free the maid he loves.
His knights are near, and each within him proves
A double zeal; but most does gen'rous Lay;
Thro' all his soul a noble passion roves,—
Such passion as the breast of him doth sway,
Who never feels within but what the valiant may.

XXI.

Cuchullin mark'd this in his warrior's eyes,—
Read all the mighty turnings of his soul,
And purpose high—"O Lay is true," he cries!
"With him alone I could go meet the whole
Of Sirus' knights—with him, Manevia roll
Before this arm to free the injur'd maid;
But Sirus' pow'r doth hold us controul;
What 'vails it then to have such faithful aid?
Yonder the awful wheel—O who can free Blanaid?"—

XXII.

But th' aged may, yes he the awful wheel
May stay perforce—but should the aged fail,
What would Cuchullin? what!—then does he feel
Terror at aught, that thus he 'gins appeal
To know what should he do?—why still assail,
And still—if life were still not him denied:
'Tis for the coward to shrink when foes prevail,
But is it for the brave?—is he e'er terrified?—
No—when the danger's most, then most he's in his pride.

XXIII.

So spake the chieftain in himself, and all
His soul works high—there dwells no thought that's low.
O who would not Cuchullin then him call,
Who would not be as brave, that he might show
A soul thus great? and let the valiant know,
To have a soul like this his highest fame;
Tis not thro' strength great prowess to o'erthrow,
One of the beastial tribe might do the same,
It is the warrior's soul that must uplift his name.

XXIV.

By this that aged man has drawn close nigh
Where Sirus is—he stops, for powerful spell
Ere now he wrought, 'twas when to heavens high
He flung his look, and rag'd the battle fell.
Sirus beholds him soon; and soon full well
He reads in him what great, what powerful foe
He has to meet—Above doth darkness swell—
The shouts arise, and high to heavens throw
Their angry pale, and joins at once the strife below.

XXV.

And spears and swords at once on armour ring,
And death, 'mid darkness, o'er the field doth go.
At times the moon her look adown does fling,
Then sudden hides, and sudden then doth throw
Her look again—But where the aged now,
The sage who threatened Sirus to oppose,
And stop the awful wheel, which still can show
Great pow'r, as late, against its mighty foes,
Where he now while the shouts and clash of arms arose?

XXVI.

Not mid the noisy throng he can be seen;
In vain Cuchullin's people look around—
And fallen now they judge him to have been,
And hence despair and gloom among them found;
For dreadful in their ears the dismal sound
Of Sirus' wheel—but Cuchullin's soul is high:
Again he rushes where the wheel goes round,
But 'gain comes from the tow'r the fearful cry,
And 'gain his people feel as tho' his death were nigh.

XXVII.

Then why doest thou, Cuchullin, thus rush on
Against such foe?—There is a valour true
Within the breast that fearless looks upon
Dangers for sake of those belov'd, but who
Will call it such, to madly rush, like you,
Against him who fights not as warlike foe,
And one who did thee late by art subdue—
True valour in itself can reason show,
But he who rashly fights—has he true valour?—no.

XXVIII.

Then stay, young warrior, stay thy ardent speed;
Sad Blanaid from the tow'r doth thee behold—
Hear the wild shriek,—'tis death for her, indeed,
To see thee fall—stay for her sake—but hold!—
A sudden change! —where now is Sirus bold?
He is not seen—Menavia's people fly,
And all at once the mystic wheel has told
Its latest round—alone the aged 's nigh,—
Cuchullin's friend—and calls the spirit of the sky:

I.

" His wheel has ceas'd, and he has fled;
He fear'd that aid I had in thee,
For whom the hill so drear I tread,
And read the heavens o'er earth and sea.

II.

" But still, kind spirit, still be near,
Lest Sirus 'gain should come in view;
And still by night, the hill so drear,
I'll climb, to read the heavens for you.

III.

" And too for you oft time I'll turn
My step to trace the desert, where
I every herb for thee shall burn
That grateful is to spirits of air.

IV.

" Cuchullin, let thy knights be bold;
The tow'r holds many a jewel for thee,—
And all, ere long, thyself may hold,
Save that one jewel that's dear to me.

V.

But all is o'er—the foe are gone;
They fear'd the wrath of spirit maligne—
Behold the tow'r and maiden won!
The fairest jewel, Cuchullin, 's mine."

XXIX.

He ceased,—and sudden cheers of victory
Break on the night—Cuchullin's people gain
The tow'r at once—their chief doth Blanaid free—
But she looks sad, as tho' her sire were slain,
Yet was he not—Her to the shore they've ta'en
With all her jewels—The aged follows too—
The sails are rais'd—and now they 're on the main—
Cuchullin's proud—joyous the pleasant crew—
And fair the winds, and bright in heaven the moon to view.

XXX.

And may the winds be fair, and bright the moon,
Till Blanaid gain Cuchullin's friendly shore!
And, maid, they will,—yes Fate, sure, cannot soon
Again thee press—at least now all is o'er—
But 'tis not so—still thou art to feel more—
Not yet that aged man has made his claim—
Why is his look so oft to Blanaid bore?
O fortune! change what thou doest evil frame—
Let Blanaid happy speed, and kind thee always name.

XXXI.

The night is passed, and they have gained the shore—
Cuchullin's glad—nor less the maid—her eyes
On all do joyful beam, but evermore
Upon her knight— O heaven ! who knowest what ties
Of love there are betwixt two hearts whose sighs
Thus mutual heave, why doest thou look upon
Their star of fate, when darkened in the skies,
Without to bid its gloom of wrath begone?
Sure 'tis no crime for two to feel and think as one.

XXXII.

But heaven would have it such, or it is hard
To punish where no evil doth abide;
But whether such 'twould punish or reward,
What 'vails it now? woes must howe'er betide
The noblest pair e'en under heavens wide.—
O joys, known to so many, where are ye?
Those who have never loved do oft them pride,
As tho' thine own associates to be,
While two that feel alike can but you rarely see.

XXXIII.

The aged, he who Sirus late o'ercame,
Now asks his choice—The jewels are shown him all,
And oft Cuchullin bids him all to claim,
Since thro' his aidance they to him did fall;
Nor less doth beauteous Blanaid bid withal,
Who blushing stands in all her beauty rare—
But lo! what terror doth her quick appal—
The aged does aloud his choice declare—
Blanaid's the fairest jewel—the one that he would bear!

XXXIV.

Cuchullin hears—upon that aged brow
He marks a threat that spoke no heart of fear,
And all his soul doth feel that which, till now,
It ne'er had felt—it seemed as ill were near,
And he had much to dread from him who wear
Such threatening look—but this he bids away,
And doth Cuchullin as himself appear,
Not yielding more to threat which th' aged may
On him bestow—so valour should itself display.

XXXV.

" Thou shalt not have the maid," the hero cries;
" He, who by sleight of compact would possess
That which high justice else to him denies,
Deserveth then nor reward nor redress,
But fine instead, or what may show him less
Deserving aught. And, Sire, since true thine aid,
If also true the claim thou doest express,
In spite of love and all, thine was Blanaid—
But, Sire, thy claim is wrong—thou shalt not have the maid."

XXXVI.

He said—and gladness came on Blanaid's cheek;
But th' aged discontent and anger shows;
And from Cuchullin hies, as though to seek
Some lonely part, and there to tell his woes,
Unheard by all—But soon gay mirth arose
With Blanaid and Cuchullin, joyful pair:
The song, the laugh, and what else jocund goes
At nuptial feast, with them all plenteous were,
As tho' fair Venus held her court of joyance there.

XXXVII.

But now where are ye, joys? ah sudden fled!
The maid is missed, and darkness fills the air,
And vain their search—vacant the nuptial bed,
And lone the hall, fair Blanaid is not there.
But who so bold that durst the maiden bear
From him who knew in all the land but one
That might oppose him or by sword or spear—
This Curigh bold, who oft in battle shone,
And who too ever in the single combat won.

XXXVIII.

But now Cuchullin fears not Curigh nigh;
It is that aged man he fears alone—
He whose dread spell could darken heavens high,
And bear the maid away, to all unknown.
And now the warrior's wrath is sudden grown;
He hurries from his tower with eager mind!
And through dark woods and wilds his way is thrown,
The aged or the maiden fair to find;
And fleet his pace—nor stays his faithful Lay behind.

XXXIX.

But lo! thro' woods Cuchullin hies no more—
Fast bound the warrior is upon the plain—
He met the maid and him who late her bore
From where their nuptial pleasures held short reign—
They fought—but weak Cuchullin to maintain
Him long against strong Curigh in the fight,
For Curigh 'twas who did the maid constrain
To with him hie, and who, as humble wight,
Late overcame the power of Sirus' magic might.

XL.

For he did hear of Blanaid, beauteous maid,
And with Cuchullin went in humble guise,
That he might gain the maiden thro' his aid,
Which so he did, and now fast with her flies
To where his tower; while still Cuchullin lies
All wounded, and upon the plain low bound—
But Lay is seen, who soon the chief unties;
They late divided when they sought all round,
That sooner might the aged or the maid be found.

XLI.

And now refresh'd they hie to seek again,
And traverse many a wood and many a bow'r,
And over many a hill and many a plain,
And lonely part, perhap ne'er trac'd before.—
But Curigh with the maid has gained his tow'r;
And 'twas that tow'r by which so late we came—
Now spread with aged moss and ivy o'er;
You heard the birds of prey about it scream,
And saw, behind, its gloomy wood and lonely stream.

XLII.

And now oft thro' that wood, and 'side that stream,
At even, would fair Blanaid grieving stray;
Nor always 'lone,—with her full often came
Ferkertny, Curigh's bard: he whose sweet lay
Might send the heaviest cares and woes away.
And Blanaid trusts his soul, and all doth tell
Which in her own sad soul e'er wander may:
Now doth she ask if he would think it well,
That she should hie to find where doth Cuchullin dwell?

XLIII.

And now she would that he himself would go
And find her knight, till she would thro' his means,
Seek, after secret wise, the overthrow
Of him who still her to his arms constrains—
But thus the bard from such her soul detains:
" 'Twere rash," he cries, " for maid alone to make
Search for her knight o'er lonely hills and plains;
Friends e'er the helpless wanderer forsake;
And he untimely slain doth heaven's vengeance wake."

XLIV.

But still such thoughts to Blanaid oft return—
And now one eve, as in the wood she stray'd,
Afar from all, o'er her sad fate to mourn,
She heard the song of one within a shade;
And on the harp meanwhile he sweetly play'd.
Soon Blanaid knew the wild and plaintive song
Of Curigh's bard, for it was ever made
Congenial to the soul where sorrows throng,
And thus now did it pour its strain the wood along.—

I.

" I saw the poor stranger alone on the plain—
'T'was night, and the heavens all 'round
Hung heavy and dark o'er the land and the main,
And nought might be heard save the night bird's wild
strain,
Or the fall of the river profound.

II.

At distance the light of the hamlet he spied,
And thither his wanderings hie;
And often, the while, o'er his memory doth glide
A thought of the home where his youth did reside,
And as often his bosom doth sigh.

III.

But heavier now the sad wanderer's woe—
The hamlet his grievance doth spurn,
And he, as an outcast, forsaken must go—
O curse on the feelings that ever could so,
And leave the poor stranger to mourn !"

XLV.

The maid has heard, and now the bard is seen—
" Hither," she cries, " to tell one tender tale
Of her whose soul as mine has wounded been,
That while at her great grievance I do wail,
I may forget what woes this breast assail—"
The bard consents, and wakes his harp again;
And oft the while doth look to Mucruss' vale,
Beheld not far from where they now remain,
Then pours to Blanaid's soul, beneath the shade, his strain.

LORAH AND CLOUDIN CLIM.

In sooth, it is as lovely hour
As e'er yet hung o'er nightly bower;
'Tis stillness all and far in night,
And 'bove the moon is shining bright;
And every orb and every star,
That e'er o'er heavens seen wandering are,
Now fling adown their beauteous beams,
Bright on vales of flowers and streams:

But, Mucruss, most of all on thee,
As thou the fairest vale to see:
But, lovely vale, tho' fair art thou,
The fairest, sure, e'er seen till now;
Or still what shows thee, Mucruss, more—
Art fairer now than e'er before—
Yet 'tis not all thy bowers or streams
That win the sight of Heaven's beams.
Still these as fair as ever spright
Did trace at silent hour of night;
Or yet as sweetest bird of song
Did send his notes of love along—
In sooth, as fair as ever moon
At midnight saw, or sun at noon;
But fairer, Mucruss, still than these,
What now yon beaming heaven sees.
And lo 'tis she who yonder leads
Her wandering thro' thy flowery shades—
O what before, sweet vale, wert thou,
If e'er before as fair as now?
Sure loveliest form, from shades divine,
Came down to wander then thro' thine,
And fill with love all breasts below—

Such love as spirits of heaven may know—
If so then thou as fair before,
As now thou art—perhaps e'en more—
But if not so, sure, Mucruss, thou
Wert never half so fair as now.

But whither would the lonely maid?
Is not that soul of aught afraid,—
Does it believe that all may see
Those looks which beam so lovingly,
And still all feel that virtuous glow,
Which but so few alone can know,
When beauteous form they look upon—
Such form as 'wakes the thrill that one
Doth feel when eyes of love appal,
If he hath soul to feel at all—
Is this its b'lief?—if, maiden, so—
Then learn that vain such b'lief below—
That few the souls of mortal bliss,
Who 're born, alas! to feel like this:
And, Lorah, you, with all thy charms—
Those breasts of love and snow white arms,
And eyes more fair than eastern gem—

Sure well may heaven look on them—
E'en you there are who'd lead astray,
So few but customed to betray.
Then whither would the lonely maid?
Is not that soul of aught afraid?
If not wherefore, at times, the sigh,
And wistful look, and fearful eye?
Sure these bespeak a soul which knows
At least some fear of threatening woes?
Alas 'tis so!—And, maid, this night—
Tho' now the heavens shine o'er thee bright,
And every star which eye can see
Flings down its purest ray round thee,
As tho' thy lonely step to guide
From where may evils thee betide—
Still, maid, this night hang sorrows nigh
Which soon must doom thy joys to die.
Yes Lucus' blood,— fell Lucus slain,—
Doth call for vengeance not in vain;
High heaven does own that vengeance due,
And, Lorah, part must fall on you,
And part on him who Lucus slew.
But tho' 'tis so great heaven decrees,

With pity, maiden, still it sees
That thou art doomed such woful plight,
And hence its beams on thee to-night—
Beams which, tho' angry looking down,
Do still wear sadness in their frown,
That one of form, so lovely fair,
Should destined be their wrath to bear,
And know of all the heavy woe,
Which but the dark of soul ought know.
But did high heaven thee fairer see,
Still would it, maid, impartial be—
'Tis not for beaming looks or eyes,
To turn just vengeance from the skies;
And Lucus' blood there's vengeance due,
And, Lora, part must fall on you
And part on him who Lucus slew.

'Twas far in Mucruss' woody bowers,
That rose proud Kaiman's lofty towers;
He, who, for far, could show command,
Nor knew of peer in all the land,
Or in rich store, or powerful sway,
For so would fame alike display

Great Kaiman's worth—and lo ! remains
But one t' inherit all his plains ;
And Lorah 'tis—the maid whose eyes
Caused love with many a youth to rise ;
While she, of all who looked upon
Her beauteous form, ne'er knew but one,
With whose fond eyes her own would roll,
And tell the wanderings of her soul—
Such as the look of her would tell,
Whose breast when first young love doth swell,
Soon owns it hard the pain t' abide—
Yet loath to tell, but more to hide—
Oft on the youth her eyes doth fling,
To speak her soul's sad wandering.

And Cloudin Clim was named the youth
Whom Lorah loved, and who, in sooth,
Too lov'd the maid—but, hapless pair,
What 'vails it now that ye thus share
In mutual wish,—that Cloudin Clim
But Lorah loves, and she but him,—
Since he alone shall have the fair,—
Who best the strife of arms can bear ?

Yes so would Kaiman proud resign
The last of all his ancient line,
That none might have the maiden save
Him who is bravest of the brave.

And now is heard the bugle's sound,
Loud call the youth of all around,
Who would obtain, thro' deeds of arms,
Young Lorah in her bloom of charms;
And soon the youth all hear its call,
But Cloudin Clim more soon than all,
Who comes, as tho' right glad to prove
How great for Lorah is his love.
But did young Cloudin only know
One half that pain which now doth grow
In Lorah's breast for him alone,
Lest should he be this day o'erthrown,
And she be snatch'd from him afar,
When only he was dear to her—
Yes did but half young Cloudin know,
He would not then of gladness show;
Even tho' much alone might prove
How great for Lorah was his love.

Now has the bugle ceas'd to sound,
And stand the youth in arms all round,
And wait alone the signal word,
When shall a knight, with spear or sword,
Come forth to call him on to fight,
Who durst dispute the maid his right.
And, meanwhile, in her loveliness,
But grief of soul and tenderness,
Is Lorah seen by Kaiman's side—
In sooth a sad and trembling bride,
Whose eyes 'mid all are wildly thrown,
And yet can find but one alone,
That e'er they care to light upon,
And still young Cloudin Clim that one.
Nor by the youth is this unseen—
He marks it, and his soul's between
Two mighty fires—now love doth stir,
And now an eager thirst for war,
That he, from all, thro' martial deed,
May bear the maiden as his meed.
And ne'er young Cloudin knew before
What love his breast for Lorah bore;
Nor, Lorah, maiden fair, didst thou

E'er know what love thy breast, till now,
Didst bear before for Cloudin Clim—
And still thy gaze is flung on him—
And still the youth doth meet thy gaze—
And 'gain a double fire doth seize
Upon his wild, half wandering soul,
While his blue eyes with thine do roll;
Which, sure, may tell what thoughts arise
And swell within, if ever eyes,
Or look of lover yet might tell
What thoughts unknown his soul did swell.

But lo! the signal word is given—
When sudden, as by thousands driven,
Young Cloudin, from the martial train,
Has hurried single on the plain—
And Lorah's eyes as soon are there,
As still upon the youth to stare;
But so they cannot now remain—
Swift 'mid the throng they're flung again,
As they would see who is the knight
That does prepare him for the fight.
But many a knight is seen around,

Who now is mail fast on him bound,
And who the while names Cloudin Clim,
And, too, oft throws a look on him,
Which seems to say, " it madness were
For knight so young the strife to dare."
But one is seen, o'er all the rest,
Of bull-hide targe and horse-hair crest;
Whose sullen brow doth wear a frown,
And whose red eye is looking down,
That seems he, as he e'er before,
In wood, or on some mountain hoar,
Did spend his day afar from men,
There in a savage, lonely den;
And, as the forest Indian rude,
The wild beast for his garb and food.—
Scarce was it else—this Lucus fell,
A man of whom did all hear,
But who so ever past his days,
In woods, and wilds, and lonely ways,
That rarely was he seen till now,
Save when afar on mountain brow,
He chased the she-wolf or the boar,
Or stalked some plain or valley o'er.

And he, too, as the knights around,
His heavy mail now on him bound,
And oft the while names Cloudin Clim,
And oft too flings a look on him,
Which seems to say, " it madness were
For knight so young the strife to dare."
This Lorah sees, and o'er her soul
A thousand terrors sudden roll—
" O may," she cries, " some other knight
Oppose young Cloudin in the fight—
He could not 'scape from Lucus tall,
He's sure of strength too great for all,
And seems more like to savage man,
Bred up in desert mid some clan,
Than one with other mortals bred,
Who should alone claim maiden's bed"—
She said, and fearful looked on him,
And then once more on Cloudin Clim.
But he no fear of Lucus shows,
For high his soul now in him rose;
And oft he looks amid the crowd,
And oft too calls, with voice aloud,
Him who durst boldly meet the strife,

To gain the maid at risk of life.
And now tall Lucus caught his eye,
As shook his horse-hair crest on high;
And straight he bids him to the fight,
If he would claim the maid his right.
But nought doth answer Lucus fell,
Tho' high his soul does in him swell,
And wears his sullen brow its frown,
And his red eye is looking down;
That seems he as terrific now,
As whene'er yet on mountain brow,
He chased the she-wolf or the boar,
Or stalked some plain or valley o'er.
And why then Cloudin's call refuse,
Whose soul hence courage doth infuse,
Threefold more great than e'er before?
And Lorah's eyes on his, once more,
Do joyful beam, as tho' to say,
Love, heaven now is kind, and may
With fear thus fill the foes of thine,
And leave thee, free from peril, mine.
But lo! e'en now that hope is past,
For sudden the shrill bugle's blast

Is heard, from mid the martial train,
Announce a knight upon the plain,
Young Cloudin in the strife t' oppose,
And claim the maiden as his spouse.

And now their swords already rise;
And round for far are heard the cries
And shouts of those who're looking on,—
And 'mong the rest sad Lorah's one,
Whose shuddering soul is all a thrill
Of hopes and terrors, such as fill
The soul when it believeth nigh
That instant in whose space must lie
A scene of all its future bliss,
Or what it deems its wretchedness.
And strong the foe of Lorah's knight;
One, who, alone to show his might,
And not to win the maiden's love,
His strength with Cloudin Clim's would prove;
And he was come from distance far,
And ever sought, as now, the war,
That he might show, in every place,
Him worthy of his lady's grace,

Who thus did send him late to rove,
And thro' his fame to win her love.
And now he had long journey gone,
And much of fame too ever won,
When he did hear of Lorah fair,
And hither came the strife to share.
And now 'tis in its anger high—
The sparks from shields and helmets fly—
And points of swords are broke or bent,
And wide their armour bright is rent;
And each doth bend him, in the fight,
Beneath their blows, e'er sent aright,—
Now Cloudin, now the stranger knight.
And all the while the shouts and cries
Are heard around the field to rise;
And Lorah's still among the rest,
With hopes, and fears, and doubts oppress'd—
But mark! she sees her knight to gain,
And press his foe back on the plain—
But even now that scene is gone—
And lo! the stranger knight comes on,
With wrath more great than e'er before,
And high a blow he lifts, which o'er
The casque of Cloudin bold doth come—

As when the thunder's bolt, o'er some
High tow'r's top, or mountain brow,
Comes threatening ruin vast below—
And vain for Lorah's knight to rear
His shield the vengeful shock to bear,
Full on his helmet doth it rest,
And midway burst it from the crest;
Then near his temple, from the crown,
Swift came aslant all heavy down;
That now within he dizziness feels;
And oft he stares, and oft he reels,
As tho' he to the knight would yield,
And leave him victor of the field.
Meanwhile emotion sad and wild,
Speaks thee, sad maid, of all beguil'd—
'Tis thy fixed look—thy blue eye's stare—
Tho' not one tear is starting there—
That such to all can too well speak—
Nor less than these thy trembling cheek,
And quivering lip, and humid brow
May speak th' emotion with thee now.
And still around the shouts and cries
Of victory near, are heard to rise
Nor are they for thy Cloudin,—no—

They for the stranger knight, his foe,
Who now comes on of victory sure,
When, Cloudin, ill may'st thou endure
Such rival great—but born that heart
To act e'en now the hero's part—
Already death seems o'er thee raised,
And yet no fear has on thee seiz'd—
Art still so brave—but hope is past—
Thou doest half sink—on Lorah last
Thy look would be—as thou wouldst tell
What love for her, e'en now, doth swell
Thy parting soul—and bid a long farewell—
And now she meets thy awful gaze—
But what upon thee, knight, doth seize?—
Spirit to aid sure is not nigh,
And dwells there magic in that eye,
Or what may fallen man restore?
O Claudin! why not look before?
Not longer now thy soul doth shrink,
Nor seemest thou upon the brink
Of peril great, as late wert thou
When its last gaze thy look would throw
Upon those eyes, beloved e'en then,

And which too lov'd the strongest when
Thy every hope did seem no more—
But this, young knight, at length is o'er—
And now for thee are heard the cries,
And now thy soul and Lorah's rise;
Then, stranger, vain thy strength to try—
Again he looks, and 'gain his eye
Doth meet with hers, and hope is high.
But thou art distant far from her,
Whose eyes thus to the strife might stir.
And now all weak thou doest appear,
Nor for thee more is heard the cheer,
While Cloudin lifts the conquering blow—
But hold thee, knight, great is thy foe,
Yet may not now that blow abide,
Then sad if death should him betide—
O look once more on Lorah's eyes!
They wish not thus thy wrath to rise—
All sad they view the stranger knight—
Oh look! ere yet thy sword may light—
But thou doest not—then all is past—
In death the stranger's doom is cast—
Far from his plains he falls at last.

Again the bugle shrill doth swell—
But long it were now all to tell,
That Cloudin fought the maid to gain—
At length none seem upon the plain,
Who will, to meet him in the fight,
Dispute fair Lorah as his right.
And now for him arise the cheers,
And now o'erjoy'd the maid appears,
And b'lieves young Cloudin solely hers,
Nor fear of aught that b'lief e'er stirs.
Nor less the knight doth her believe—
But when may not one's hope deceive?—
A gloom o'er all e'en now is cast,
For sudden the shrill bugle's blast
Again is heard from mid the train,
Announce a knight upon the plain,
Young Cloudin in the strife t' oppose,
And claim the maiden as his spouse.
And who is he?—Long Cloudin bore
The strife, that now his strength seems o'er,
And ill may he fresh knight abide,
His wounds so many and so wide—

Then who the foe?—one o'er the rest
Of bull-hide targe and horse-hair crest,
Whose sullen brow doth wear a frown,
And whose red eye is looking down—
Yes Lucus this,—and all the day
Intent he held him from the fray,
That when young Cloudin's strength grew weak,
He might more sure for victory seek.
And now he lifts his sullen brow,
And flings his red eye round him now,
And oft too wields his sword on high,
And oft too Cloudin doth defy—
But what, ill fated knight, canst thou?—
Still from thy wounds the blood doth flow,
And shattered is thy armour wide,
And weak and faint art thou beside—
And lo! thy foe 's advancing now,—
Oh what, ill fated knight, canst thou?—
Sad Lorah hides her from the sight,
And all, save thee, seems filled with fright;
But thou art valiant to the last—
Yet 'tis as nought—lo all is past!—

Thy strength 'gainst Lucus fell was vain—
He leaves thee bound upon the plain.

And great is now sad Lorah's grief—
But what may lend the maid relief?—
Fell Lucus does not see those tears,
And her, in spite of all, he bears
To where his gloomy mansion stood
Far 'mid the darkness of a wood.

And here did Lorah now reside
One winter and fair summer's tide;
And oft the while would Lucus lead
Her thro' dark wood, and wild, and glade,
To chase with him the wolf or boar;
And often, too, bleak mountain o'er,
And other lonely parts they strayed—
And still fair Lorah was a maid.

And now one eve, as they did fling
Thro' lonely ways their wandering,
It happ'd the chase did them divide,
And soon apart they wander wide;

Tall Lucus on the mountain brow,
And Lorah in the woods below.
And now she hies, she knows not where,
Through many a bower and arbour fair;
And soon the close of eve appears,
And soon the wild beast's howl she hears
That doth from his thick covert break,
Amid the night his food to seek.
And as she thus lone bower did stray,
Behold one stands athwart her way,
Of stately form, in martial guise,
Who steadfast flings on her his eyes,
And whom she doth all trembling view,
When lo! to her he sudden flew—
And she now to the arms of him,
As tho' he were her Cloudin Clim.
Nor was it else—To seek the maid,
Thus oft at evening hour he stray'd
By where did Lucus dwelling find,
And now all glad he is at mind,
To meet her thus in lonely bower,
And far apart from Lucus' power.
But can he from the knight her bear,

Who may o'ertake, or find out where
His Lorah shall be from him ta'en;
If so, then, Cloudin, 'twould be vain
From Lucus' claim the maid to shield,
His prowess won her on the field.
But darker thought than this doth rest
Alas! within young Cloudin's breast!
And Lorah hears his fell intent,
Nor doth the maiden it prevent;
So few there are who blindly love,
But would, at every risk, remove
Whatever may their wishes bar—
Such wishes as with lovers are—
And with the maid, alas, 'tis so!
Who now gives Cloudin all to know:
How he may enter unespied
Where Lucus doth alone reside;
And how upon his arms then seize,
And come to where he sleeps always;
With what beside that he would know,
Or help to Lucus' overthrow.

And now he hies where one doth dwell,
Whose thoughts, he knew, were dark and fell,

And who would willing, in the night,
Lend aidance 'gainst great Lucus' might;
And Lorah he requests to bide
Within the bowers till midnight tide,
When she in death the foe should see,
And hence the spouse of Cloudin be.
Hence 'tis to night, thro' Mucruss' shades,
Alone the maid her wandering leads,—
But now 'tis past lone midnight tide,
Till when she was the youth to bide,
And oft her soul doth doubt if he
O'ercame in night his enemy.
And, maiden, hence, at times that sigh,
And wistful look, and fearful eye,
Whilst thou, as faery form all bright,
Doest move thro' Mucruss' arbours light,
And heaven, as tho' it lov'd to see
Such beauteous form, still beams on thee.

But lo! a stir from distant part,
Which brings sad boding to her heart.
It seems to be the foot of one
Who thro' the bow'rs swift rushes on.
And now he stops, as tho' to view

If aught behind his pace pursue;
And now his breath doth quick retain,
As tho' to list—and then again
Swift thro' the bowers rushes on,
As still he fearful fled from one.
But 'twas not so,—he's seen at last,
And sudden Lorah stands aghast—
'Tis Lucus, sure, she, in her, cries,
For that his mighty form and size,
And that his brow of sullen frown,
And that his red eye looking down—
But yet not so—again she cries—
More huge that mighty form and size,
And dark that brow of sullen frown,
And wild that red eye looking down,
Than ever gloomy Lucus bore,
Or mortal, sure, did see before.

She can no more; the knight doth stand
Before her now—he takes her hand,
And silent with him leads her on
Thro' many a bow'r and arbour lone,
And many a plain and mountain o'er,
Which Lorah never traced before;

And all the while they hear no stir,
Save that which comes from him and her,
As thro' the lonely ways they stray,
For never word the knight doth say,
Nor can the maid e'en ask him why,
He so apart with her did hie—
But oft she mutters Cloudin Clim,
Then fearfully looks up to him,
As tho' to ask whence did he wend,
And whether Cloudin's foe or friend—
But never doth the knight reply,
And still thro' loneliest ways they hie,
Until, at length, they reach a wood,
Where now the gloomy stranger stood,
And on the maid his look swift threw—
And dread it was that look to view—
Its brow a heavier frown did wear,
And its red eye more wild did stare,
Than when the maid did first it see,
And thought it Lucus' self to be.—

Sad maid! he cries—and, as he spoke,
His dark red eyes more fearful look—
Sad maid, ask not for Cloudin Clim,

He Lucus slew, and I slew him.
On me he call'd to do the deed,
And profered much of gold for meed—
And I did aid, but golden fee
I would not, maid, prefer to thee,
Wherefore, as late we hasty drew
Nigh Mucruss' bowers, for love of you,
This arm thy knight, thy Cloudin slew.
But why so look, and why so start?—
There's nought ignoble in the part,
But must with Cloudin Clim remain,
He has unjustly Lucus slain:
And thou wert Lucus' spouse by right—
He won thee in the field of fight—
But Lorah was as lawful mine,
As, Cloudin, she was ever thine.
Then did I aught ignobly do?—
He lov'd thee, maid, and I lov'd too—
And when two knights one maiden love,
'Tis fit that arms their claim should prove.
Hence art thou mine, and long shalt be—
I bide within the wood you see,
And head, as chief, an outlaw band,

Whom terror speaks of o'er the land;
Then am I, maid, well known to fame,
And Kaiman oft has heard my name—
Yes oft has heard of Clandus, great
For rebel sway and warlike feat.—
Then be not sad, since thou hast found
One, as thy sire, in arms renowned—
But true, oft time, those eyes shall see
What ill may now accord with thee—
The ravish'd maid—the traveller ta'en,
And robb'd of all his wealth or slain—
The just oppress'd, and for no cause
But t' have maintain'd their country's laws—
The night in rudest revel spent,
Or forming plan of fell intent,
Far in that wood, from every sight,
Where sunniest day doth seem as night—
Yes true, that such full oft they'll see—
But, yet, among the brave you'll be;
And as thy sire would thee bestow
Upon the bravest, 'twill be so,
For none shall have thee, maiden, save
Him who is bravest of the brave.

He ceas'd, nor did the maid all hear,
Now so possess'd of every fear.
She feels that heaven hath angry sent
Adown its spirit of punishment,
For Lucus by young Cloudin slain,
And that to hope for aught is vain.
Hence doth she wildly look and stare—
Now on the knight, now every where,
As tho' all sense hath fled her quite—
But lo! she's seiz'd amid her fright,
And borne into that wood afar,
Where never yet beam'd sun or star,
And Clandus' gloomy people are.
And still when heaven's all dark to view,
If what old legends tell be true,
Full oft about that wood have been
Tall Clandus and his people seen,
And Lucus' ghost of visage grim,
And Lorah and young Cloudin Clim."

XLVII.

The bard here ceas'd, and left the maid alone
Still in that shade, that she might dwell on all
Which hath in Lorah's tale been fitly shown,
Lest should one day the like to her befall.
And doth she now it o'er and o'er recall,
And wisest counsel doth her breast e'er fill,
That she is bent no more to be the thrall
Of passion fell, but such henceforth to still,
And learn to bear what doth all gracious heaven will.

XLVIII.

Such now her thoughts, and just her thoughts now were
But are they always?—ah! why that require?—
Here let me cease—for ill this soul can bear
To tell thee more— it should but grieve or tire—
He said,—but this awakens the desire
Of Bandon much, to know what did ensue,
That Harmond doth again uptake his lyre,
And, as they on their way still journey do,
He briefly thus the tale of Blanaid doth pursue

XLIX.

The clash of arms is heard within the tower,
And many knights come from afar are there—
But where the knights of Curigh in such hour,
They are not seen with him the strife to dare!
Ah no! for now far off the wandering were—
And Blanaid 'twas who had devised it so
Ere she'd found means Cuchullin here to bear,
For he and all his knights are now the foe
That high, in Curigh's hall, uplift the mighty blow.

L.

And Curigh falls—the valiant is no more,—
And Blanaid hastes with her own knight away—
With him, whose soul now every joyance bore,
That he, at length, did mighty Curigh slay,
And find the maid—nor less his knights display.
Meanwhile o'er Curigh's tow'r doth hang a gloom—
And there alone is heard the mournful lay
Of his ag'd bard, who has uprais'd his tomb,
And told, in tender tale, his deeds for days to come.

LI.

Meanwhile Cuchullin and the maiden gain
Their destined home, and b'lieve ills gone at last.
And now with them doth every pleasure reign
That e'er young joyous Hymen yet hath cast
Round nuptial bed: the day in bow'rs is past,
The night in cheerful hall, where bards sweet song,
Or music, e'en of heavenlier strain possess'd,
Doth steal, as tho' unfelt, all hearts among,
Until, unwares, mid thrill of bliss they find them flung.

LII.

But may such pleasure long with them abide?—
They b'lieve such may—And now one even fair,
As 'broad they wander'd 'mid their bowers wide,
To feel, as wont, what sweets of even were,
They came, at length, from straying far, to where
An aged rock hung o'er steep precipice,
From which to look was sight, I ween, most drear—
And on its verge a bard now seated is,
Who ever did attune his harp to lover's bliss.

LIII.

And doth his song delight fair Blanaid's ear—
But now so low he sings his tender strain,
That whence the maiden stands she ill may hear,
And hence doth nigher move—but now again
His strain's more low, and still the maid is fain
To hear the song, and still doth draw more nigh,
Until she is, at length, where he doth lean
Half o'er the steep—the knight too stands close by—
And both now 're on the rock, above the fall so high.

LIV.

And soon full well they hear the bard's sweet song—
But lo 'tis chang'd, and bodes of something ill—
Now 'tis abrupt,—now wild,—now low,—now strong—
And doth, the while, full oft of terror fill;
Yet do the knight and maiden hear it still,
As tho' it had the pow'r of mystic spell,
And held them there enwrapped against all will,—
And oft the bard's strange look on Blanaid's fell,
Yet so he does that Blanaid's ne'er on his may dwell.

LV.

And now the fall of Curigh is his theme,
As tho' he nor the knight, nor maiden knew;
And while they all attentive hear the same,
Behold! as tho' it were by stealth, he drew
Him backward from the verge, until he view
Either between him and the ruinous fall—
And still he sings, and now his eyes he threw
Upon the maid, that soon she doth recall
Who is the bard, and seems as fill'd with terror all.

LIV.

Such terror 'twas as guilty breast doth know,
When 'fore the upright, who its soul can tell—
For this now Curigh's bard, who us'd forego
Oft many an hour, fair Blanaid to counsel
From what was wrong; hence terror so doth swell
Now in her breast—and to the knight she clung
Thro' fear unknown—his arms around her dwell—
Ah hapless pair!—This instant on them sprung
The bard, and with him down the steep each headlong flung.

LVI.

" Hence, Bandon, Curigh's fall had vengeance due,
The knight and maid are found in death below—
And that aged bard, alas! has suffered too—
He lov'd his lord, and for his overthrow
Would vengeance take—and heaven had it so.
Henceforth the tow'r of Curigh is found 'lone—
And there, 'tis told, he's seen at night to go,
And that fair Blanaid, too, is with him shown,
Or heard within the wood to make, as wont, her moan."

LXVII.

Here ceas'd the bard, and Bandon's soul doth change,
It does not muse, as late, on crime aught more.
And now thro' lonely parts they still do range;
And Dinah still and Alvel go before;
And all the way they mutual converse bore.
But who is he whom now they sudden see?
The maiden swift flies to his arms, and o'er
Her beauteous cheek the tears flow plenteously—
Such would in height brave Lucan seem—say who is he?

END OF THE NINTH CANTO.

ARGUMENT.

Carmol and his people in Killarney.—The reflections of the former.—An adventure in the tower.—Its consequences.—Carmol's intention respecting those he has in confinement.—His cruelty.—His mistake.—The combat between Harnol, Architon, Bandon, and the knights of Carmol.—How the former two obtained their liberty through the bravery and artifice of the latter.—The appearance of Lucan.—The fear of Carmol.—Lucan's address.—Carmol's reply.—The combat—Hermon is released.—His faintness from long imprisonment.—He enquires about Dinah.—She is shown at a distance advancing towards him, and accompanied by Harmond, Alvel, Merah, and Belzairah, who, having all come hither with Lucan and Bandon, had been witnesses of their victory over Carmol and his people.—Their great joy on meeting.—What passes between Harmond and Hermon.—Who the latter happens to be.—The surprise of all present thereupon.—The unexpected appearance of Ozmond.—He is discovered to be a distinguished character in disguise.—How he creates the happiness of all.—The conclusion of the poem.

CANTO THE TENTH.

I.

Away with night, and all those orbs which fill
Then silent heaven!—when morn appears where they?
Now fair the sun is rising on the hill,
Already clad in all his bright array
Of fiery arms, and loud the tuneful lay
Of early bird by hill and valley's side;
While o'er the dew the flocks all bleating stray,
And freshest shrubs and flowers, fair summer's pride,
Do rear them with the morn, all bright thro' heavens wide.

II.

And o'er thee too, Killarney, morn is bright,
Though Carmol and his people still are there,
Frowning oppression from thy loveliest height!
But when wert thou, Killarney, not seen fair?
I once beheld thee, and thy woods all were
Then loveliest bloom, and clear thy lake to see,
And bright in heaven their heads thy hills did rear—
Nor then, tho' Carmol did not look on thee
To fling oppression down, wert thou, Killarney, free?

III.

And yet wert lovely!—and thy sons e'en proud,
As tho' they never knew of others' sway,
Or then their country 'neath no Carmol bowed,
Which oft it has,—yes, e'en in happier day!—
Oh tyrants!—here at least ye should you stay!—
This threefold breaks all bound which nature deigns,
'Tis for the cruel of other lands to lay
Thy rights, thy country, and her sons in chains,
But ye, at least, should not oppress your native plains.

IV.

Yet there are those who would be Carmol still!
False hearted Carmol!—he who now doth stand
With all his gloomy people on the hill,
As threatening vengeance o'er his native land.
All armed he is:—his spear is in his hand—
A youthful ash hewn from the mountain side,
Which sure to wield may strength of arm demand!—
And high his crest doth nod, as in its pride—
And bright his large square shield beams o'er Killarney wide.

V.

And Carmiline, too, of false heart, is near;
The next he stands to Carmol, haughty knight,
And armed as he: he holds a mighty spear,
And proudly too his crest doth nod on height,
And his great shield beams o'er Killarney bright—
As Carmol, too, he seeks to ruin fair maid.
And both do fling afar their gloomy sight,
To weet what now may fortune hither lead—
Fear of detection's gone—of nought are they afraid.

VI.

And who he stalking near, too of great size—
Drear is his look, and 'neath his sullen brow,
As two red stars of evil fate, his eyes,
At times, their angry glare around him throw?
Dark Strangus, knight of fellest strength, 'tis thou—
Tall Carmiline thee late in desert found,
Where thou used dwell by day in cave down low,
And madest with the night thy awful round,
To rob or slay him whoe'er nigh his journey bound.

VII.

And of such aid as thine is Carmol glad:
" Dark Strangus, as we all," he in him cries,
" If should detection come, will not count bad,
Or mean the deed, to swear that Lucan lies,
Or Harnol, or who else that 'fore the eyes
Of Gellimus our crimes might naked lay;
Hence is he dear, nor shall we e'er despise
Aid like to his, if fortune ever may
Hither direct his like upon another day."

VIII.

So he unheard, and look'd upon his crew;
Full thirty he doth all around him see,
Beside two other mighty knights, that do
Bide in the tow'r below its guard to be.—
There Carmol would not more by day, as he
Is nigh himself and all within confined—
And there one beauteous maiden's too; late she
Was thither brought, and now her troubled mind,
For first doth feel the weight of woes to it assigned.

IX.

The knights of Lando 'twas her hither brought—
But yet he doth not come; for other way,
When he her lately gave to them, he sought,
And hence that which alone doth him delay.
For much the knight did fear upon the day
When he the maid did bear from her own vale,
That friend of hers might follow and him slay,
And such to shun, he would him then avail
Of other route, and all his dread the while conceal.

X.

Much Carmol marvels why the knight has stay'd—
But does not long—I see him, he doth cry,
Yonder he comes, or one as he array'd,
But Lando 'tis—he to the tower doth hie,
He knows his love is there, she whose blue eye
Has smitten, sure, the valiant hero's heart—
He enters now—she shrieks—but, maiden, why
Doest thou do so, since he who thus can smart
That soul with dread, shall be erelong its dearest part?

XI.

And so should beauteous Dinah Carmol love,
Tho' for him now she bears such wondrous hate;
As e'en from sight of him to make her rove
Far through the world, as they her tale relate—
At this he sudden ceased, for uproar great
All then did b'lieve to hear within the tower—
Nor was it else, and Carmol's heart doth beat—
He marvels why—and b'lieves to see his hour
At length approach, and every dread doth him o'erpower.

XII.

But soon he bids the boding fear begone,
And wrath does now his angry soul inflame;
Hence to the tower he hies to cast upon
Lando his rage for what him so o'ercame.
And all his people e'en did feel the same;
And they, as Carmol, also blame the knight:
Away with Lando, all, at once, exclaim,
'Twas he whose wrath did cause inside the fight,
With those who guard the tower, and hence arose our fright.

XIII.

They said—and toward the tower all hasty hie,
As fellest vengeance then their breasts did swell—
But lo upon the way they stop, and cry
Away from us now every notion fell,
Which did but e'en this instant with us dwell!—
Lando behold, and those who fought inside!
And hither are their looks, as tho' to tell
That anger doth no more with them abide,
And that they sorrow feel for having terrified.

XIV.

Then we forgive—They said, and, been drawn nigh
Where stands the tower, the knight they loudly hail—
But he is silent, nor do those reply
Who with him are—and oft across the vale
Their looks do go, as they would thither steal.—
This Carmol marks, and b'lieves they do him fear
For that they did each other now assail,
And oft he bids no more their dread appear,
For that they all this day in revelry should share.

XV.

Yes, shall this day, he cries, in mirth be spent;
For I do feel of trouble in me grow,
Which if not banished in loose merriment
Else may not be—But why should Carmol know
Of trouble aught? did not Brydain bestow
On me of all Killarney round the sway—
And who may tell that I do govern so?
Those whom I have within confined—but stay—
If those within cut off, who then tell Brydain may?

XVI.

Sure none—then shall they fall, for there we hold
Our greatest foe—this Harnol, daring knight—
Of Brydain's host he is, and I of old
Do know the youth—together in the fight
We oft have fought; and strong, sure, his proof might
Against us be, as he not Brydain's foe;
Beside, he, whom 'fore him we've ta'en, if right
May Carmol read, is one whom Harnol so
Esteem'd, as he would seek for him our overthrow.

XVII.

Then shall they both e'en at this instant die,—
And Hermon too—hence, Lando, we secure
Can from detection live, for none are nigh,
Save those within, whom we may not allure
By wealthy bribe into our host; then, sure,
No dread can more be ours, but soon we will
The praise of even Guellimus procure,
For ye shall swear that I commotion still,
And with his just behest this country round me fill.

XVIII.

And he, no doubt, of such shall gladly hear,
And to the pow'r we have of more soon add,
That one day e'en all Erin Land may fear
Our dreaded names—Oh how my soul is glad !—
Now lost the fear which it this day has had !
Forthwith I see to rise my mighty fame—
I e'en foresee that Brydain shall be sad
Through fear of me; for when I pow'r can claim,
We hosts shall raise, and send 'gainst Brydain too my name !

XIX.

Then, Carmiline, Lando, and Strangus, you,—
Three mighty names ! to Carmol's word attend !
You see his soul, and know what he may do,
When e'en he trusts to make great Brydain bend
To his high pow'r, and far his fame extend—
And so he shall—but first 'tis fit that he—
And ye—make show of zeal, unto the end,
Brydain of us in no suspicion be—
This do, and Carmol, as himself, you great shall see.

XX.

But well I know, that ye shall willing do
What he will have; hence soon shall Brydain say,
" Carmol is loyal, and beside those who
Do hear his word, on them rely we may—
They never will the trust impos'd betray—
Ah fools! indeed, why did we join your part?
That thus we might arrive at pow'r one day—
Not else it was, for we a foe at heart—
The truth of which, ere long, ye shall know to thy smart!"

XXI.

He said, and wrathful look'd upon the tow'r—
Aloud his gloomy knights do shout consent—
As when the fury of the skies doth lower
On all the fearful world beneath, as bent
Straight on its ruin, or some fell intent—
The angry storms behold his frown, and hail
With roars his purpose dire, that heaven's rent,
And all the herd fly fearful through the vale,
To seek the wood, and hide them from what would assail.

XXII.

So Carmol's knights loud hail'd his wrathful look—
Full well they all did guess his purpose dire—
At once his angry sword in hand he took,
And enter'd straight, as tho' his soul on fire,
To slay the knights who stirr'd alone his ire—
But now what does he see?—" They slain," he cries,—
" And hence the uproar that did late inspire
Our breasts with fear—They Lando's wrath made rise
That he might end at once their cruel miseries.

XXIII.

And so he did, but without leave of mine.
Hence is he wrong, and hence no doubt his fears,—
And thus that I have seen him to repine,
While all beside did give to heaven their cheers—
But Hermon—yes aged Hermon—It appears
He is not slain—or if—he's slain below;
For neither sure of these is he—he wears
A look more grave—then to his ward I go—
The blood of one at least, by Carmol's sword must flow.

XXIV.

He said, and hurried to the dungeon blind—
Hoping that Hermon by his sword would bleed—
But barr'd its iron door, and he must find
The key thereof before he can the deed—
And now he hies to get what he doth need
From those who kept of all the tower the keys—
Yet on the way he stops, tho' great his speed,
The burning wrath which doth so on him seize,
To wreak upon the slain, as tho' such might him ease.

XXV

And as he now in either sends his sword,
" O would! that I could give you life," he cries,
" If so, ten thousand I should then afford,
That I ten thousand deaths could have—Oh rise
In wrath, my soul, and leave to human eyes
Not sight of those—ah! which is Harnol, say?
He merits most my sword—but blood so lies,
With wounds, on either face, that Carmol may
Not know the knight from him who 'fore him here did stray."

XXVI.

He says and hundred times them pierces through,
And now from either body lops the head,
And often cries, " O would! that, Lucan, you
Where present too, as those you should lie dead
Beneath my sword, and share my vengeance dread—
But fate, thee, Lucan, from my wrath doth save,
And 'gainst the vanquished only it is led—
But one there is at least which I can crave—
Yes aged Hermon to my vengeance fate doth leave."

XXVII.

He said, and sudden from the slaughter ceas'd—
And rushed abroad,—but then for him what sight—
Upon the plain he sees ten knights at least
Lie in their blood—and all beneath the might
Of him whom he b'lieves Lando, his own knight,
That aided seems by those who watched of late—
He runs in wrath, but some do stay his flight,
And trembling much, as tho' in terror great,
Thus what they of the frightful contest know relate.

XXVIII.

" O Carmol! thou see'st not Lando thy friend,
That is strange knight, who does him Bandon name;
And those who 'side him fight, are they whose end
You went to have—for Bandon overcame
The two who watch'd the tow'r, and in the same
Steel armour that they wore, the prisoners drest.
E'en, too, it seems, that Lando, knight of fame,
He conquer'd has, for those his arms at least—
But, Carmol, lo! who dreadful comes! great is his haste!"

XXIX.

They said—and Carmol b'lieveth not to hear
What he has heard, so dread upon him took—
And now his heart doth beat with boding fear,
As back, to weet who comes, he turns his look—
And O what sight! his ev'ry member shook,
And swift in 'mid of all his knights he flies—
For Lucan's self he saw, and strength forsook
His soul at once—to hide him close he tries,
And curses, as he does, a thousand times the skies—

XXX.

And now his late ambitious hopes are o'er,
And thoughts of lowest kind do come in place—
He would that being he had never bore—
Or if of being, that of vilest race
Which crawls on earth he was, so dread the case
In which he doth him b'lieve—Meanwhile Lucan, knight
Of bravest soul, arriveth in short space—
Harnol, Architon, and Bandon, at the sight,
Send their great shouts to heav'n, and fearless stand for fight.

XXXI.

But who durst here the valiant knights oppose?
Now Carmiline the tall 'neath Harnol fell—
And now Strangus, beneath Architon's blows—
And three beside, who would Bandon repel—
They were the same that ev'ry night used dwell
Beside the tow'r, there closest watch to hold—
And Carmol b'liev'd not ten might them compel
To yield in fight, hence wonder'd to behold,
How all 'neath one, 'neath Bandon's arm, in death were roll'd.

XXXII.

For Bandon's brave a knight as sword might wield—
The first he is, who Carmol doth descry,
As 'mid his knights he crouch'd upon the field,
And trembl'd at the wrath of Lucan's eye—
But they do not him hide when danger 's nigh—
They see the flaming sword of Lando now,
Bandon, with threatening look, it wields on high,
And points to Lucan where the haughty foe,
Who 'gins appear as from him round the knights do go.

XXXIII.

" Hail, Carmol, noble chieftain," Lucan cried,
" Thou who me hast so late in battle slain,
If true what some have told—but they have lied,
And Carmol too, for lo Lucan again!
And needless are those arms that thou wouldst fain
Make all believe, to've been the arms of mine,
And, tyrant, hence ere long upon the plain,
As yonder now does haughty Carmiline,
In death beneath this spear, thou shalt them me resign.

XXXIV.

Yes see fell Carmiline 'neath Harnol brave!
In life he was, Carmol, as base as thou—
And would chaste Merah, constant maid, deceive;
As thou wouldst Dinah e'er—but, tyrant, lo
Thy efforts have been vain, for yonder now
The maidens rest secure within that shade,
And thence look on the strife, as they would know
If ye are brave, and if thy knights true aid
Shall to you lend, those knights so great to fright lone maid.

XXXV.

" But they do witness how ye are not brave:
Weak against Harnol's sword was Carmiline;
And they, no doubt, thee mark'd when thou wouldst save
Thee 'mong thy people from this sword of mine—
But where are now that numerous aid of thine?
Tyrant, but cast thy look to yonder hill—
Behold them! in the race they are divine!
Bandon tho' swift of foot, your's still
Surpass him, and beside with shrieks the valleys fill.

XXXVI.

" Thus 'tis the coward at heart who joins the base,
And loves to practise for him wicked deed;
And Carmol would to such as this give place,
While none there were who might his doings heed—
But did he hope, if peace were come, to speed
Long in his crimes—Ah, fool, such hope were vain;
For not so hard my country's foe, indeed,
That they would have thee in such wise remain,
Tho' even so they were all Erin-land to gain.

XXXVII.

" Hence, Carmol, I thee to my foe would yield,
If hope there were that they thy crimes could know;
But still commotion lasts, tho' in the field
No battle is,—and they might let thee go
Thro' perjury of thine, or of those who
Did with thee bide, in hopes ye 'gain would aid
Them in the strife, if 'gain they meet their foe—
Yes such might be—and hence more safe I read,
To try thee on this plain, then elsewhere now to lead.

XXXVIII.

" Then why thy people didst thou hither send,
With order Dinah from her sire to bear,
And if that sire refus'd in death t' extend
The aged chief—answer, base Carmol, where
Thou didst such pow'r find—and too declare
If that same pow'r did also thee permit
To raise here bloody strife, and in cave drear
Use aged Hermon ? as thou didst think fit ?
If pow'r thou hadst for such, know tyranny was it.

XXXIX.

" But if thou usedst not of tyranny,
Nor didst of aught unlawful thou shalt say,
Then prove 'fore heaven just that truth 's with thee,
By force of arms, here on this plain you may—
And, heaven, look impartially this day—
Before thy mighty throne I bring my cause,
And if 'tis wrong, great Carmol then shall lay
Lucan in death—but if thy upright laws
Shall find it just, then he from Carmol conquest draws."

XL.

He says, and wields in heaven his fatal spear,
And stands as now preparing for the fight;
Nor less doth haughty Carmol soon appear,
As he did long to prove how great his might.
But tho' he thus, his soul doth sigh for flight;
But flight he knows is death more sure, indeed,
Since Lucan still upholds that spear which knight
Of swiftest foot might not outstrip, such speed
It had when sent by him who oft made foe to bleed.

XLI.

Yes this he knows, and sees, save in the fight,
No hope; to yield was death more sure than all—
For what would Brydain say, if all to light
By Lucan brought, e'en by his own withal?
For he no more them faithful now can call—
Hence doth he hasty for the strife prepare,
As though did nought within his breast appal,
Tho' fear, and ev'ry other ill that bear
Upon a soul of sinfulness, were strongest there.

XLII.

And now he lifts his spear, and thus aloud,
To Lucan nigh :—" Vain knight, doest thou believe,
Through speech like this, my heart with fear to cloud,
If so, then vain thy hope is to bereave
Carmol of what has render'd him so brave,
'Tis of that soul which never dreaded foe—
I could thee show how thou dost lie and rave
In all now by thee said, but, boaster, know
The brave with arms alone the truth would ever show."

XLIII.

He said, and with the word so sent his spear,
That Lucan, watchful as e'er spear did wield,
Beheld it not, until for him too near
It came to take upon his noble shield—
But heaven,—or fate —or else—did succour yield—
Right to the throat the spear did mark its way ;
And when near there arriv'd, upon the field
It sudden fell, as shield did it delay—
But such did not, 'twas heaven alone, sure, bid it stay.

XLIV.

This Carmol saw, and thus he 'gain aloud:
" Heaven, no doubt, thee, Lucan, lends of aid;
For were it not for heaven that crest so proud
Was now in dust, and death upon thee laid—
But, Lucan, do me not hence judge afraid—
Know Carmol still has all his strength and pride,
Nor does he heaven for aiding thee upbraid,
He gives thee it, and all thou wouldst beside,
For, wanting such, but weak thou wert him to abide."

XLV.

He ceas'd,—and thus him Lucan answers bold:
" Carmol, that heaven did lend its aid, 'tis true,
But know, I do me pride from heaven to hold
The favour great, as all that hold I do,
From Heaven comes, and thus with Carmol too—
Then can he never say, tho' he me kill,
That void of heaven's aid he Lucan slew—
That could not be, for 'tis great heaven still,
Tho' 'neath thy sword I fall and bleed, that conquer will."

XLVI.

This Carmol heard, nor could his soul deny
All what the brave and pious chief has said.
" O great he is !" he in himself doth cry !
" And he, not Carmol, shall have heaven's aid,—
For he did never war 'gainst heaven lead,—
But Carmol did, wherefore me ills await—"
But lo ! he wields, I will not seem afraid—
He said, and, as with courage high replete,
Upheld his shield to meet the spear of Lucan great.

XLVII.

But now so furiously the knight it sent,
That shield, or what else might it stay, was vain—
Beside it bore his boss, it angry rent
That plate which safest guards the breast in 'twain,
Then entered in—he falls upon the plain—
All hear the shock, and wide the vales resound :
As when a rock, high rais'd above the main,
Or storm or thunder tumbles to the ground—
The coast re-echoes far, the seaman stands astound.

XLVII.

So did the vales resound to Carmol's fall:
Full length and bleeding on the plain he lies,
And dying, curses Lucan, heav'n, and all
That chance doth bring afore his gloomy eyes:
And now where Dinah is afar he spies—
The sight is more than death upon his heart—
Behold my foe, Lucan, happy, he cries—
" O could I now send to her soul one dart,
Then of a thousand deaths would Carmol bear the smart!"

XLIX.

No more he can—here death doth on him seize—
Close nigh the while does Lucan silent stand,
And give of contest won to heaven the praise,
And cry, " O never may my native land
Have foe again like Carmol to withstand—"
And now he views the vale around him far,
And sees her aged sons, on every hand,
Creep from their woods and rocks, where they did bar,
Them long from him of whom they now deliver'd are.

L.

And ev'ry voice doth bless the hero's might,
That grateful sound re-echoes through the vale:
As when first morning breaks upon the night,
And early birds for far are heard to hail
The happy change, that wood, and bow'r, and dale,
Are pleasant all;—so they the hero greet,
For now no more their terrors them assail—
And soon the other gallant knights they meet,
Who did, while Lucan fought, the victory complete.

LI.

And now together all go to the tow'r,
The aged Hermon from his chains to free:
He there, alas! has spent full many an hour,
Without the face of heaven once to see—
Low down they find him 'mid obscurity,
On the cold earth by heavy chains fast bound—
They him unbind, and say his friends to be,
At name of friends he lists as one astound—
And, as o'erpower'd therewith, now faints upon the ground.

LII

But they do bear him to the air above,
Where soon his heavy swoon doth pass away.
And now his looks on Lucan fell—he strove
T' embrace the knight—but vain was his essay
Did not the chief then in his arms him lay;
And there it was that he soon 'gan to speak—
But yet as one long pent in dungeon may—
Oft 'mid his word his strength would him forsake,
And heavy swoon anew then on him cruel take.

LIII.

And 'bout his Dinah 'tis he would enquire,
And Lucan now doth her at distance show,
As she is moving hasty toward her sire—
But when he looks light doth oppress him so,
That where the maid his eyes he ill may throw;
And while she coming is he doth demand,
Where she did 'bide while he in dungeon low
Did so long time his heavy woes withstand,
Still mourning her sad fate, and for his native land.

LIV.

Quoth Lucan, " she did range in quest of me,
That I might come thee, Hermon, to release;
And I her, too, did seek continually,
As did I hear of her sad, woful case,
And how she did me seek in ev'ry place—
But long sought she, and long sought I in vain;
At length did fate to be so cruel cease—
The other eve she met me on the plain,
And rush'd into those arms, and sigh'd and wept amain.

LV.

" Then toward Limercus did I hasty bear—
Belzairah, she who comes the foremost now,
Me told that Dinah late did wander there,
When Carmol did young Harnol brave o'erthrow—
But yet, she would not have me thither go,
Until I first would her Architon free,—
For hence the maid did seek me high and low,—
Yet could I not meet her love's enemy,
Until my Dinah first I would from peril see.

LVI.

And hence I did in every wish succeed:
First of all Carmol's knights did Lando die;
We met him as he hither did proceed,
And Bandon did he to the strife defy.
But soon he fell—and in his arms then I
Here sent our knight, that he the tower might gain,
And free his friends, ere all should us descry—
Which so he did,—for he has boldly slain
Those two that watched within, and freed our friends from chain.

LVII.

He now doth cease, for Dinah is just nigh;
And 'side her Merah is, who on her knight
Still as she comes doth throw a hopeless eye—
Yet need she not, for Lucan doth recite
To him all of the maid Sisserah hight,—
That now the youth, as all, has joy at heart—
And next his aged sire doth bless his sight,
Behind, with Alvel, he is coming smart,
And do his weeping looks his joy of soul impart.

LVIII.

And ere an instant is they all do meet,
Then nought is seen at once save tears of joy,
Nor may one hear but words that tender greet,
Such as true friends and lovers e'er employ,
When they do meet, and nought their bliss destroy—
Here Dinah and her aged sire embrace,
And here now Harmond and his own dear boy,
Nor may Architon and Belzairah cease,
Nor Bandon and that maid whom he did just release.

LIX.

Zainah her name, young maiden chaste and fair;
She did not hope—that any might her free
From Lando's thrall, which she knew not to bear,
When Bandon came, and her alone did see
Far in the tow'r amid obscurity—
E'en at the first she did him Lando b'lieve,
And loudly too did shriek thereat, but he
Her trembling soul at once did undeceive,
And bid her trust in him, and not so sadly grieve.

LX.

Hence doth she love the knight, since she has found
Freedom through him, and he too loves the maid—
So do they share in bliss, and all around
Is bliss as great—Alvel just nigh him laid
With his sweet harp, that from his song the shade
Re-echoes through—and of their deeds he sung,
And all the heavy ills which they essay'd,
As woods and lonely ways they stray'd among,
Where night or day their cruel fate them ever flung.

LXI.

And Hermon now on Harmond throws his eye—
But throws at once a look as in amaze—
And ere a moment's pass'd he loud doth cry,
It is e'en he—Harmond—not more he says,
But, as in heavy swoon, him backwards lays—
Harmond is fill'd with wonder at the sight,
And Hermon views—but oh! what doth him seize—
It is the same, he cries, Harmond is right—
This Bolden, erst my friend, in youth so great a knight.

LVII.

Not more he could—in Hermon's arms he fell—
Whatever friends may meeting find they share—
They look—they weep—in sooth, words may not tell
All what they know, for such is more than rare,
And few the breasts that might such feeling bear—
But now they cease, and speak of youthful day;
And Harmond prays of Hermon to declare!
Why he's so call'd, and if that babe still may
Be living, whom, when Constah died, he bore away.

LXIII.

"Ah! Bourdin's friends," quoth he, "became my foe,
For well they knew that I did lend thee aid
Upon that night when thou didst overthrow
The haughty chief, as Constah, lovely maid,
He would have ta'en—hence often they essay'd,
Through high reward, tidings of me to hear,
That I to shun their vengeance hither stray'd,
And then me Hermon called—thy babe so dear
I also with me brought,—lo her in Dinah there!"

LXIV.

He says, and wonder all again doth fill,
But Dinah, Harnol, and ag'd Harmond most—
They meet, they look, they sigh, they weep, until
To ev'ry thought beside, they seem as lost—
But Harmond's more than joy—he doth accost,
In rapturous praise, great heavens o'er and o'er;
And as of reason reft, he loud doth boast
His joy of soul to all who near them bore,—
And doth he Dinah bless, and Hermon ever more.

LXV.

Remain now in such wise sometime they do,
When all at once them coming toward they spy
A knight as fair as ever sun did view,
And mounted is on a courser high.
As he drew near, lo there my friend, doth cry
Lucan aloud! that Ozmond, youth of might,
He who so bravely by me stood when I
Did for Sisserah, maiden fair, late fight—
'Twas then she fell 'neath spear of Carmiline, base knight.

LXVI.

But long since then did Ozmond with me stray,
And much too did acquire of worthy fame,
Till he me quit upon the other day,
And elsewhere went adventure new to claim.—
Great Gellimus he never ceas'd to blame,
And all who are to Erin land a foe;
And in his head the thought full often came,
To seek by means unfair their overthrow—
But I would not consent—hence he alone did go.

LXVII.

Here Lucan ceased, for Ozmond now is nigh,
And all do hail and bless the venturous knight,
And joyful tell their tale—but oft a sigh
Doth break from him, as sorrows were in sight—
Yet do his eyes, at times, beam transport bright—
Hence many marvel that so oft they hear
His heavy sigh—and now all beg he might
To them relate why sad he doth appear,
When they saw joy and hope, and every bliss, too, near.

LXVIII.

" Ah !" reason, cries he, " have I to be so;
For Erin land must never hope again—
Her foes advance and carry with them woe,
And henceforth trouble here shall hold its reign,
For we are to be made their slaves or slain"—
He said, and 'gain doth heavy heave a sigh,
That all, at once, are heard to mourn a main,
And banish hope—but now whom do they spy?
Not Ozmond more—'tis Gellimus himself, they cry.

LXIX.

Yes it was he—unknown through Erin land
He travell'd has—for he would Lucan try,
And know if true what all did understand—
That he was great of soul—but, doth he cry,
More great of soul he is than ever I
Did of him hear, and hence it ne'er shall be
For Gellimus to cause his land to sigh,
Or those two friends whom I from Brydain see—
How great! They teach me, hapless land to look on thee.

LXX.

And, Lucan, so I shall—but it is done—
Swift hither from Limercus have I stray'd,
For much I've fear'd you or your knights should run
Great risk with Carmol, if the strife was made
Ere I arriv'd—but heaven did you aid—
Wherefore ye won, and slew the base of mind—
Then to Limercus hie—war's there allay'd—
And what is just from Brydain ye shall find—
For there all have my word, and know how to be kind.

LXXI.

He says, and thousand voices loud him cheer—
Hope comes at once—away with terrors wrong—
The maids, the youth, for far around, appear—
They raise the laugh, the dance, the pleasant song,
And all is glee the sunny vale along—
Ag'd Alvel with his harp is too at hand—
He sings their joy—the maids around him throng,
And oft the tale of Dinah's love demand,
That all, erelong, is spread afar thro' Erin land.

LXXII.

Zairah has heard—I wake by night no more—
But hold—yet 'tis not so—thy bard forgot—
Foul breach of promise must be sung—then o'er
My first, my earliest song—until then—not.—
But must I change, and, maiden, sing of what
Will cause that breast to heave—thy tear to flow?—
In sooth, 'tis hard—too hard—away the thought!
I cannot—would not—Zairah, grieve thee so—
Till now 'twas well—'twere sad to sing thy country's woe.

LXXIII.

And long, too long, perhap, this song hath been—
And it bears sign, not to his bard unknown,
Of what his night of sorrow e'er has seen—
For fate had evils o'er his being thrown,
And he has e'er had sorrows of his own—
Nor was it, maid, for him the song to chuse—
What came at first remained as gift bestown
From thee or heaven—without to change—refuse,
As fortune ne'er hath graced his wild untutored muse.

LXXV.

And this hath been—and in the world alone
E'er has he lived, as not to it allied,
Or he were in it stranger scarcely known—
So has his soul e'er felt itself denied
Of all communion that must, sure, reside
Where friend may friend, or brother brother, find;
And hence his fortune has been to abide,
Alone, unsoothed, woes of heaviest kind,
Which e'er hath heaven sent a burthen to his mind.

LXXIV.

But these will now be o'er, or ne'er will not—
Yet should the former hap it will be well—
And he can say he has foreseen his lot,
For even when the heaviest ills befell,
A dream of days to come his soul would swell,
And tell of something near, and evils gone—
Nor does that cease still oft with him to dwell,
As though it hath not for delusion shone—
But if for such it hath?—why then, ye ills, roll on!—

LXXV.

Zairah has heard—I wake by night no more—
Adieu the darksome wood, the silent shade—
My first, my earliest song, dear girl, is o'er,
And I do cease my wanderings to lead,
Aught more, through lonely part with knight or maid—
Oh, Zairah! deign one smile upon my lay—
And pardon, love, if I have wrongly strayed—
If from that path have turned, at times, away,
Which leads to Fame's great height the bard of later day.

THE END.

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